

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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## THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE MARNE<sup>1</sup>

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HUIRY-SUR-MARNE  
June 3, 1914.

I DID not decide to come away into a little corner in the country, in the land in which I was not born, without looking at the move from all angles. Be sure that I know what I am doing, and I have found the place where I can do it. Some day you will see the new home, I hope, and then you will understand. I have lived more than sixty years. I have lived a fairly active life, and it has been, with all its hardships, — and they have been many, — interesting. But I have had enough of the city, — even of Paris, the most beautiful city in the world. Nothing can take any of that away from me. It is treasured up in my memory. But I have come to feel the need of calm and quiet — perfect peace. I know again that there is a sort of arrogance in expecting it; but I am going to make a bold bid for it. I will agree, if you like, that it is cowardly to say that my work is done. I will even agree that we both know plenty of women who have cheerfully gone on struggling to a far greater age, and I do think it downright pretty of you to find me younger than my years. Yet you must forgive me if I say that no one can decide for another the

proper moment for striking one's colors.

I am sure that you never heard of Huiry. Yet it is a little hamlet, less than thirty miles from Paris, in that district between Paris and Meaux which is little known to the ordinary traveler. It consists of less than a dozen rude farmhouses, less than five miles, as a bird flies, from Meaux, — which, with a fair cathedral, and a beautiful chestnut-shaded promenade on the banks of the Marne, spanned just there by lines of old mills whose water-wheels churn the river into foaming eddies, has never been popular with excursionists. Some people go there to see where Bossuet wrote his funeral orations, in a little summer-house on the wall of the garden of the Archbishop's palace; now, since the 'separation,' the property of the State, and soon to be a town museum. It is not a very attractive town: it has not even an out-of-doors restaurant to tempt the passing automobilist.

My house was, when I leased it, little more than a peasant's hut. It is considerably over one hundred and fifty years old, with stables and outbuildings attached whimsically, and boasts six gables. Is it not a pity, for early associations' sake, that it has not one more?

I have, as Traddles used to say, 'Oceans of room, Copperfield,' and no joking. I have on the ground floor of

<sup>1</sup> These are authentic letters of an American lady to a friend in this country. — THE EDITORS.

the main building a fair-sized *salon*, into which the front door opens directly. Over that I have a long narrow bedroom and dressing-room, and above that, in the eaves, a sort of attic workshop. In an attached one-story addition, with a gable, at the west of the *salon*, I have a library lighted from both east and west. Behind the *salon* on the west side I have a double room which serves as dining- and breakfast-rooms, with a guest-chamber above. The kitchen, at the north side of the *salon*, has its own gable, and there is an old stable extending forward at the north side, and an old grange extending west from the dining-room. It is a jumble of roofs and chimneys, like the houses I used to combine from my Noah's Ark box in the days of my babyhood.

But much as I like all this, it was not this that attracted me here, but the situation. The house stands in a small garden, separated from the road by an old gnarled hedge of hazel. It is almost on the crest of the hill on the south bank of the Marne, — the hill that is the watershed between the Marne and the Grand Morin. Just here the Marne makes a wonderful loop, and is only fifteen minutes' walk away from my gate, down the hill to the north.

From the lawn, on the north side of the house, I command a panorama which I have rarely seen equaled. To me it is more beautiful than that which we have so often looked at together from the terrace at St. Germain. In the west the new part of Esbly climbs the hill; and from there to a hill at the northeast I have a wide view of the valley of the Marne, backed by a low line of hills which is the watershed between the Marne and the Aisne. Low down in the valley, at the northwest, lies Île de Villenoy, like a toy town, where the big bridge spans the Marne to carry the railroad into Meaux. On the horizon line to the west the tall chimneys of

Claye send lines of smoke into the air. In the foreground to the north, just at the foot of the hill, are the roofs of two little hamlets, — Joncheroy and Voisins, — and beyond them the trees that border the canal. On the other side of the Marne the undulating hill, with its wide stretch of fields, is dotted with little villages that peep out of the trees or are silhouetted on the sky-line. On clear days I can see the square tower of the cathedral at Meaux, and I have only to walk a short distance on the *route nationale* (which runs from Paris, across the top of my hill a little to the east, thence to Meaux and on to the frontier), to get a profile view of it standing above the town, quite detached, from foundation to clock-tower.

This is a rolling country of grain-fields, orchards, masses of black-currant bushes, and vegetable plots. It is what the French call '*une paysage riant*,' and I assure you it does more than smile these lovely June mornings. I am up every morning almost as soon as the sun, and I slip my feet into *sabots*, wrap myself in a big cloak, and run right on to the lawn to make sure that the panorama has not disappeared in the night. There it always lies — too good, almost, to be true: miles and miles of laughing country; little white towns just smiling in the early light; a thin strip of river here and there, dimpling and dancing; stretches of fields of all colors, — all so peaceful and so gay and so 'chummy,' that it gladdens the opening day, and makes me rejoice to have lived to see it. I never weary of it. It changes every hour, and I never can decide at which hour it is the loveliest. After all, it is a rather nice world.

I used to think, and I continued to think for a long time, that I could not live if my feet did not press a city pavement. The fact that I have changed my mind seems to me, at my age, a sufficient excuse for, as frankly, changing

my habits. It surely proves that I have not a sick will — yet. In the simple life I crave, — digging in the earth, living out of doors, — I expect to earn the strength of which city life and city habits were robbing me. I believe I can. Faith half wins a battle.

In any case you have no occasion to worry about me. I've a head full of memories. I am going to classify them, as I do my books. Some of them I am going to forget, just as I reject books that have ceased to interest me. I know the latter is always a wrench. The former may be impossible. I shall not be lonely. No one who reads is ever that. I may miss talking. Perhaps that is a good thing. I may have talked too much. That does happen. Remember one thing: I am not inaccessible. I may now and then get an opportunity to talk again, and in a new background. Who knows? I am counting on nothing but the facts about me. So come on, Future. I've my back against the past. Anyway, as you see, it is too late to argue. I have crossed the Rubicon; I can return only when I have built a new bridge.

June 18, 1914.

I am now absolutely settled in my little 'hole' in the country, as you call it. It has been so easy. I have been here now nearly three weeks. Everything is in perfect order. You would be amazed if you could see just how everything fell into place. The furniture has behaved itself beautifully. There are days when I wonder if either I or it ever lived anywhere else. The shabby old furniture with which you were long so familiar just slipped right into place. I had not a stick too little, and could not have placed another piece. I call that 'bull luck.'

Don't harp on that word 'alone.' I know I am living alone, in a house that has four outside doors into the bargain. But you know I am not one of the

afraid kind. I am not boasting. That is a characteristic, not a quality. One is afraid or one is not. It happens that I am not. Still, I am very prudent. You would laugh if you could see me 'shutting up' for the night. All my windows on the ground floor are heavily barred. Such of the doors as have glass in them have shutters also. The window shutters are primitive affairs of solid wood, with diamond-shaped holes in the upper part. First I put up the shutters on the door in the dining-room which leads into the garden on the south side; then I lock the door. Then I do a similar service to the kitchen door on to the front terrace, and that into the orchard, and lock both doors. Then I go out the salon door, and lock the stable and the grange and take out the keys. Then I come into the salon and lock the door after me, and push two of the biggest bolts you ever saw. After which I hang up the keys, which are as big as the historic key of the Bastille, which you may remember to have seen at the Musée Carnavalet. Then I close and bolt all the shutters downstairs. I do it systematically every night — because I promised not to be foolhardy. I always grin, and feel as if it were a scene in a play. It impresses me so much like a tremendous piece of business — dramatic suspense — which leads up to nothing except my going quietly upstairs to bed.

Never in my life — anywhere, under any circumstances — have I been so well taken care of. I have a *femme de ménage* — a sort of cross between a housekeeper and a maid-of-all-work. She is a married woman, the wife of a farmer whose house is three minutes away from mine.

Her husband's name is Abélard. Oh, yes, of course, I asked him about Héloïse the first time I saw him, and I was staggered when the little old toothless chap giggled and said, 'That was

before my time.' What do you think of that? Every one calls him 'Père Abélard,' and about the house it is shortened down to 'Père.' He is over twenty years older than Amélie — well along in his seventies.

You have no idea how little money these people spend. It must hurt them terribly to cough up their taxes. They all till the land, and eat what they grow. Amélie's husband spends exactly four cents a week — to get shaved on Sunday. He can't shave himself. A razor scares him to death. He looks as if he were going to the guillotine when he starts for the barber's, but she will not stand for a beard of more than a week's growth. He always stops at my door on his way back, to let his wife kiss his clean old face, all wreathed with smiles — the ordeal is over for another week. He never needs a sou except for that shave. He drinks nothing but his own cider. He eats his own vegetables, his own rabbits: he never goes anywhere except to the fields — does not want to — unless it is to play the violin for a dance or a *fête*. He just works, eats, sleeps, reads his newspaper, and is content. Yet he pays taxes on nearly a hundred thousand francs' worth of real estate.

June 29, 1914.

I have just received your letter — the last, you say, that you can send before you sail away again for 'The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave,' where you still seem to feel that it is my duty to return to die. I vow I will not discuss that with you again.

If ever you relent and come to see me, I can take you for some lovely walks. I can, on a Sunday afternoon, in good weather, even take you to the theatre, — what is more, to the theatre to see the players of the Comédie Française. It is only half an hour's walk from my house to Pont aux Dames, where Coquelin set up his Maison du Retraite for

aged actors, and where he died and is buried. In the old park, where the Du Barry used to walk in the days when Louis XVI clapped her in prison on a warrant wrung from the dying 'old King, her royal lover, there is an open-air theatre, and there, on Sundays, the actors of the Théâtre Française play, within sight of the tomb of the founder of the retreat, under the very trees — and they are stately and noble — where the Du Barry walked.

The morning paper — always late here — brings the startling news of the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria. What an unlucky family that has been! Franz Joseph must be a tough old gentleman to have stood up against so many shocks.

July 16, 1914.

Absolutely no news to write you, unless you will consider it news that my hedge of dahlias, which I planted myself a month ago, is coming up like nothing else in the world but Jack's Beanstalk. Nothing but weeds ever grew so rank before.

July 30, 1914.

This will be only a short letter — more to keep my promise to you than because I feel in the mood to write. Events have broken that. It looks, after all, as if the Servian affair was to become a European affair, and that what looked as if it might happen during the Balkan war is really coming to pass, — a general European uprising. I am sitting here this morning, as I suppose all France is doing, simply holding my breath to see what England is going to do. The tension here is terrible. The faces of the men are stern, and every one is so calm — the silence is deadly. There is an absolute suspension of work in the fields. It is as if all France were holding its breath.

One word before I forget it again. You say that you have asked me twice



if I have any friend near me. I am sure I have already answered that — yes! I have a family of friends at Voulangis, about two miles the other side of Crécy-en-Brie. Of course neighbors do not see one another in the country as often as in the city, but there they are; so I hasten to relieve your mind just now, when there is a menace of war, and I am sitting tight on my hilltop on the road to the frontier.

August 2, 1914.

Well, dear, what looked impossible is evidently coming to pass. Early yesterday morning the *garde champêtre* — who is the only thing in the way of a policeman that we have — marched up the road beating his drum. At every crossroad he stopped and read an order. I heard him at the foot of the hill, but I waited for him to pass. At the top of the hill he stopped to paste a bill on the door of the carriage-house on Père Abélard's farm. You can imagine me — in my long studio apron, with my head tied up in a muslin cap — running up the hill to join the group of poor women of the hamlet, to read the proclamation to the Armies of Land and Sea, — the order for the mobilization of the French military and naval forces, — headed by its crossed French flags. It was the first experience in my life of a thing like that. I had a cold chill down my spine as I realized that it was not so easy as I had thought to separate myself from Life. We stood there together — a little group of women — and silently read it through. No need for the men to read it. Each, with his military papers in his pocket, knew the moment he heard the drum what it meant, and knew equally well his place. I was a foreigner among them, but I forgot that, and if any of them remembered they made no sign.

It came as sort of a shock, though I might have realized it yesterday when

several of the men of the commune came to say *au revoir*, with the information that they were joining their regiments; but I felt as if some way other than cannon might be found out of the situation. War had not been declared — has not to-day. Still, things rarely go to this length and stop. Judging by this morning's papers Germany really wants it.

August 3, 1914.

War is declared.

I passed a rather restless night. I fancy every one in France did. All night I heard a murmur of voices, — an unusual thing here. It simply meant that the town was awake, and, the night being warm, every one was out of doors.

All day to-day aeroplanes have been flying between Paris and the frontier. Everything that flies seems to go right over my roof. Early this morning I saw two machines meet, right over my garden, circle about one another as if signaling, and fly off together. I could not help feeling as if one chapter of Wells's *War in the Air* had come to pass.

I am closing this up rather hurriedly, as one of the boys who joins his regiment at Fontainebleau will mail it in Paris as he passes through. I suppose you are glad that you got away before this came to pass?

August 10, 1914.

I have your cable asking me to come 'home,' as you call it. Alas, my home is where my books are — they are here. Thanks all the same.

It is a week since I wrote you — and what a week! We have had a sort of intermittent communication with the outside world since the sixth, when, after a week of deprivation, we began to get letters and an occasional newspaper, brought over from Meaux by a boy on a bicycle.

After we were certain, on the fourth

of August, that war was being declared all around Germany and Austria, and that England was to back France and Russia, a sort of stupor settled on us all. Day after day Amélie would run to the *mairie* at Quincy to read the telegraphic bulletin — half a dozen lines of facts; that was all we knew from day to day. It is all we know now.

Since the day when war was declared, even here in this little commune, whose silence is broken only by the rumbling of the trains passing in view of my garden, on the way to the frontier, and by the footsteps of the groups on the way to the train, I have seen sights that have moved me as nothing I have ever met in life before has done. Day after day, I have watched the men and their families pass silently, and an hour later seen the women come back leading the children. One day I went to Couilly to see if it was yet possible for me to get to Paris. I happened to be in the station when a train was going out. Nothing goes over the line yet but men joining their regiments. They were packed in like sardines. There were no uniforms, — just a crowd of men: men in blouses, men in patched jackets, well-dressed men, — no distinction of class; and on the platform the women and children they were leaving. There was no laughter, none of the gayety with which one has so often reproached this race — but neither were there any tears. As the crowded train began to move, bare heads were thrust out of windows, hats were waved, and a great shout of 'Vive la France!' was answered by piping children's voices, and the choked voices of women — 'Vive l'Armée!' And when the train was out of sight the women took the children by the hand and quietly climbed the hill.

Ever since the fourth of August all our crossroads have been guarded, all our railway gates closed and also guarded, — guarded by men whose only

signs of being soldiers are caps and guns, men in blouses with mobilization badges on their left arms, often in patched trousers and *sabots*, with stern faces and determined eyes; and one thought: 'The country is in danger.'

There is a crossroad just above my house, which commands the valley on either side, and leads to a little hamlet on the *route nationale* from Couilly to Meaux, and is called 'La Demi-Lune, — why 'Half Moon,' I don't know. It was there, on the sixth, that I saw for the first time an armed barricade. The gate at the railway crossing had been opened to let a cart pass, when an automobile dashed through St. Germain, which is on the other side of the track. The guard raised his bayonet in the air, to command the car to stop and show its papers, but it flew by him and dashed up the hill. The poor guard — it was his first experience of that sort — stood staring after the car, but the idea that he ought to fire at it did not occur to him until it was too late. By the time it occurred to him and he could telephone to the Demi-Lune, it had passed that guard in the same way — and disappeared. It did not pass Meaux. It simply disappeared. It is still known as the 'Phantom Car.' Within half an hour there was a barricade at the Demi-Lune, mounted by armed men, — too late, of course. However, it was not really fruitless, that barricade, as the very next day they caught three Germans there, disguised as sisters of charity — papers all in order. They were detected by a little boy's calling attention to their ungloved hands; but even then they would have got by if it had not been for the number of armed old men on the barricade.

What makes things especially serious here, so near the frontier, and where the military movements must be made, is the presence of so many

Germans and the bitter feeling there is against them. On the night of August second, just when the troops were beginning to move east, an attempt was made to blow up the railroad bridge at Île de Villenoy, between here and Meaux. The three Germans were caught with the dynamite on them, — so the story goes, — and are now in the barracks at Meaux. But the most absolute secrecy is preserved about all such things. Not only is all France under martial law, but the censorship of the press is absolute. Every one has to carry his papers and be provided with a passport, for which he is liable to be asked in simply crossing a road.

Meaux is full of Germans. The biggest department shop there is a German enterprise. Even Couilly has two. One of them — the barber — got out quick. The other did not. But he was quietly informed by some of his neighbors, — pistols in hand, — that his room was better than his company.

The barber occupied a shop in the one principal street in the village, which is, by the way, a comparatively rich place. He had a front shop, which was a café, with a well-fitted-up bar. The back, with a well-dressed window on the street, full of toilet articles, was the shaving and hair-dressing room, very neatly arranged, with modern set bowls and mirrors, cabinets full of towels, well-filled shelves of all the things that make such a place profitable. You should see it now. Its broken windows and doors stand open to the weather. The entire interior has been 'efficiently' wrecked. It is as systematic a work of destruction as I have ever seen. Not a thing was stolen, but not an article was spared. All the bottles full of things to drink and all the glasses to drink out of are smashed; so are counters, tables, chairs, and shelves. In the barber shop there is a litter of broken porcelain, broken

combs, smashed-up chairs and boxes, among a wreck of hair-dyes, perfumes, brilliantine, and torn towels, and an odor of *apéritifs* and cologne over it all. Every one pretends not to know when it happened. They say, 'It was found like that one morning.' Every one goes to look at it — no one enters, no one touches anything. They simply say, with a smile of scorn, 'Good — and so well done.'

There are many things that I wish you could see. They would give you such a new point of view regarding this race — traditionally so gay, so indifferent to many things that you consider moral, so fond of their individual comfort and personal pleasure, and often so rebellious to discipline. You would be surprised, — surprised at their unity, surprised at their seriousness, and often touched by their philosophical acceptance of it all.

Amélie's step-daughter is married to a big burly chap by the name of Georges Godot. He is a thick-necked, red-faced man, in the dynamite corps on the railroad, — the construction department. He is used to hardships. War is as good as anything else to him. When he came to say good-bye, he said, 'Well, if I have the luck to come back, so much the better. If I don't, that will be all right. You can put a *plaque* down below in the cemetery with "Godot, Georges. Died for the country." And when my boys grow up, they can say to their comrades, "Papa, you know, he died on the battlefield." It will be a sort of distinction I am not likely to earn for them any other way.' And off he went. Rather fine for a man of that class.

Even the women make no cry. As for the children, even when you would think that they were old enough to understand the meaning of these partings, they make no sign, though they seem to understand all the rest of it

well enough. There is n't a boy of eight in our commune who cannot tell you how it all came about, and who is not just now full of stories of 1870, which he has heard from grandma and grandpa; for, as is natural, every one talks of 1870 now. I have lived among these people, loved them, and believed in them, even when their politics annoyed me; but I confess that they have given me a surprise.

August 17, 1914.

For days now the women and children have been climbing the hill at six in the morning, with big hats on their heads, deep baskets on their backs, low stools in their hands. There is a big field of black-currant bushes beside my garden to the south. All day, in the heat, they sit under the bushes, picking away. At sundown, they carry their heavy baskets to the weighing-machine by the roadside at the foot of the hill, and stand in line to be weighed in and paid by the English buyers for Crosse and Blackwell, Beach, and such houses, who have, I suppose, some special means of transportation.

That is, however, the regular work for the women and children. Getting in the grain is not. Yet if you could see them take hold of it, you would love them. The old men do a double amount. Amélie's husband is over seventy. His own work in his fields and orchard would seem too much for him. Yet he and Amélie and the donkey are in the fields by three o'clock every morning, and by nine o'clock, he is marching down the hill, with his rake and hoe on his shoulder, to help his neighbors.

I have just heard that there are two trains a day on which civilians can go up to Paris, *if there are places left* after the army is accommodated. There is no guaranty that I can get back the same day. Still, I am going to risk it.

I am afraid to be any longer without money, though goodness knows what I can do with it. Besides, I find that all my friends are flying, and I feel as if I should like to say good-bye. I don't know why, but I feel like indulging the impulse.

August 24, 1914.

Nothing going on here except the passing now and then of a long line of Paris street busses on the way to the front. They are all mobilized and going as heroically to the front as if they were human, and going to get smashed up just the same. It does give me a queer sensation to see them climbing this hill. The little Montmartre-St. Pierre bus, that climbs the hill to the funicular in front of Sacré Cœur, came up bravely. It was built to climb a hill. But the Bastille-Madeleine and the Ternes-Filles de Calvaire and the St. Sulpice-Villette just groaned and panted, and had to have their traction changed every few steps. I thought they would never get up, but they did. Another day it was the automobile delivery wagons of the Louvre, the Bon Marché, the Printemps, Petit-St. Thomas, La Belle Jardinière, Potin, — all the automobiles with which you are so familiar in the streets of Paris. Of course, these are much lighter, and came up bravely. As a rule, they are all loaded. It is as easy to take men and material to the front that way as by railroad, since the cars must go. Only once have I seen any attempt at pleasantries on these occasions. One procession went out the other day with all sorts of funny inscriptions, some not at all pretty, many blackguarding the Kaiser, and, of course, one with the inevitable, 'À Berlin,' the first battle-cry of 1870. This time there has been very little of that. I confess it gave me a kind of shiver to see 'À Berlin — pour notre plaisir' all over the bus.

September 3, 1914.

Since the Germans crossed the frontier, our news of the war has been meagre. We got the calm, constant reiteration, 'Left wing, held by the English, forced to retreat a little.' All the same, the general impression was that, in spite of that, 'all was well.'

It was not until Tuesday afternoon — day before yesterday — that I got my first hint of the truth. That afternoon, while I was standing on the platform, I heard a drum beat in the street and sent Amélie out to see what was going on. She came back at once to say that it was the *garde champêtre* calling on the inhabitants to carry all their guns, revolvers, and so forth, to the mairie before sundown. That meant the disarming of our *département*, and it flashed through my mind that the Germans must be nearer than the official announcements had told us.

While I stood reflecting a moment, — it looked serious, — I saw approaching from the west side of the track a procession of wagons. Amélie ran down the track to the crossing to see what it meant, and came back at once to tell me that they were evacuating the towns to the north of us.

I handed the basket of fruit I was holding into a coach of the train just pulling into the station, and threw my last package of cigarettes after it; and, without a word, Amélie and I went into the street, untied the donkey, climbed into the wagon, and started for home.

By the time we got to the road which leads east to Montry, whence there is a road over the hill to the south, it was full of the flying crowd. It was a sad sight. The procession led in both directions as far as we could see. There were huge wagons of grain, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep; wagons full of household effects, with often as many as twenty people sitting aloft; carriages; automobiles with the occupants crowd-

ed in among bundles done up in sheets; women pushing overloaded handcarts; women pushing baby-carriages; dogs and cats and goats; and every sort of a vehicle you ever saw, drawn by every sort of beast that can draw, from dogs to oxen, from boys to donkeys. Here and there there was a man on horseback, riding along the line, trying to keep it moving in order and to encourage the weary. Every one was calm and silent. There was no talking, no complaining.

The whole road was blocked, however, and, even if our donkey had desired to pass, — which she did not, — we could not. We simply fell into the procession, as soon as we found a place. Amélie and I did not say a word to one another until we reached the road that turns off to the Château de Condé; but I did speak to a man on horseback, who proved to be the intendant of one of the châteaux at Daumartin, and to another who was the mayor. I simply asked from where these people had come, and was told they were evacuating Daumartin and all the towns on the plain between there and Meaux, which meant that all the villages visible from my garden were being evacuated by order of the military powers.

One of the most disquieting things about this was to see the effect of the procession as it passed along the road. All the way from Esbly to Montry people began to pack at once, and the speed with which they fell into the procession was disconcerting.

When we finally escaped from the crowd into the poplar-shaded avenue which leads to the Château de Condé, I turned to look at Amélie for the first time. I had had time to get a good hold of myself.

'Well, Amélie?' I said.

'Oh, madame,' she replied, 'I shall stay.'

'And so shall I,' I answered; but I



added, 'I think I must make an effort to get to Paris to-morrow, and I think you had better come with me. I shall not go, of course, unless I am sure of being able to get back. We may as well face the truth: if this means that Paris is in danger, or if it means that we may in our turn be forced to move on, I must get some money so as to be ready.'

'Very well, madame,' she replied, as cheerfully as if the rumble of the procession behind were not still in our ears.

The next morning — that was yesterday, September 2 — I woke just before daylight. There was a continual rumble in the air. At first I thought it was the passing of more refugees on the road. I threw open my blinds, and then realized that the noise was in the other direction, — from the *route nationale*. I listened. I said to myself, 'If that is not artillery then I never heard any.'

Sure enough, when Amélie came to get breakfast, she announced that the English were at the Demi-Lune. The infantry was camped there, and the artillery had descended to Couilly and was mounting the hill on the other side of the Morin, — between us and Paris.

I said a sort of 'Hm,' and told her to ask Père to harness at once. As we had no idea of the hours of the trains, or even if there were any, it was best to get to Esbly as early as possible. It was nine o'clock when we arrived, to find that there should be a train at half-past. The station was full. I hunted up the *chef de gare*, and asked him if I could be sure of being able to return if I went up to Paris.

He looked at me in perfect amazement.

'You want to come back?' he asked.

'Sure,' I replied.

'You can, if you take a train about four. That may be the last.'

I very nearly said, 'Jiminy-cricket!'

The train ran into the station on time, but you never saw such a sight.

It was packed as the Brookline street cars used to be on the days of a baseball game. Men were absolutely hanging on the roof; women were packed on the steps that led up to the imperials to the third-class coaches. It was a perilous-looking sight. I opened a dozen coaches — all packed, standing room as well as seats, which is ordinarily against the law. I was about to give it up when a man said to me, 'Madame, there are some coaches at the rear that look as if they were empty.'

I made a dash down the long platform, yanked open a door, and was about to ask if I might get in, when I saw that the coach was full of wounded soldiers in khaki, lying about on the floor as well as the seats. I was so shocked that if the station-master, who had run after me, had not caught me I should have fallen backward.

'Sh! madame,' he whispered, 'I'll find you a place.' And in another moment I found myself, with Amélie, in a compartment where there were already eight women, a young man, two children, and heaps of hand-luggage, — bundles in sheets, twine bags just bulging, paper parcels, and valises. Almost as soon as we were in, the train pulled slowly out of the station.

I learned from the women that Meaux was being evacuated. No one was remaining but the soldiers in the barracks and the Archbishop. They had been ordered out by the army the night before, and the railroad was taking them free. They were escaping with what they could carry in bundles, as they could take no luggage. Their calm was remarkable, — not a complaint from any one. They were of all classes, but the barriers were down.

The young man had come from farther up the line, — a newspaper chap, who had given me his seat and was sitting on a bundle. I asked him if he knew where the Germans were, and he

replied that on this wing they were at Compiègne, that the centre was advancing on Coulommier, but he did not know where the Crown Prince's division was.

I was glad I had made the effort to get to town, for this began to look as if they might succeed in arriving before the circle of steel that surrounds Paris, and God knows what good that seventy-five miles of fortifications will be against the long-range cannon that battered down Liège. I had only one wish, — to get back to my hut on the hill; I did not seem to want anything else.

Just before the train ran into Lagny — our first stop — I was surprised to see British soldiers washing their horses in the river; so I was not surprised to find the station full of men in khaki. They were sleeping on benches along the wall, and standing about in groups. As to many of the French on the train this was their first sight of the men in khaki, and as there were Scotch there in their kilts, there was a good deal of excitement.

The train made a long stop in the effort to put more people into the already overcrowded coaches. I leaned forward, wishing to get some news, and the funny thing was that I could not think how to speak to those boys in English. You may think that an affectionation. It was n't. Finally I desperately sang out, 'Hallo, boys!'

You should have seen them dash for the window. I suppose that their native tongue sounded good to them so far from home.

'Where did you come from?' I asked.

'From up yonder — a place called La Fère,' one of them replied.

'What regiment?' I asked.

'Any one else here speak English?' he questioned, running his eyes along the faces thrust out of the windows.

I told him no one did.

'Well,' he said, 'we are all that is left of the North Irish Horse and a regiment of Scotch Borderers.'

'What are you doing here?'

'Retreating — and waiting for orders. How far are we from Paris?'

I told him about seventeen miles. He sighed and said that he thought they were nearer, and, as the train started, I had the idea in the back of my head that these boys actually expected to retreat inside the fortifications. La! la!

Instead of the half hour the train usually takes to get up from here to Paris, we were two hours.

I found Paris much more normal than I had expected it to be; nevertheless, it was still quite unlike itself: every one perfectly calm and no one with the slightest suspicion that the battle-line was so near, — hardly more than ten miles beyond the outer forts. I transacted my business quickly — saw only one person, and caught the four o'clock train back. We were almost the only passengers.

Just after we left Esbly, I saw an English officer standing in his stirrups and signaling across a field, where I discovered a detachment of English artillery going toward the hill. A little farther along the road, we met a couple of English officers, pipes in their mouths and sticks in their hands, strolling along as quietly and smilingly as if there were no such thing as war. The sight of them and their cannon made me feel a bit serious. I thought to myself, 'If the Germans are not expected here — well, it looks like it.'

We finished the journey in silence, and I was so tired when I got home that I fell into bed and drank only a glass of milk that Amélie insisted on pouring down my throat.

*(To be continued.)*

# LAW, POLICE, AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

BY NEWTON D. BAKER

## I

FROM the police point of view there may be no such thing as a typical city. The maintenance of order and the enforcement of police regulations present questions which can be answered only after consideration has been given to a large variety of factors, many of them local and individual. Geographical position, the ethnic character of the population, economic conditions, and the political ideas and ideals of the community, must all be borne in mind in the development of rules and theories of social control. In this, of course, the problem of the police does not differ from other institutional questions. The best form of government for a city is never some abstract, platonic conceit, but, like the best suit of clothes for an individual, it is the one that fits. A community which, for any reason, elects incompetent and untrustworthy officials and is indifferent to the kind of government it gets, is quite certain to get bad government, however admirably contrived the mere machinery of administration may be. On the other hand, inconvenient and cumbersome machinery, in the hands of capable and upright men, often produces excellent results, especially when sustained by an alert and intelligent public opinion. The matter was all stated by whatever Englishman it was who said, 'If you elect a rogue to represent you in Parliament, he does represent you!'

To the public mind the police problem in any city means the problem of

selecting and managing a force of men organized for the purpose of detecting criminals and repressing disorder. To those who have had the responsibility of being municipal executives it is rather the problem of devising ways to attract an informed public opinion to new phases of old social questions, or to anticipate prejudice by disseminating real knowledge as to new evils requiring restraint in the interest of the common good. With all his solid look, the policeman carrying out a regulation which is disapproved by the community conscience is either a tyrant or a failure. Emerson was no doubt right in his picture of the child acquiring his first notion of society from the patrolman, who seems always to have been and destined always to be; but we are not children long, and the fixed and eternal institutional world into which we are born crumbles with our first contact with a yielding fact. After that we are in the secret: laws are what men will. Bad laws are the willing of bad men; and forgotten words in statute books which no man now wills are not laws, with never so many policemen back of them. Of course this does not mean personal nullification, either in theory or in practice. All but the least restrained of us are willing to give the benefit of the doubt to the claimant, and to abate mere personal or group opinion in deference to even doubtfully authenticated public opinion; but after a while even the most law-abiding and patient find that the thing claimed to be the will of the community is no-

body's will, and then we have one of those stumbling blocks called 'dead-letter laws,' which cause more trouble and confusion than all other aspects of the problem of social control combined.

One result of this is that we Americans have got into the habit of saying of ourselves, or permitting others to say of us, that we are a law-breaking people. The fact is that we are probably the most law-abiding people in the world. We have an inexplicit and inexplicable method of repealing some of the laws we outgrow by simply ceasing to observe them; but, in the maintenance of order in society through the automatic self-control of the people, none but the simplest rural societies can compare with us.

These dead-letter laws, naturally enough, are in all stages of being dead. Those against witchcraft have been dead so long that even the sharpest eyes can find but the memory of them; those requiring men to tell the truth in personal-property tax returns, equally but not so anciently dead, can still be summoned, like Glendower's spirits and with like effect, from the vasty deep; and those of more recent repudiation have, here and there, a tardy friend who refuses to accept the current notion of their deadness and so calls them occasionally into fitful simulations of being alive. It is this last class that causes the trouble, and out of it arises one of the most embarrassing phases of the whole question of law-enforcement. Mayors, administrations, and police forces are more often and more successfully attacked from this point than any other, and the consequences, all too often, are corrupted policemen and shuffling executives who give the best excuse they can think of at the moment for failure to do the impossible, but succeed in adding nothing to the dispute but a sense of their own perplexity.

The argument ordinarily presented marches with a stately tread. 'You have taken an oath to enforce all the laws,' the chairman of the Law-Enforcement League will say; 'here is a law you are not enforcing. You are not chosen to elect which laws are to be enforced, nor have you any means whatever of determining whether this law is approved by the general conscience. The best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it.' Now the logic of this is sound enough, but the history of our law from the earliest times shows that we Anglo-Saxons have preferred a wholly different way of making and unmaking our laws; and however desirable this perfectly logical way may be in itself, it just is not our way. We have chosen to let the acts and thoughts of individuals make whatever head they can until they become customs; and then some legislative body discovers them in full operation by common consent, and by enactment 'crystallizes them into law.' The process of unmaking is much the same. A custom is the aggregate of individual habits, and a new custom replaces an old one as an increasing number of individuals change their habits, — an imperceptible and teasing process which leaves the inquirer as to the state of the law, at some moments in its course, sadly puzzled.

Even the Law-Enforcement Leagues plainly have some sense of this fact; their arguments, grounded on generalizations, always end in an instance. The sensational pulpit will rebuke the police department for its failure to enforce the law; a committee will wait upon the mayor and demand enforcement to the letter; but whether the committee be clerical or lay, and however broad the foundation laid upon the vice of disregard of law, the object finally appears to be to secure the enforcement of some particular law. It may be the

midnight or Sunday closing of saloons, the prohibition of theatrical exhibitions on Sunday or prize fights on any day, or another spasmodic revival of the notion that merely putting a few women through the amercing processes of the police court will suppress vice; but when such a delegation is asked whether the lesson of respect for law will not be further impressed by stopping Sunday street cars, suppressing the Sunday newspaper, holding up the milkman, and generally restoring by force the sabbath of the statutes, wisdom triumphs over knowledge, and the reply invariably is that it would be better to take one thing at a time and especially the one thing then agitating that particular delegation. Often the order asked is given, with the result that the committee reports back in triumph, the league chooses a new subject to fret about, and the executive goes again through the discouraging and futile experience of trying to get officers, prosecutors, judges, and juries to do just what none of them will do,—namely, convict people of crime for doing things that are the community habit and practice. Clearly it would be better if all the law could be written and all that is written be law. Clearly it is a bungling system to leave this borderland between the live and the dead law to be explored by the discretion of individual officers, and to have these constant controversies as to the existence and location of the river of doubt; but we trail centuries of experience behind us in our preference for this way of doing things, and the alternatives are not free from difficulties of a formidable kind.

For one thing, it will never be easy for us to give up the internal elasticity of our system in exchange for a rigid regimentation of society in which our daily lives will run by rules. We have a sense of freedom in our institutions

which seems almost to imply a consciousness that we made the rules to which we conform and are busy revising them from day to day. Moreover, our democracies are too large to act with the speed of a town meeting; and we must, therefore, have some way of carrying things along until we are sure enough of the permanence of a new practice to justify putting so large a machine in motion to give it formal expression. We prefer to have mistakes made, now and then, by those whose business it is to enforce the laws, rather than to subject ourselves to a mechanical enforcement of arbitrary regulations which do not grow as we grow and do not ease up as we push the whole social weight against them.

The common-law jury system exemplifies the whole story. Originally the jury was a company of eye-witnesses gathered together to declare a fact by comparison of their own recollections as to its occurrence. Now it is a company of twelve human, habit-forming beings whose function is to prevent the letter of the law from killing the spirit of the community. The lawyers may read and the judges charge, but the jury will not convict unless justice is going to be done, and justice to them means the enforcement of the expectation of the community as to personal conduct. They enforce neither the law that has been nor the law that is to be, but the law that is; and when the police have made a lot of arrests and have produced flawless proof of guilt under the letter of the statute, only to have their trouble for their pains, with acquittal following each arrest, they quite naturally decide to devote their energies to other classes of cases; and that particular statute, for the time being at least, has suffered a democratic repeal. It has been suggested that a constitutional provision might limit the life of all legislative enactments to a



fixed period, thus requiring the reenactment of such laws as were still deemed desirable; but as this requires too much explanation and is a fundamental departure from our traditional practice, it is but a fanciful comment upon the root difficulty which inheres in our system and which we have learned to tolerate. The net result of it all is that our regulations which are in the course of losing the sanction of public opinion present a robust difficulty in police administration.

## II

A similar difficulty is presented by regulations which are in the course of securing the sanction of public approval. The police power, as lawyers use the phrase, is the power of the state to protect the safety, property, and possibly the convenience and comfort of the members of the society constituting the state. But there is no more indefinite power known to the philosophers in jurisprudence. Courts are constantly declaring, either that the police power is insusceptible of definition, or that, since all definitions are limitations, it would be highly impolitic to define it. This power must be kept alive and larger than any expression of it, for new ills arising in the development of industry and life will necessitate extensions of the power to cover them, and the growth of knowledge must constantly suggest new ways and new virtues in social control, all to be worked out under the police power. Every discovery of science in the field of sanitation, the cause of disease, and modes of infection; new views of community peril from fire, food, air, or water, — all summon the police power to unaccustomed action, and each such action encroaches upon that reserve of private right of person or property which theretofore has been regarded as unsundered by the individual.

Many of the police regulations thus suggested are necessarily based upon scientific considerations understood by but few members of the community, and about many of them there exist prejudices and doubts which add bitterness and a sense of wrong to the usual resentment against merely new restraints. We have varieties of religious belief and of racial custom which are often rudely offended by regulations plainly wise and enacted by men who never knew that such beliefs were entertained by anybody. Mothers resent the interference of the state in their care of their babies; men and women deny the right of society to make them change habits venerated by the recollection of stout grandparents who lived to be a hundred with just such habits from childhood; we are all sure that our houses are not going to catch fire and cause damage to our neighbors, no matter what wise men think they know about the bad habits of piles of rags carefully and conveniently put out of sight under the cellar stairs; and we have the unanswerable argument on our side that our houses never have caught fire, or if one of them once did, it was due to an exceptional cause which we are too clever to allow again. To the extent that this sort of thing is individual, eccentric, or personal, it of course presents no problem beyond the reach of tact and patience; but the very nature of many of these regulations is such that their observance could never be dictated as a spontaneous community habit; so that here again we find a police problem, and on analysis discover that its difficulty arises from the fact that it calls for measures back of which there is not as yet a well-developed community understanding and will.

The answer to the difficulty thus presented is not simple, but at least one helpful suggestion can be made about it. We must stop regarding policemen

as mere keepers of order, and we must enlarge our view of their duties far beyond the arrest of criminals and the terrorization of the neighborhood small boy. They must be selected with reference as much to their ability to catch and spread the spirit of the social advance as to their personal courage and cleverness in following the twists of the criminal mind. Their chief use will some day be the stimulation of social self-control; for even now the most powerful force for the preservation of order is not the force shown or even implied by the policeman, but that innate sense for order which we Americans have and which we enforce by the pressure of neighborhood opinion and crowd self-respect.

We can begin now to build the police force of the future. A good start would be made if a probationary period were established during which men too young for admission to the regular force could be in training for it. During that period the duties assigned should be largely on the social side, — duties such as sanitary inspection, traffic control, the regulation of amusements, and patrolling parks and public places in which people congregate for recreation; this work, under such conditions as conduce to the development of the social sense, would therefore train into these future policemen, in their impressionable years, a sympathy with people, born of association with them and of helpfulness extended to men and women and children as part of a duty flowing from employment by society itself. The use of such probationers for the enforcement of sanitary regulations and for inspections based upon scientific and mechanical considerations, and especially their activities in juvenile recreation and correction, would broaden their information and their sympathies. Officers so selected and so trained would have a less military, a

less professional and arbitrary attitude, and the enforcement of pioneer regulations would be simpler and less misunderstood from them.

### III

From all that has been said, it is clear that the difficulties of the police problem, at least under our American theory and practice, lie almost wholly in the region where, for one reason or another, public opinion is uncertain in its attitude toward the things sought to be required or repressed. Where public opinion is settled and stable we police ourselves, with little need for a lot of 'Do' or 'Don't' signs, set up by authority, and with little occasion for intervention by policemen. But when we do not know what we want, the police do not know what to give us. Their perplexities and many of their shortcomings are the outcome of our own uncertainties, and disappear with them. Several illustrations will show the soundness of these reflections.

Let us look first at the disorders and contentions growing out of labor disputes. One of the curious anomalies of our social development is that in spite of a tremendous industrial advance we seem not to have arrived at anything like a settled state of the public mind with regard to the propriety and limits of intervention by law in such controversies. Year after year we have allowed strikes, boycotts, and lock-outs to interrupt the ordinary course of our industrial life, diminish the social output, disorganize values, and cause widespread suffering and destitution, all of which imposes burdens direct and indirect upon public and private relief agencies; but we have not acquired even the beginnings of a public policy on the subject.

Employers, singly and collectively, resist what they regard as unjust de-

mands, or demands which, if granted, will flush their employees with success and dispose them to make unjust demands. They combine and aid one another morally and financially in efforts to break the strength of employees attempting association for collective bargaining. Employees, on the other hand, unionize and federate primarily for the protection of the weaker individuals against the concentrated power of the employing class; and when so federated they fall victims to leaders who are sometimes corrupt, but who oftener, discouraged by the stone wall of unargued resistance, accept the theory that a labor controversy is a war in which weakness is the only crime. As a result we have lawless violence which so far impeaches the character of all associated labor as to make resistance to it seem necessary for the preservation of any semblance of security and order in society.

As each strike occurs, an opportunist policy is adopted by the police authorities. Things are tided along without any clear aim or method and without any tribunal that can determine the right and wrong of questions involved, until somebody is killed or a serious riot threatens the destruction of property. Then public opinion momentarily clarifies; we all agree that we do not want such things, no matter what happens, and the police now have a steadied sentiment to support them; the trouble is over. Until this healing incident has arisen out of the troubled waters, about all the police can do is to repress the more serious disturbances. In the surging violence of sentiment which surrounds a strike when the men begin to get desperate, the police are fortunate if they can prevent assaults and the destruction of property; they are powerless to allay the fierce outbursts of emotion which stir the participants and lead them to lawlessness.

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The state of the public mind during such a time is confused and hesitant. We sit by, blaming one side or the other on such half information or interest as we may have, or wondering what ought to be done about it. Our natural sympathy is with the men who are trying to better the conditions of their employment, and we are quite tolerant of their making it unpleasant for others who have taken their places at the work-bench while they and their families are undergoing privation in the interest of more wholesome conditions, better pay, or shorter hours for the people who do the world's work. We are dimly conscious that in the nature of the case it cannot be an equal struggle, and also that it is a struggle in which there are no definite rules. We do not like violence, but somehow this seems to us excusable violence, if it be not too violent. We realize that the employers are losing money, but we assume that the loss is distributed over a large surface and that they have ways of recouping. There are, however, several things which we have not yet come to realize, as that this loss is a social loss with just so much human labor and wealth gone and so much less wealth produced. We do not realize that in this haphazard attrition of frenzied employees against stolid employers, labor loses not only the battles it ought to lose but many it ought to win. Lastly, we do not realize that the result, no matter what it is, rests upon no higher sanction than force, and therefore lacks stability and will last only until one side or the other feels strong enough to renew the struggle.

These controversies really involve the interests of all the people in addition to the interests of the apparent participants, but they are settled by but two of the parties interested. Among the remedies suggested, compulsory arbitration has perhaps been

most discussed; but labor is unwilling to surrender its freedom, and there is little public sentiment for that expedient against the protest of labor itself. From the police point of view, however, the problem remains difficult almost solely because the public mind is not at peace with itself on the subject, and this results largely from a want of knowledge or means of knowledge as to the merits of the disputes as they arise. It would seem undeniable that the public is at least entitled to this knowledge; and its effectiveness in bringing a sound public sentiment to bear is amply demonstrated by the results obtained in Canada under the Industrial Disputes Act, which does nothing more than hold the hasty hands of both sides until a disinterested inquiry can be made and published. After the publication of the report of the inquiry, either side may do as it likes, but neither side ever insists upon an extreme position, in the face of a fully informed public opinion.

Another illustration can be drawn from the enforcement of laws relating to the traffic in intoxicating liquors. This of all subjects most sharply divides public opinion. On the one side are the extreme temperance advocates, to whom the business is anathema; on the other side, in most large cities, are a majority of the people, who habitually use intoxicating liquors socially, in their homes, clubs, churches, unions, and outings, and who are easily persuaded that the whole heritage of personal liberty is bound up in the maintenance of their unrestricted right to buy drink when and where they please. The agitation proceeds all the time and throughout the state. In every state legislature the liquor question stands athwart all other legislation. Whether a particular bridge shall be built or public highway constructed is often determined by the fact that the wets are for it in a dry legislature. The short ballot,

civil-service reform, woman suffrage, all have lost or won and are winning or losing as they pick their friends between the wets and dries. The really vital subject of state and local taxation, upon which we Americans have made less progress than any other, awaits the calm atmosphere of the settlement of this insoluble question for a chance to be discussed without distortion from the license controversy.

All this shows the wrought-up state of the public mind on the liquor question. Into such a divided society the anti-saloon leagues and other organized temperance bodies, by their control of the rural vote, bring regulations, wise enough and moderate enough for the country districts and small towns, but violently disruptive of the settled habits of large city populations. These regulations the police are to enforce. If they do, the executive under whom they act is frequently voted promptly out of office; if they do not, the more excitable and sensational ministers and other excellent but hasty people conclude and proclaim that the executive and police alike are in corrupt collusion with the forces of evil, and the lines are laid for a municipal campaign in which all the great interests of the city are lost in the question whether the respective candidates for mayor are 'fanatics' or 'liberals.'

But the cheering thing about this illustration is the change which has come in our more progressive cities in the past ten or a dozen years. The economic elimination of the drunkard has of course been going on throughout the whole country. Captains of industry, commerce, and finance have been realizing more and more the waste of intemperate employees, and with the speeding up of the machinery of industry there has come a speeding up of life everywhere, so that young professional and business men have come to know

that they cannot keep up the pace with a towel wrapped about their heads. Recreation programmes, social settlements, institutional churches and schools, bicycles, automobiles, and shorter hours of labor in forced industries have all come to give more opportunity for relaxation under leisure conditions, the consequence being a lessened reliance on the saloon either as a club or a quick means of forgetfulness, if not of rest. In many of our large cities it is now possible to find ready acceptance and approval for regulations which a few years ago would have seemed an intolerable tyranny, and the police problem from this point of view is to be solved by continuing the things we have begun. A good substitute for a bad practice is a police measure, whether it is provided out of the police budget or not.

#### IV

A last illustration will be drawn from the efforts to regulate and control vice. Investigators invariably begin or conclude with the admission that the fact of prostitution cannot be prevented by police activity. Remedies are therefore all addressed to the quantity and conditions of the evil rather than to any present total suppression of vicious practices. Nobody has stated better the lines for such repressive activity than Dr. Flexner. Recognizing that prostitution has always existed and that it is very much more widespread than is currently believed, he regards as unpromising all attacks upon the problem which merely punish, as crimes, irregular sexual relations. The hopeful course, if his careful discussion can be so summarized without injustice, lies in the direction of police regulation against artificial stimulation in either demand or supply.

A direct example of the results of

such a course can be drawn from the city of Cleveland. In 1901 there were in Cleveland three hundred and ninety-six known and tolerated houses of prostitution, with known inmates numbering approximately four thousand. Four years ago there were forty-four houses of prostitution, with slightly more than three hundred and fifty inmates. Quite recently the chief of police has closed the district entirely, under conditions of practically general public approval and with little fear on the part of any one that the problem of clandestine vice has been seriously complicated by his action. In the mean time Cleveland has substantially doubled in population and retains the characteristics of an industrial cosmopolitan city. This progress is full of interest and suggestion, for it is unquestionable that the abolition of the segregated district would have been as impossible in 1901 as it was easy in 1915, and equally clear that the reason in both cases was the attitude of the popular mind to the question.

At the outset it was discovered that about forty of the houses were directly associated with saloons, and Tom L. Johnson, the mayor, directed the chief of police to abolish all 'saloon fronts.' Later, by similar order, the chief prohibited, successively, commercialization by men partners in the houses, red lights and other external advertisements, street soliciting, sale of liquor in the houses, and other inducements. The orders were issued sufficiently far apart in time to arouse no comment, or feeling that the impossible was to be tried or counsels of perfection to be followed. The orders were enforced by notification to the keepers of houses that so long as they and their inmates observed the regulations they would be free from danger of arrest or raid. When any violation occurred, a uniformed officer was stationed, night



and day, in front of the house, who simply took and recorded the real names of all who visited the place. Invariably the house closed in a few days, and the keepers of the remaining houses redoubled their efforts to control their inmates and keep them within the bounds set by orders from headquarters. By this system of gradual police repression the contributory allurements were withdrawn, one by one, and the advertising of the district was suppressed.

Meanwhile two other factors were at work to change the conditions of the problem. With better education and improving economic conditions women were becoming less and less willing to accept the open degradation implied from residence in the district, and the Mann Act made it discouragingly dangerous to attempt to recruit the district from the outside. There was, possibly, some increase in clandestine prostitution, but it would be difficult to attribute it to the increasing rigor of regulation within the segregated district. Moreover, there was, during all this period, a very general increase of knowledge as to the danger from a hygienic point of view, — a danger obviously greater under conditions of segregation.

The results are at once astonishing and instructive. We had at the outset an obstinate problem with which the police had struggled hopelessly for years: raids, arrests, fines, imprisonments, and spasmodic social and religious uprisings had all failed to make any impression upon the sordid business. Then we had a police administration frankly accept the community's view of the situation, recognize what it recognized, and repress the nuisance manifestations of the traffic as rapidly as public sentiment could be shown the practical possibility of each step. This police course was aided by chang-

ing conditions, but it never ran sufficiently in advance of what the people believed or felt to set up a counter current; and so, when the time came to close the district entirely, it was done as the natural and expected conclusion to a long and accepted development.

## V

From all this we learn a larger sympathy for the difficulties of those to whom falls the duty of enforcing police regulations in our city communities. It will not be quite so possible to take at full value the condemnation which is sometimes heaped upon the police, who after all are a fairly faithful mirror of the ethical definiteness of the community they serve. But the more significant and useful lessons are that our own conception of the function of the police arm itself must change, and accordingly our method of selecting and training the men who are to comprise the force; and, finally, we get a helpful view of the direction in which to look and work for better things. We can grow only as we substitute knowledge for force. The policing of society is best done when most done by the people themselves. Every extension of our efforts for the dissemination of information as to the foundations of effective coöperation and social welfare brings its own enforcement at the hands of people who understand and appreciate. Practical agitation, it thus appears, is neither an appeal to emotional excitability nor a setting of arbitrary restraints upon the wicked by the good, but a spreading of the sound news of the social advance, and cultivating, in neighborliness and sympathy, a public opinion which will reflect its soundness in the laws it enacts and in the approval it gives to their enforcement.

## MR. AND MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

BY HENRY JAMES

IF at such a time as this a man of my generation finds himself on occasion revert to our ancient peace in some soreness of confusion between envy and pity, I know well how best to clear up the matter for myself at least and to recover a workable relation with the blessing in eclipse. I recover it in some degree with pity, as I say, by reason of the deep illusions and fallacies in which the great glare of the present seems to show us as then steeped; there being always, we can scarce not feel, something pathetic in the recoil from fond fatuities. When these are general enough, however, they make their own law and impose their own scheme; they go on, with their fine earnestness, to their utmost limit, and the best of course are those that go on longest. When I think that the innocent confidence cultivated over a considerable part of the earth, over all the parts most offered to my own view, was to last well-nigh my whole lifetime, I cannot deny myself a large respect for it, cannot but see that if our illusion was complete we were at least insidiously and artfully beguiled. What we had taken so actively to believing in was to bring us out at the brink of the abyss, yet as I look back I see nothing but our excuses; I cherish at any rate the image of their bright plausibility. We really, we nobly, we insanely (as it can only now strike us) held ourselves comfortably clear of the worst horror that in the past had attended the life of nations, and to the grounds of this conviction we could point with lively as-

urance. They all come back, one now recognizes, to a single supporting proposition, to the question when in the world peace had so prodigiously flourished. It had been broken, and was again briefly broken, within our view, but only as if to show with what force and authority it could freshly assert itself; whereby it grew to look too increasingly big, positively too massive even in its blandness, for interruptions not to be afraid of it.

It is in the light of this memory, I confess, that I bend fondly over the age — so prolonged, I have noted, as to yield ample space for the exercise — in which any challenge to our faith fell below the sweet serenity of it. I see that by any measure I might personally have applied, the American, or at least the Northern, state of mind and of life that began to develop just after the Civil War formed the headspring of our assumption. Odd enough might it have indeed appeared that this conception should need four years of free carnage to launch it; yet what did that mean, after all, in New York and Boston, into which places remembrance reads the complacency soon to be the most established — what did that mean unless that we had exactly *shed* the bad possibilities, were publicly purged of the dreadful disease which had come within an inch of being fatal to us, and were by that token warranted sound forever, superlatively safe? — as we could see that during the previous existence of the country we had been but comparatively so. The

breathless campaign of Sadowa, which occurred but a year after our own sublime conclusion had been sealed by Lee's surrender, enlarged the prospect much rather than ruffled it; and though we had to confess that the siege of Paris, four years later, was a false note, it was drowned in the solidification of Germany, so true, so resounding and, for all we then suspected to the contrary, so portentously pacific a one. How could peace not flourish, moreover, when wars either took only seven weeks or lasted but a summer and scarce more than a long-drawn autumn? — the siege of Paris dragging out, to our pitying sense, at the time, but raised before all the rest of us, preparing food-succor, could well turn round, and with the splendid recovery of France to follow so close on her amputation that violence fairly struck us as moving away confounded. So it was that our faith was confirmed — violence sitting down again with averted face, and the conquests we felt the truly golden ones spreading and spreading behind its back.

It was not perhaps in the purest gold of the matter that we pretended to deal in the New York and the Boston to which I have referred; but if I wish to catch again the silver tinkle at least, straining my ear for it through the sounds of to-day, I have but to recall the dawn of those associations that seemed then to promise everything, and the last declining ray of which rests, just long enough to be caught, on the benign figure of Mrs. Fields, of the latter city, recently deceased and leaving behind her much of the material out of which legend obligingly grows. She herself had the good fortune to assist, during all her later years, at an excellent case of such growth, for which nature not less than circumstance had perfectly fitted her — she was so intrin-

sically charming a link with the past and abounded so in the pleasure of reference and the grace of fidelity. She helped the present, that of her own actuality, to think well of her producing conditions, to think better of them than of many of those that open for our wonderment to-day: what a note of distinction *they* were able to contribute, she moved us to remark, what a quality of refinement they appeared to have encouraged, what a minor form of the monstrous modern noise they seemed to have been consistent with!

The truth was of course very decidedly that the seed I speak of, the seed that has flowered into legend, and with the thick growth of which her domestic scene was quite embowered, had been sown in soil peculiarly grateful and favored by pleasing accidents. The personal beauty of her younger years, long retained and not even at the end of such a stretch of life quite lost; the exquisite native tone and mode of appeal, which anciently we perhaps thought a little 'precious,' but from which the distinctive and the preservative were in time to be snatched, a greater extravagance supervening; the signal sweetness of temper and lightness of tact, in fine, were things that prepared together the easy and infallible exercise of what I have called her references. It adds greatly to one's own measure of the accumulated years to have seen her reach the age at which she could appear to the younger world about her to 'go back' wonderfully far, to be almost the only person extant who did, and to owe much of her value to this delicate aroma of antiquity.

My title for thus speaking of her is that of being myself still extant enough to have known by ocular and other observational evidence what it was she went back to and why the connection should consecrate her. Every society that amounts, as we say, to anything

has its own annals, and luckless any to which this cultivation of the sense of a golden age that has left a precious deposit happens to be closed. A local present of proper pretensions has in fact to invent a set of antecedents, something in the nature of an epoch either of giants or of fairies, when literal history may in this respect have failed it, in order to look other temporal claims of a like complexion in the face. Boston, all letterless and unashamed as she verily seems to-day, needs luckily, for recovery of self-respect, no resort to such make-believes — to legend, that is, before the fact; all her legend is well after it, absolutely upon it, the large, firm fact, and to the point of covering, and covering yet again, every discernible inch of it. I felt myself during the half-dozen years of my younger time spent thereabouts just a little late for history perhaps, though well before, or at least well abreast of, poetry; whereas now it all densely foreshortens, it positively all melts beautifully together, and I square myself in the state of mind of an authority not to be questioned. In other words, my impression of the golden age was a first-hand one, not a second or a third; and since those with whom I shared it have dropped off one by one, — I can think of but two or three of the distinguished, the intelligent and participant, that is, as left, — I fear there is no arrogance of authority that I am not capable of taking on.

James T. Fields must have had about him when I first knew him much of the freshness of the season, but I remember thinking him invested with a stately past; this as an effect of the spell cast from an early, or at least from *my* early, time by the 'Ticknor, Reed and Fields' at the bottom of every title-page of the period that conveyed, however shyly, one of the finer presumptions. I look back with wonder

to what would seem a precocious interest in title-pages, and above all into the mysterious or behind-the-scenes world suggested by publishers' names — which, in their various collocations, had a color and a character beyond even those of authors, even those of books themselves; an anomaly that I seek not now to fathom, but which the brilliant Mr. Fields, as I aspiringly saw him, had the full benefit of, not less when I first came to know him than before. Mr. Reed, Mr. Ticknor, were never at all to materialize for me; the former was soon to forfeit any pertinence, and the latter, so far as I was concerned, never so much as peeped round the titular screen. Mr. Fields, on the other hand, planted himself well before that expanse; not only had he shone betimes with the reflected light of Longfellow and Lowell, of Emerson and Hawthorne and Whittier, but to meet him was, for an ingenuous young mind, to find that he was understood to return with interest any borrowed glory and to keep the social, or I should perhaps rather say the sentimental, account straight with each of his stars. What he truly shed back, of course, was a prompt sympathy and conversability; it was in this social and personal color that he emerged from the mere imprint, and was alone, I gather, among the American publishers of the time in emerging. He had a conception of possibilities of relation with his authors and contributors that I judge no other member of his body in all the land to have had; and one easily makes out for that matter that his firm was all but alone in improving, to this effect of amenity, on the crude relation — crude, I mean, on the part of the author. Few were our native authors, and the friendly Boston house had gathered them in almost all: the other, the New York and Philadelphia houses (practically all we had) were friendly, I make out

at this distance of time, to the public in particular, whose appetite they met to abundance with cheap reprints of the products of the London press, but were doomed to represent in a lower, sometimes indeed in the very lowest, degree the element of consideration for the British original. The British original had during that age been reduced to the solatium of publicity pure and simple; knowing, or at least presuming, that he was read in America by the fact of his being appropriated, he could himself appropriate but the complacency of this consciousness.

To the Boston constellation then almost exclusively belonged the higher complacency, as one may surely call it, of being able to measure with some closeness the good purpose to which they glittered. The Fieldses could imagine so much happier a scene that the fond fancy they brought to it seems to flush it all, as I look back, with the richest tints. I so describe the sweet influence because by the time I found myself taking more direct notice the singularly graceful young wife had become, so to speak, a highly noticeable feature; her beautiful head and hair and smile and voice (we wonder if a social circle worth naming was ever ruled by a voice without charm of quality) were so many happy items in a general array. Childless, what is vulgarly called unencumbered, addicted to every hospitality and every benevolence, addicted to the cultivation of talk and wit and to the ingenious multiplication of such ties as could link the upper half of the title-page with the lower, their vivacity, their curiosity, their mobility, the felicity of their instinct for any manner of gathered relic, remnant or tribute, conspired to their helping the 'literary world' roundabout to a self-consciousness more fluttered, no doubt, yet also more romantically resolute.

To turn attention from any present

hour to a past that has become distant is always to have to look through overgrowths and reckon with perversions; but even so the domestic, the water-side museum of the Fieldses hangs there clear to me; their salon positively, so far as salons were in the old Puritan city dreamed of — by which I mean allowing for a couple of exceptions not here to be lingered on. We knew in those days little of collectors; the name of the class, however, already much impressed us, and in that long and narrow drawing-room of odd dimensions — unfortunately somewhat sacrificed, I frankly confess, as American drawing-rooms are apt to be, to its main aperture or command of outward resonance — one learned for the first time how vivid a collection might be. Nothing would reconcile me at this hour to any attempt to resolve back into its elements the brave effect of the exhibition, in which the inclusive range of 'old' portrait and letter, of old pictorial and literal autograph and other material gage or illustration, of old original edition or still more authentically consecrated current copy, disposed itself over against the cool sea-presence of the innermost great basin of Boston's port. Most does it come to me, I think, that the enviable pair went abroad with freedom and frequency, and that the inscribed and figured walls were a record of delightful adventure, a display as of votive objects attached by restored and grateful mariners to the nearest shrine. To go abroad, to *be* abroad (for the return thence was to the advantage, after all, only of those who could not so proceed) represented success in life, and our couple were immensely successful.

Dickens at that time went a great way with us, the best of him falling after this fashion well within the compass of our life; and Thackeray, for my own circle, went, I think, a greater way still,



even if already, at the season I recall, to a more ghostly effect and as a presence definitely immortalized. The register of his two American visits was piously, though without the least solemnity, kept in Charles Street; which assisted, however, at Dickens's second visit to the States and a comparatively profane contemporaneity. I was not to see him there; I was, save for a brief moment elsewhere, but to hear him and to wonder at his strange histrionic force in public; nevertheless the waterside museum never ceased to retain, for my earnest recognition, certain fine vibrations and dying echoes of all that episode. I liked to think of the house, I could n't do without thinking of it, as the great man's safest harborage through the tremendous gale of those even more leave-taking appearances, as fate was to appoint, than we then understood; and this was a fact about it, to my taste, which made all sorts of other, much more prolonged and reiterated, facts comparatively subordinate and flat. The single drawback was that the intimacies and privileges it witnessed for in that most precious connection seemed scarce credible; the inimitable presence was anecdotically enough attested, but I somehow rather missed the evidential sample, 'a feather, an eagle's feather,' as Browning says, which I should, ideally speaking, have picked up on the stairs.

I doubtless meanwhile found it the most salient of all the circumstances that the *Atlantic Monthly* had at no ancient date virtually come into being under the fostering roof, and that a charm, or at least a felt soft weight, attached to one's thinking of its full-flushed earlier form as very much edited from there. There its contributors, or many of them, dined and supped and went to tea, and there above all, in many a case, was almost gloriously revealed to them the possible relation be-

tween such amenities and hospitalities and the due degree of inspiration. It would take me too far to say how I dispose of J. R. Lowell in this reconstruction, the very first editor as he was, if I mistake not, of the supremely sympathetic light miscellany that I figure; but though I have here to pick woefully among my reminiscences I must spare a word or two for another presence too intimately associated with the scene, and too constantly predominant there, to be overlooked.

The *Atlantic* was for years practically the sole organ of that admirable writer and wit, that master of almost every form of observational, of meditational, and of humorous ingenuity, the author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and of *Elsie Venner*. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had been from the first the great 'card' of the new *recueil*, and this with due deference to the fact that Emerson and Longfellow and Whittier, that Lowell himself and Hawthorne and Francis Parkman, were prone to figure in no other periodical (speaking thus of course but of the worthies originally drawn upon). Mr. Longfellow was frequent and remarkably even, neither rising above nor falling below a level ruled as straight as a line for a copybook; Emerson, on the other hand, was rare, but, to make up for it, sometimes surprising; and when I ask myself what best distinction the magazine owed to our remaining hands I of course remember that it put forth the whole later array of *The Biglow Papers*, and that the impressions and reminiscences of England gathered up by Hawthorne into *Our Old Home* had enjoyed their first bloom of publicity from month to month under Fields's protection. These things drew themselves out in delightful progression, to say nothing of other cognate felicities — everything that either Lowell or Hawthorne published in those days making its first appearance,

inveterately, in the *Atlantic* pages. Lowell's serious as well as his hilarious, that is his broadly satiric, verse was pressed into their service; though of his literary criticism, I recall, the magazine was less avid — little indeed, at the same time, as it could emulate in advance its American-born fellows of to-day in apparent dread of that insidious appeal to attention. Which remarks, as I make them, but throw into relief for me the admirable vivacity and liberality of Dr. Holmes's *Atlantic* career, quite warranting, as they again flicker and glow, no matter what easy talk about a golden age. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, the American contribution to literature, that I can recall, most nearly meeting the conditions and enjoying the fortune of a classic, quite sufficiently accounts, I think, for our sense not only at the time, but during a long stretch of the subsequent, that we had there the most precious of the metals in the very finest fusion. Such perhaps was not entirely the air in which we saw *Elsie Venner* bathed — since if this too was a case of the shining substance of the author's mind, so extraordinarily agile within its own circle of content, the application of the admirable engine was yet not perhaps so happy; in spite of all of which nothing would induce me now to lower our then claim for this fiction as the charmingest of the 'old' American group, the romances of Hawthorne of course always excepted.

The new American novel — for that was preparing — had at the season I refer to scarce glimmered into view; but its first seeds were to be sown very exactly in *Atlantic* soil, where my super-excellent friend and confrère W. D. Howells soon began editorially to cultivate them. I should find myself crossing in this reference the edge of a later period, were I moved here at all to stiff discriminations; which I am so far from

being that I absolutely *like* to remember, pressing out elated irony in it, that the magazine seemed pleased to profit by Howells, whether as wise editor or delightful writer, only up to the verge of his broadening out into mastership. He broadened gradually, and far-away back numbers exhibit the tentative light footprints that were to become such firm and confident steps; but affectionate appreciation quite consciously assisted at a process in which it could mark and measure each stage — up to the time, that is, when the process quite outgrew, as who should say, the walls of the drill-ground itself.

By this time many things, as was inevitable, — things not of the earlier tradition, — had come to pass; not the least of these being that J. T. Fields, faithfully fathering man, had fallen for always out of the circle. What was to follow his death made for itself other connections, many of which indeed had already begun; but what I think of in particular, as his beguiled loose chronicler straightening out a little — though I would not for the world overmuch — the confusion of old and doubtless, in some cases, rather shrunken importances, what I especially run to earth is that there were forms of increase which the 'original' organ might have seemed to grow rather weak in the knees for carrying. I pin my remembrance, however, only to the Fieldses — that is, above all, to *his* active relation to the affair, and to the image left with me of guiding and nursing pleasure shown always as the intensity of personal pleasure. No confident proprietor can ever have drawn more happiness from a cherished and computed value than he drew from Dr. Holmes's success, which likewise provided so blest a medium for the Autocrat's own expansive spirit that I see the whole commerce and inspiration in the cheerful waterside light.

I find myself couple together the two Charles Street houses, though even with most weight of consideration for that where *The Autocrat*, *The Professor*, *Elsie Venner*, and the long and bright succession of the unsurpassed Boston *pièces de circonstance* in verse, to say nothing of all the eagerest and easiest and funniest, all the most winged and kept-up, most illustrational and suggestion, table-talk that ever was, sprang smiling to life. Ineffaceably present to me is all *that* atmosphere, though I enjoyed it of course at the time but as the most wonderstruck and most indulged of extreme juniors; and in the mere ghostly breath of it old unspeakable vibrations revive. I find innumerable such for instance between the faded leaves of *Soundings from the Atlantic*, and in one of the papers there reprinted, 'My Hunt for the Captain,' in especial, the recital of the author's search among the Virginia battlefields for his gallant wounded son; which, with its companions, evokes for me also at this end of time, and mere fond memory aiding, a greater group of sacred images than I may begin to name, as well as the charm and community of that overlooking of the wide inlet which so corrected the towniness. The *Autocrat's* insuperable instinct for the double sense of words, when the drollery of the collocation was pointed enough, has its note in the title of the volume I have just mentioned (where innumerable other neglected notes would respond again, I imagine, to the ear a bit earnestly applied); but the clue that has lengthened out so far is primarily attached, no doubt, to the eloquence of the final passage of the paper, in which the rejoicing father, back from his anxious quest, sees Boston bristle again on his lifelong horizon, the immemorial signs multiply, the great dome of the State House rise not a whit less high than before, and the Bunker Hill obel-

isk point as sharply as ever its beveled capstone against the sky.

The charm I thus rake out of the period, and the aspect of the Fieldses as bathed in that soft medium — *so* soft after the long internecine harshness — gloss over to my present view every troubled face of my young relation with the *Atlantic*; the poor pathetic faces, as they now pass before me, being troubled for more reasons than I can recall, but above all, I think, because from the first I found 'writing for the magazines' an art still more difficult than delightful. Yet I doubt whether I wince at this hour any more than I winced on the spot at hearing it quoted from this proprietor of the first of those with which I effected an understanding that such a strain of pessimism in the would-be picture of life had an odd, had even a ridiculous, air on the part of an author with his mother's milk scarce yet dry on his lips. It was to my amused W. D. H. that I owed this communication, as I was to owe him ever such numberless invitations to partake of his amusement; and I trace back to that with interest the first note of the warning against not 'ending happily' that was for the rest of my literary life to be sounded in my ear with a good faith of which the very terms failed to reach me intelligibly enough to correct my apparent perversity. I labored always under the conviction that to terminate a fond æsthetic effort in felicity had to be as much one's obeyed law as to begin it and carry it on in the same; whereby how could one be anything less than bewildered at the non-recognition of one's inveterately plotted climax of expression and intensity? One went so far as literally to claim that in a decent production — such as one at least hoped any particular specimen of one's art to show for — the terminal virtue, driven by the whole momentum gathered on the way,

had to be most expressional of one's subject, and thereby more fortunately pointed than whatever should have gone before. I remember clinging to that measure of the point really made even in the tender dawn of the bewilderment I glance at and which I associate with the general precarious element in those first *Atlantic* efforts. It really won me to an anxious kindness for Mr. Fields that though finding me precociously dismal he yet indulgently suffered me — and this not the less for my always feeling that Howells, during a season his sub-editor, must more or less have intervened with a good result.

The great, the reconciling thing, however, was the easy medium, the generally teeming Fields atmosphere, out of which possibilities that ravished me increasingly sprang; though doubtless these may speak in the modern light quite preponderantly of the young observer's and devourer's irrepressible need to appreciate — as compared, I mean, with his need to *be* appreciated, and a due admixture of that recognized. I preserve doubtless imperfectly the old order of these successions, the thrill sometimes but blandly transmitted, sometimes directly snatched, the presented occasion and the rather ruefully missed, the apprehension that in such a circle — with centre and circumference, in Charles Street, coming well together despite the crowded, the verily crammed, space between them — the brush of æsthetic, of social, of cultural suggestion worked, when most lively, at the end of a long handle that had stretched all the way over from Europe. How it struck me as working, I remember well, on a certain afternoon when the great Swedish singer Christine Nielsen, then young and beautiful and glorious, was received among us — that is, when she stood between a pair of the windows of the Fields museum, to which she was for the moment the

most actual recruit, and accepted the homage of extremely presented and fluttered persons, not one of whom could fail to be dazzled by her extraordinary combination of different kinds of lustre. Then there was the period of Charles Fechter, who had come over from London, whither he had originally come from Paris, to establish a theatre in Boston, where he was to establish it to no great purpose, alas! and who during the early brightness of his legend seemed to create for us on the same spot an absolute community of interests with the tremendously knowing dilettanti to whom he referred. He referred most of course to Dickens, who had directed him straight upon Charles Street under a benediction that was at first to do much for him, launch him violently and to admiration, even if he was before long, no doubt, to presume overmuch on its virtue.

Highly effective too, in this connection, while the first portents lasted, was the bustling virtue of the Fieldses — on that ground and on various others indeed directly communicated from Dickens's own, and infinitely promoting the delightful roused state under which we grasped at the æsthetic freshness of Fechter's Hamlet in particular. Did n't we react with the finest collective and perceptive intensity against the manner of our great and up to that time unquestioned exponent of the part, Edwin Booth? — who, however he might come into his own again after the Fechter flurry, never recovered real credit, it was interesting to note, for the tradition of his 'head,' his facial and physiognomic make-up, of a sudden quite luridly revealed as provincial, as formed even to suggest the powerful support rendered the Ophelia of Pendennis's Miss Fotheringay. I remember, in fine, thinking that the emissary of Dickens and the fondling of the Fieldses, to express it freely, seemed to

play over our classic, our livid ring-letted image a sort of Scandinavian smoky torch, out of the lurid flicker of which it never fully emerged.

These are trivial and perhaps a bit tawdry illustrations; but there were plenty of finer accidents: projected assurances and encountered figures and snatched impressions, such as naturally make at present but a faded show, and yet not one of which has lost its distinctness for my own infatuated piety. I see now what an overcharged glory could attach to the fact that Anthony Trollope, in his habit as he lived, was at a given moment literally dining in Charles Street. I can do justice to the rich notability of my partaking of Sunday supper there in company with Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and making out to my satisfaction that if she had, of intensely local New England type as she struck me as being, not a little of the nonchalance of real renown, she 'took in' circumjacent objects and more agitated presences with the true economy of genius. I even invest with the color of romance, or I did at the time, the bestowal on me, for temporary use, of the precursory pages of Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, honorably smirched by the American compositor's fingers, from which the Boston edition of that volume, with the classicism of its future awaiting it, had just been set up. I can still recover the rapture with which, then suffering under the effects of a bad accident, I lay all day on a sofa in Ashburton Place and was somehow transported, as in a shining silvery dream, to London, to Oxford, to the French Academy, to Languedoc, to Brittany, to ancient Greece; all under the fingered spell of the little loose smutty London sheets. And I somehow even felt in my face the soft side wind of that 'arranging' for punctualities of production of the great George Eliot, with whom our friends literally

conversed, to the last credibility, every time they went to London, and, thanks to whose intimate confidence in them, does n't it seem to me that I enjoyed the fragrant foretaste of *Middlemarch*? — roundabout which I patch together certain confused reminiscences of a weekly periodical, a younger and plainer sister of the *Atlantic*, its title now lost to me and the activity of which was all derivative, consisting as it did of bang-on-the-hour English first-fruits, 'advance' felicities of the London press. This must all have meant an elated season during which, in the still prolonged absence of an international copyright law, the favor of early copy, the alertness of postal transmission, in consideration of the benefit of the quickened fee, was to make international harmony prevail. I retain but an inferential sense of it all, yet gilded again to memory by perusals of Trollope, of Wilkie Collins, of Charles Reade, of others of the then distinguished, quite beneath their immediate rejoicing eye and with double the amount of quality we had up to that time extracted oozing gratefully through their pores.

Mrs. Fields was to survive her husband for many years and was to flourish as a copious second volume — the connection licenses the free figure — of the work anciently issued. She had a further and further, a very long life, all of infinite goodness and grace, and, while ever insidiously referring to the past, could not help meeting the future at least half-way. And all her implications were gay, since no one so finely sentimental could be noted as so humorous; just as no feminine humor was perhaps ever so unmistakably directed, and no state of amusement, amid quantities of reminiscence, perhaps ever so merciful. It was not that she could think no ill, but that she could n't see others thinking it, much less doing it; which was quite compatible too with



her being as little trapped by any presumptuous form of it as if she had had its measure to the last fineness. It became a case of great felicity; she was all the gentle referee and servant, the literary and social executor, so to speak, of a hundred ghosts, but the scroll of her vivid commission had never been rolled up, so that it hung there open to whatever more names and pleas might softly inscribe themselves. She kept her whole connection insistently modern, in the sense that all new recruits to it found themselves in concert with the charming old tone, and, only wanting to benefit by its authority, were much more affected by it than it was perhaps fortunately in certain cases affected by them. Beautiful the instance of an exquisite person for whom the mere grace of unimpaired duration, drawing out and out the grace implanted, established an importance that she never lifted so much as a finger to claim, and the manner of which was that, while people surrounded her, admiringly and tenderly, only to do in their own interest all the reminding, she was herself ever as little as possible caught in the more or less invidious act. It was they who preferred her possibilities of allusion to any aspect of the current jostle, and her sweetness under their pressure made her consentingly modern even while the very sound of the consent was as the voice of a time so much less strident.

My sense of all this later phase was able on occasion to renew itself, but perhaps never did so in happier fashion than when Mrs. Fields, revisiting England, as she continued to embrace every opportunity of doing, kindly traveled down to see me in the country, bringing with her a young friend of great talent whose prevailing presence in her life had come little by little to give it something like a new centre. To speak in a mere parenthesis of Miss

Jewett, mistress of an art of fiction all her own, even though of a minor compass, and surpassed only by Hawthorne as producer of the most finished and penetrating of the numerous 'short stories' that have the domestic life of New England for their general and their doubtless somewhat lean subject, is to do myself, I feel, the violence of suppressing a chapter of appreciation that I should long since somewhere have found space for. Her admirable gift, that artistic sensibility in her which rivaled the rare personal, that sense for the finest kind of truthful rendering, the sober and tender note, the temperately touched, whether in the ironic or the pathetic, would have deserved some more pointed commemoration than I judge her beautiful little quantum of achievement, her free and high, yet all so generously subdued character, a sort of elegance of humility or fine flame of modesty, with her remarkably distinguished outward stamp, to have called forth before the premature and overdarkened close of her young course of production. She had come to Mrs. Fields as an adoptive daughter, both a sharer and a sustainer, and nothing could more have warmed the ancient faith of their confessingly a bit disoriented countryman than the association of the elder and the younger lady in such an emphasized susceptibility. Their reach together was of the firmest and easiest, and I verily remember being struck with the stretch of wing that the spirit of Charles Street could bring off on finding them all fragrant of a recent immersion in the country life of France, where admiring friends had opened to them iridescent vistas that made it by comparison a charity they should show the least dazzle from my so much ruder display. I preserve at any rate the memory of a dazzle corresponding, or in other words of my gratitude for their

ready apprehension of the greatness of big 'composed' Sussex, which we explored together almost to extravagance — the lesson to my own sense all remaining that of how far the pure, the peculiarly pure, old Boston spirit, old even in these women of whom one was miraculously and the other familiarly young, could travel without a scrap of loss of its ancient immunity to set against its gain of vivacity.

There was vivacity of a new sort somehow in the fact that the elder of my visitors, the elder in mere calculable years, had come fairly to cultivate, as it struck me, a personal resemblance to the great George Eliot — and this but through the quite lawful art of causing a black lace mantilla to descend from her head and happily consort with a droop of abundant hair, a formation of brow and a general fine benignity: things that at once markedly recalled the countenance of Sir Frederick Burton's admirable portrait of the author of *Romola* and made it a charming anomaly that such remains of beauty should match at all a plainness not to be blinked even under the play of Sir Frederick's harmonizing crayon. Other amplified aspects of the whole legend, as I have called it, I was afterwards to see presented on its native scene — whereby it comes back to me that Sarah Jewett's brave ghost would resent my too roughly Bostonizing her: there hangs before me such a picture of her right setting, the antique

dignity — as antiquity counts thereabouts — of a clear colonial house, in Maine, just over the New Hampshire border, and a day spent amid the very richest local revelations. These things were not so much of like as of equally flushed complexion with two or three occasions of view, at the same memorable time, of Mrs. Fields's happy alternative home on the shining Massachusetts shore, where I seem to catch in latest afternoon light the quite final form of all the pleasant evidence. To say which, however, is still considerably to foreshorten; since there supervenes for me with force as the very last word, or the one conclusive for myself at least, a haunted little feast as of ghosts, if not of skeletons, at the banquet, with the image of that immemorial and inextinguishable lady Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the most evidential and most eminent presence of them all, as she rises in her place, under the extremity of appeal, to declaim a little quaveringly, but ever so gallantly, that 'Battle-hymn of the Republic,' which she had caused to be chanted half a century before and still could accompany with a real breadth of gesture, her great clap of hands and indication of the complementary step, on the triumphant line, 'Be swift my hands to welcome him, be jubilant my feet!'

The geniality of this performance swept into our collective breast again the whole matter of my record, which I thus commend to safe spiritual keeping.

# SCIENTIFIC FAITH

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

## I

SCIENTIFIC faith is no more smooth sailing than is theological faith. One involves about as many mysteries, as many unthinkable truths, as the other. It is unthinkable that a particle of matter can be so small that it cannot be made smaller, yet the atomic theory of matter involves this contradiction. The luminiferous ether, the most dense and at the same time the most attenuated body in the universe, which science has invented to account for the action of bodies upon other bodies at a distance, is unthinkable. But with all the contradictions which it involves, we are compelled to assume its reality in order to account for things as we know them.

How many things may be affirmed of the visible, ponderable bodies on the earth's surface which are just the opposite of what is true of the invisible, imponderable bodies of the interior world of matter, and which also do not hold among the bodies of celestial space! Thus all inanimate bodies on the earth's surface are at rest until some force exterior to themselves acts upon them. In the world of molecular physics the molecules and atoms and electrons are self-moved, and are in perpetual motion. If the Brunonian movement extended to visible ponderable bodies, the earth would be uninhabitable; we should behold a sight such as we have never yet beheld. Spontaneous motion never takes place among inanimate bodies, while it is the rule among

the atoms of which they are composed. Gravity and friction bind the bodies on the surface of the earth, but these laws are inoperative in the world of atoms and electrons. On the other hand, when we reach the astronomic world, or the sidereal universe, we find the same condition that prevails in the world of the infinitely little: perpetual motion goes on, friction is abolished, and nothing is at rest; there are collisions and disruptions just as there are in the world of atoms. Height and depth, upper and under, east and west, north and south, weight and inertia, as we experience them, have vanished. There are no boundaries, no ending and no beginning, no centre and no circumference; the infinite cannot have any of these. Rest and motion are relative terms. The sun is at rest with reference to the earth, but in motion with reference to some larger system, which is again at rest when tried by the sun. Motion implies something which is not in motion. The bodies we know have weight with reference to the earth, and the earth has weight with reference to some larger body, and this again with reference to some other still larger, and so on; but the universe as a whole can have no weight. A body at the centre of the earth can have no weight. If unsupported, would it move up or down? Could one tunnel through the earth, would he be standing on his head or his heels when he emerged on the other side? The infinitely little and infinitely vast alike baffle the understanding, developed as it is by our concrete finite

life. Creation is typified by the sphere. A circle is a straight line that at every point ceases to be a straight line, and the earth's surface is a plane that every moment ceases to be a plane. Following the surface of the earth does not carry us to the under side, because there is no more an under side than there is an upper side — there is only a boundless surface. But if it were possible for us to build a globe on the globe, as large as the one we inhabit, would it not have an upper and an under side?

## II

The mysteries of religion are of a different order from those of science; they are parts of an arbitrary system of man's own creation; they contradict our reason and our experience, while the mysteries of science are revealed by our reason, and transcend our experience. One implies the supernatural, while the other implies inscrutable processes or forces in the natural. That man is of animal origin is a deduction of reason, but the fact so far transcends our experience that it puts a great strain upon our scientific faith.

The miracles of our theology do violence to our understanding, but it is a part of our faith to accept them. The miracle of the loaves and the fishes, and of the turning of water into wine, have their parallels in chemical reactions, as in the conversion of starch into sugar, or of sugar into an acid; the mystery is that of chemical transformations, and occurs in the everyday processes of nature, while the biblical miracles are exceptional occurrences, and are never repeated.

The miracles of religion are to be discredited, not because we cannot conceive of them, but because they run counter to all the rest of our knowledge; while the mysteries of science, such as chemical affinity, the conservation of

energy, the indivisibility of the atom, the change of the non-living into the living, and the like, extend the boundaries of our knowledge, though the *modus operandi* of these changes remains hidden.

We do not know how the food we eat is transformed into the thoughts we think; in other words, the connection of the physical with the mental baffles us; but our familiarity with the phenomena causes us to look upon them as a matter of course. In fact, while most of the mysteries and marvels of the prescientific ages only served to measure the depth of the mental darkness of those ages, the mysteries and the marvels of modern science serve to measure the depths to which we have penetrated into the hidden processes of natural law.

The scientific faith which triumphs over all obstacles is not common. The late Alfred Russel Wallace was an eminent scientist and naturalist, collaborer with Darwin in establishing the theory of the origin of species by natural selection; but he could not accept the whole of Darwinism. The break in his scientific faith is seen in his failure to accept completely the animal origin of man; he looked upon man's spiritual nature as a miraculous addition to his animal inheritance. Natural science owes a great debt to Agassiz, but he, too, faltered before the problem of the origin of species through natural descent. He belonged to an age that had not fully emancipated itself from the dogmas of the church. He saw an incarnated thought of the Creator in every species of animal and plant. The great majority of mankind still see a dualist world — half natural and half supernatural. But the strict scientist knows only the natural. Even the origin of life is to him only a problem of the inherent potency of matter.

Darwin's scientific faith was not

quite able to stand alone; it had to lean upon teleological props. He could not accept the whole proposition of the natural origin of man and of other forms of life; his theory of descent had to start with a few forms, animal and vegetable, three or four, miraculously brought into the world by the creative power of an omnipotent being; these few original forms, through the action of natural selection, working upon chance variation, gave rise to all the infinite diversity of forms that now people the earth. Darwin's scientific faith was strong where that of Wallace was weak, inasmuch as he had no more difficulty in accounting for the mind of man by the theory of descent, than he had in accounting for the body of man. Both were an evolution of lower forms. His was a type of mind much more steady and consistent than was the mind of Wallace. Darwin's mind was of the planetary order, while Wallace's was more cometary. The later works of Wallace are a curious mixture of scientific data and theological moonshine.

Darwin's conviction of the origin of species through descent was so deep and whole-hearted that one wonders why it did not carry him back into the problem of the very beginning of life upon the globe. If natural law is adequate to account for the wonderful diversity of vegetable and animal forms, including the body and the soul of man, why should it not be adequate to account for the origin of the first primordial forms? If we are to believe that the mentality and spirituality of man as we know him to-day could arise from the blind, unreasoning lower orders, should we have any trouble in believing that living matter could arise or be evolved from the non-living? The change is no greater in the latter case than in the former.

Are we to look upon the universe

as half natural and half supernatural? Must it not be entirely one or the other to be a *universe*? Is it any easier to believe that God planted the germs of evolution in a few forms, created out of hand, so to speak, than it is to believe that He kindled the evolutionary impulse in matter itself? If we believe that one species was brought into being by a special act of creative energy, are we not bound to believe that all species were? It is the old story of our fathers: that the Creator is active in nature at certain times and places, and is passive at others. The processes of creation being miraculously started, they then continue under the guidance of natural law.

This break in Darwin's scientific faith does not at all detract from the immense value of his work. I only point to it as showing how difficult it was for even his mind to commit itself unreservedly to the full guidance of natural science. Tyndall, whose scientific faith was more consistent, saw the 'promise and the potency' of all terrestrial life in matter itself, but he wrote matter with a big M, and declared that at bottom it was essentially mysterious and transcendental; and Bruno, in declaring that matter was the mother of us all, brought the Creator near us in the same way. Such views simply show the creative energy as always immanent in the universe. They free our minds of the notion that creation is a miracle at one end, and ordinary development at the other; that a primary cause sets the machine going, then turns it over to secondary causes. How is it possible to conceive of so-called secondary causes, except as phases of the First Cause? When we use the phrase, the idea of delegated power, drawn from our civic experience, seems to be in our minds. But I doubt if the universe is run on this plan, though our ecclesiasticism has made much of this idea. Our



idea of cause, anyhow, is drawn entirely from our experience with material bodies and forces. In living nature, and in the brain of man, cause and effect meet and become one. There is no up and no down, no east and no west, no north and no south, in the depths of sidereal space; neither do any other of our mundane notions of primary and secondary causes apply to the universe as a whole.

The rain causes the grass to grow, and the sun causes the snow to melt, but we cannot apply the idea of cause, in this sense, to nature as a whole, but only to parts of nature. Gravitation caused Newton's apple to fall, but what causes the earth to fall forever and ever, and never to fall upon the body that is said to attract it?

Huxley's scientific faith was more radical and uncompromising than Darwin's. It never went into partnership with the old teleological notions of creation. Huxley not only accepted the development theory, with all that it implies, but, so far as I can make out, he accepted the theory of the physico-chemical origin of life itself. He found no more place for miracle at the beginning than at the end of evolution, yet he repudiated materialism as emphatically as he rejected what he calls spiritualism, — declaring that the latter was only the former turned bottom-side up. While recognizing that 'the logical methods of physical science are of universal applicability,' he saw clearly enough that many subjects of thought and emotion — doubtless he would say, many forms of truth — lie entirely outside the province of physical science. He recognized three forms of reality in the universe, — matter, energy, and consciousness, — and that the last-named was no conceivable modification of either of the others. Whether he assigned to consciousness the same cosmic rank as to matter and energy,

does not appear. It is quite certain that matter and energy existed before consciousness appeared, and will continue to exist after it disappears. But, in making this statement, are we projecting our consciousness into the past, and into the future?

I note one weakness in Huxley's faith: it seems to have balked at accepting the reality of things it could not conceive of. While looking upon the theory of the atomic constitution of matter as a valuable working hypothesis, it balked at the objective existence of the atom, — a point of matter, which occupied space and had form and weight, and yet was indivisible. This was beyond his power of conception, as it is beyond the power of conception of the best of us. Yet we have to accept the atom on the demonstrations of experimental science. The helium atom has been proven to be an objective entity as truly as is the sun in heaven. The apparent contradiction of an indivisible body is involved in our habits of thought formed by our dealings with ponderable bodies; we are introduced to the world of chemical reactions. We cannot conceive or picture to ourselves just what takes place when two gases unite chemically, as when hydrogen and oxygen unite to form water. Our only resource is to apply to the process mechanical images; our experience affords us no other.

We fancy that the difference between two compounds with the same chemical formula, but with widely different properties, — say alcohol and ether, — consists in the different arrangement of the particles. Arranged in one order, they produce one compound; arranged in a different order, they result in a compound with different properties. Yet every particle of these gases is supposed to be exactly like every other particle. How hard then to conceive of any mere spatial arrangement of

them as resulting in such widely different products. One has to think of each atom or electron as a little world in itself, containing different stores of energy or vibrating at a different rate of speed, in order to see substances of such different properties arising out of the different orders in which the atoms are arranged in the molecule, and the molecules in the mass. If the atoms of carbon or oxygen or hydrogen are each as unique and individual as men and women are, one can see that the order in which they join hands or select their partners may be fraught with important consequences. If the atoms are vibrating each with a different degree of energy, or carry different charges of electricity, then one can see that the different orders in which they stand to each other would be very significant. But no mechanical image, nor the action and interaction of ponderable bodies in time and space, can afford us a key to chemical combination.

How can we figure to ourselves any sort of spatial disposition of the ultimate particles of the invisible gases of oxygen and hydrogen that shall result in a product so unlike either as water? How impossible it all is in the light of our experience with visible bodies! Each atom or electron seems to get inside the other. But how can an indivisible particle of matter have either an inside or an outside, or place, or weight, or any other property that we ascribe to the bodies that we see and feel? What a world of the imagination it all is! It introduces us to some of the unthinkable truths of science — truths beyond our power to grasp, yet which experimental science verifies. It is unthinkable that matter and motion can exist without friction; that two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time; that a particle can be so small that it might not be smaller, or so large that it might not be larger; that space is

without limits, creation without beginning; that at the centre of the earth there is no up and no down, on its surface no under and no over. Two waves of sound may interfere with each other and produce a silence, and two waves of light produce a darkness.

Molecular physics has made great strides since Huxley's time. With all the phenomena of electricity before him, he could not conceive of electricity as a positive entity; he seems to have regarded it as only a mode of motion, like heat. How shall we think of dematerialized substance, of disembodied energy, of a fluid as elusive and ubiquitous as thought itself, or of the transformation of one form of energy into another, as of electrical energy into mechanical? Electricity disappears in matter beyond the reach of any analysis to reveal; it is summoned again from matter as by the wave of a wand. In a thunderstorm we see it rend the heavens and disappear again into its impossible lair as quick as thought — energy which is not energy. Yet we know the reality of all these things, and the atomic theory of electricity is securely established. This gross matter with which life struggles, and which we conceive of as at enmity with spirit, is far more wonderful stuff than we have ever dreamed of, and the step from the clod to the brain of man is not so impossible as it seems. There is deep beneath deep all around us. Gross matter has its interior in the molecule; the molecule has its interior in the atom; the atom has its interior in the electron; and the electron is matter in its fourth or its ethereal estate. We easily conceive of matter in the three states, — the solid, the liquid, the gaseous, — because experience is our guide; but how are we to figure to ourselves matter in the ethereal estate? In other words, how are we to grasp the electric constitution of matter?

## III

In Sir Oliver Lodge we have an example of a thoroughly trained and equipped scientific mind which yet, to account for things as we find them in this world, has to postulate another world of a different order — the world of spiritual reality — interpenetrating and interacting with the visible and tangible world about us. In doing this, Sir Oliver takes an extra-scientific step and lays himself open to the same criticism that has been visited upon Alfred Russel Wallace.

Our Professor Loeb would account for all our gods through physical and chemical changes in matter, and would probably look as much askance upon Huxley's 'consciousness' as belonging to the trinity of cosmic realities, as upon Sir Oliver Lodge's hierarchy of spirits. Huxley's coat of mail is his agnosticism: he does not know, and sees no way of knowing, the truth of many things about which some of his fellows are so certain.

Haeckel's faith is so robust that he has no trouble in seeing life arise from lifeless matter by easy natural processes. But it is extraordinary matter that he starts with — unorganized matter charged with such potency that it goes forward from step to step up the ladder, from compound to compound, each step a nearer approach to life, till what he names the *monera*, an organism without organs, is reached, then organized protoplasm, then the cell, then the functioning organism. The first bit of unicellular life is charged with such possibilities of development that the whole world of living things lies folded in it: man and all that lies below him, all the orders and sub-orders and species of the animal and vegetable kingdoms are latent in the first bit of life-stuff that Haeckel invokes by the magic of words from inert matter.

For his start Haeckel goes back to the first hardening of the earth's crust, the formation of water in a fluid condition, and great changes in the carbonic-laden atmosphere. Under these conditions a series of complicated nitrogenous carbon compounds was formed, and these first produced albumen or protein. The molecules of albumen arranged themselves in a certain way, according to their unstable chemical attractions, in larger groups of molecules; and these combined to form still larger aggregates, and thus produced homogeneous plasma-granules. As these grew they divided, to form still larger plasma-granules of a homogeneous character, and the result is what he calls the *monera*, — the first bit of living unorganized matter, a cell without nuclei.

Out of this *monera*, by surface strain and chemical differentiation and other obscure processes, that wonder, the nuclear cell, arose — the architect of all living things on the globe. Our bodies, and the bodies of all other living beings, are simply multiplications of cells, all fundamentally the same, — the work of a complex microscopic mechanism that seems to know from the start the part it is to play in the world, and proceeds to build all the diversities of living forms that we know; but why, in the one case, it builds a flea, or a cat, or a monkey, or a man, and in another a flower, or a pine, or an oak, Haeckel's exposition does not help us to understand.

Do we know of anything in the laws of matter and force, as we see them in the non-living world, that would lead us to expect such novel results? Why the cell should build anything, since the colony of living cells that Dr. Carrel has kept going for a year or more builds nothing, but only multiplies its units, is a question which Haeckel's chemistry and physics will never be able to answer.

'The organs of a living body,' he says, 'perform their functions chiefly by virtue of their chemical composition.' Undoubtedly, but what made it a living body and gave it organs? Of course the functioning of any bodily organ involves chemical processes, but do the processes determine the function? Do they assign one function to the liver, another to the kidneys, another to the heart? In other words, is the organizing effort that awakens in matter, the result of chemistry and physics?

Do we not need to go outside of the material constituents of a living body to account for its purposive organization? Can we deduce an eye or an ear or a brain from any of the known chemical properties or from their material elements? Does any living thing necessarily follow from its known chemical composition? Do the material constituents of the different parts of a machine decide the part they shall play in the whole? The function of an organ, and the organ itself, are the result of some unknown but intelligent power in the body as a whole.

I have no purpose to discredit Haeckel's science or his philosophy, but only to show how great is his scientific faith, — how much it presupposes, and what a burden it throws upon chemistry and physics. Like all the later philosophical biologists, he reaches a point in his argument when chemistry and physics become creative, while he fails to see that they differ at all in their activities from the chemistry and physics of inorganic matter. To be consistent he is

forced to believe in the possibility of the artificial production of life. He helps himself out by endowing all matter with sensation and purpose, and thus its passage from one condition to another higher in the scale is easily accomplished.

Haeckel's manipulation of matter to get life will to many persons seem like a sleight-of-hand trick. One thing disappears, and at a word another entirely different takes its place. Now we see the solid lifeless crust of the earth, then we see water and carbon dioxide, then nitrogenous carbon compounds, then, presto! we have albumen or protoplasm, the physical basis of life. Out of protoplasm by a deft use of words comes the *monera*; another flourish of his pen and there is that marvel, the living cell, with its nucleus, its chromosome, its centrosome, and all its complicated, intelligent, and self-directed activities. This may be the road the creative energy traveled, since we have to have creative energy whether in matter or apart from it; but our scientific faith hesitates until these steps can be repeated in the laboratory and life appear at the behest of chemical reactions.

The scientific faith of mankind — faith in the universality of natural causation — is greatly on the increase; it is waxing in proportion as theological faith is waning; and if love of truth is to be our form of love of God, and if the conservation of human life, and the amelioration of its conditions, are to be our form of brotherly love, then the religion of a scientific age certainly has some redeeming features.

# THE PURPLE STAR

BY REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

## I

WHEN the Fifth Graders returned in the fall, they knew, to a boy and a girl, that they were to go to Room H, and they knew, too, that by passing over the threshold they would automatically become the elderly and dignified Sixth Grade. Proud and disdainful were Sixth Graders, in that they carried the largest geographies made; highly pedantic, too, were they, because they coped with mysterious institutions called fractions, which occupied the clean, unexplored back part of one's arithmetic. Fearsomely learned were they in words of seven, eight, and nine syllables. To be one of such was to be indeed Grown Up. When the new class, half-timorous, and wholly suspicious, entered Room H, they were startled to find their thirty names already written in a neat column on the blackboard, with an imperative 'DO NOT ERASE' underneath. How on earth had Miss Prawl found out their names?

It was hard for Theodora Bowles to take her seat inconspicuously, as if she were no better than stupid Freddy Beal; as if, in fact, she had not been for five years the leader of the class. Theodora, however, was not nearly so obscure as she supposed; for Miss Prawl, in secret session with the Fifth-Grade teacher, had been informed that Theodora was so quick-witted that she usually called out the answer before the teacher had finished putting the question. Furthermore, whenever the class was asked to recite in concert, she

invariably shouted the answer first, and then the rest of the class repeated what Theodora had said, and were therefore always right. The fact that she knew more than any one but the teacher had made Theodora's life one delightful arrogance of intellectual supremacy. Pretending that she was royalty in disguise, Theodora gazed impatiently at Miss Prawl, and wondered how long it would be before the new teacher found out how bright she was.

After all the children were located at desks corresponding to the ones they had occupied in Grades Five, Four, Three, Two, and One, Miss Prawl opened a drawer of her shiny, spotless desk, and took out a box which proved to contain six new pieces of different-colored chalk, lying side by side. The combination of the bright colors was so alluring that every child immediately resolved to save up for just such an outfit, in order to play hopscotch in colors. With every eager eye riveted upon her, Miss Prawl took out the piece of pink chalk, and made a very beautiful pink star on the blackboard, directly after Stella Appleton's name. Stella, it may be said, always had a good deal of undeserved prominence, because her name began with an A.

'If, at the end of the week, Stella or any one of the rest of you is perfect in spelling, that person will get a pink star after his name,' announced Miss Prawl. And she put away the pink chalk, and drew a blue-chalk star after Freddy Beal's name. 'You will all receive blue stars if you are perfect in



arithmetic,' she continued. 'And yellow —' she drew a yellow star — 'yellow is for perfect geography. Green' — she made a green star — 'green is for perfect reading; and red —' Miss Prawl paused impressively — 'red is for perfect deportment.'

After this entrancing monologue, Miss Prawl rubbed out the explanatory stars, replaced the chalk carefully in the box, and waited. Theodora's hand at once shot up into the air.

'Well?' asked Miss Prawl.

'My-name's-Theodora-Bowles,' said Theodora. 'And there's a piece of purple chalk in your box, Miss Prawl, that you did n't say anything about. And so I wondered if you had n't forgotten to tell us about purple stars.'

The whole class leaned forward in breathless expectancy, proud of their discerning Theodora.

'I am very glad that you asked me this question, Theodora,' said Miss Prawl. 'I keep the purple chalk for a very special, wonderful reason.' Thirty pairs of glistening eyes grew rounder. 'The purple star,' said Miss Prawl, in a hushed voice, 'is the greatest reward that I can bestow on any girl or boy. It is given only for some very great deed: for some deed which shall show that the girl or boy is either very brave or very kind, or both. Although I have seen a great many fine girls and boys, it has never happened that I felt that the right time had come to give any one a purple star. But perhaps this will be purple-star year.'

Theodora listened with a great dawning worship in her eyes. How exciting it was of Miss Prawl to set up such an impossibly high standard! And how altogether interesting Miss Prawl was, too! Her eyes seemed much given to dancing and twinkling; her voice was sweet and pleasant, being especially persuasive when she said 'boy' or 'girl'; and her smile was a blended maternal-

siren affair which nobody of either sex had ever been able to resist. Miss Prawl made one feel a little ashamed, as if one had never before appreciated what a privilege and a responsibility it was to be a boy or a girl. The new teacher's dress was a soft, pretty brown, dainty and fresh. Yes, Theodora resolved that she must attain the purple star, and thus forever become famous.

Just as she had arrived at this engrossing decision, the hall door opened, and Mr. Wadsmore, the adored, portly principal, strode energetically in, leading a new boy. This person, this upstart, this unidentified stranger, this perfect nobody of a new boy faced the critical, penetrating eyes of the assembled class with an almost superhuman ease.

'Miss Prawl, this young man is Charley Starr,' said Mr. Wadsmore. 'Can you make a place for him?'

Beside Theodora there was an empty seat, the only one in the room. As it was on the 'girls' side,' the male aspirants for education with difficulty smothered their roars of laughter at the idea of a boy's sitting, debased, among the girls. Observing this ill-concealed hilarity, Miss Prawl at once led Charley to the empty seat beside Theodora.

'If you'll sit here to-day, Charley, I will rearrange the seating to-morrow,' she said.

As Charley sank into the place assigned, Theodora blushed painfully. Being nearest to the unwelcome masculine stranger embarrassed her frightfully. Her hand flew up into the air.

'May I go out and get a drink?' she asked.

'Yes, Theodora,' replied Miss Prawl evenly.

She had heard of Theodora's continuous and unquenchable thirst, and had been advised by no less a person than Mr. Wadsmore that the best

course was to allow Theodora to drink as much and as often as she wished.

After a copious raid on the water-cooler, Theodora returned, feeling a little bloated, but much more composed and natural.

'Five minutes for whispering,' announced Miss Prawl, at eleven o'clock. A deafening hubbub immediately arose.

'Say,' began Charley Starr to Theodora, from behind his desk cover, 'how do you like *her*?' He nodded toward Miss Prawl, and winked.

Theodora was unwilling to indulge in the intimacies of gossip on so slight an acquaintance.

'Where'd you come from, anyway?' she icily inquired.

'Skipped up from the Fourth Grade.'

'You did!' Hauteur was drowned in awe.

'You bet. It's the second time I've skipped in this school, too.'

Theodora studied Charley with detached, incipient dislike. Charley must be very bright indeed to have skipped *two* classes. She herself, with all her brains, had never arrived at the pinnacle of skipping. And she had so much wanted to feel the importance of marching into chapel with the class next higher up, and of smiling back at her old mates with condescending tolerance. Theodora did not know that she might have skipped several times, but for the fact that her parents, who believed in the slow unfolding of her almost too brilliant mind, had begged to have her kept back. All unconscious of this parental duplicity, Theodora was having some very uncomfortable minutes. If Charley Starr had skipped two classes, it looked as if the impossible were true, — that there actually existed on the earth a person who was brighter than she. It could not be, and yet, and yet — Charley looked disturbingly intelligent. But there, of course he had n't studied last year's subjects

in detail, so he could n't possibly compete with her. And when she received the purple star, she would be entirely safe. Star — why, the new boy's name was Star.

'Is your name spelled plain *S-t-a-r*?' she asked.

'*S-t-a-double r*,' replied Charley. 'I'm Charles Augustus Starr, Junior,' he said, in a bragging tone.

Theodora gave a shriek of delight, and punched the girl in front of her.

'Say, Laura, the new boy's father is Coal-Cart Starr!' she cried.

Laura immediately shrieked, too, and so did all the other girls when they heard the news. Bewildered at so much noise, Miss Prawl rang the bell, and asked Theodora, who seemed to be a sort of cheer-leader, to look up the word 'whisper' in the large dictionary, and write the definition on the black-board.

The cause of all the undue commotion was the fact that Charles Augustus Starr, Senior, was in the coal business, and that daily, all day long, up and down the city went huge coal carts labeled 'C. A. Starr.' At Theodora's instigation, the girls in her class had formed the 'C. A. Starr Club,' which was a very original organization. There were no dues, and the responsibilities were light. They consisted of merely looking upward into the sky, and of pointing upward simultaneously with the index finger of the right hand every time one met a coal cart. C. A. Starr was thus cunningly interpreted as 'See a star!' It rather spoiled things that there were no stars to be seen in the daytime, and that the club members never met any coal wagons at night. Still, it was extremely good fun, when you caught sight of a coal cart, to point up and look up suddenly, and to have the vulgar, uninitiated outsider ask, 'What are you doing?' and then to explain that you belonged to a secret order,

and that there were times when it was necessary to give the high sign.

As Theodora was president of the See-A-Star Club, she at once called a meeting, to be held at the noon hour, for the purpose of considering whether or not club members ought to give the high sign in the presence of C. A. Starr, Junior. It was at length decided by the president, who did all the talking, that they would point up and look up when they met C. A. Starr, Junior, outside the school grounds. Otherwise, with Charley Starr right there in the same room, they would have to be pointing up and looking up all the time, and Miss Prawl might with reason object.

'Say,' said Charley Starr to Theodora, in the afternoon whispering period, 'did you hear about the purple star?'

Theodora nodded. She was speechless, because she had just crammed an entire licorice 'shoe-string' into her mouth.

'Well, I'm laying all my plans to get that star,' proclaimed Charley.

'So 'm I,' said Theodora, thickly, with black lips. 'So there's no use in your trying. I'd give up the idea, if I was you.'

'Not much I won't. I'd like to see a girl get ahead of *me*,' retorted Charles, witheringly.

Violent sex-antagonism sprang up full grown within the soul of Theodora. This insignificant upstart who casually skipped must be taught the lesson, once and for all, that school was one of the places where girls excelled.

'Let us refresh our memories by reviewing some of last year's geography,' said Miss Prawl, ringing the dinner-bell which called the class to order.

'Aha!' thought Theodora, swallowing the last of the shoe-string whole, — clearing the decks for action, as it were, — 'I guess I'll surprise C. A. Starr, Junior, *now*!'

'Recite in concert. What is the capital of Maine?' asked Miss Prawl.

'Augusta-on-the-Kennebec!' shouted Theodora Bowles and Charley Starr, as in one voice. 'Ter-ron-the-Kennebec!' echoed the rest of the class.

'What is the capital of New Hampshire?'

Again the two brilliant ones roared the right answer, and the rest recited, 'Curd-on-the-Merrimac!'

'Vermont?' continued Miss Prawl.

'Montpelier-on-the-Winooski!' yelled the rivals.

'She's going straight through the United States in order,' decided Theodora. 'I know 'em all, backwards and forwards, and I guess Charley Starr will get left long before we get to the Dakotas.'

'What is the capital of Rhode Island?' asked the wily Miss Prawl, who had noted the absent look on Theodora's face, and purposely omitted Massachusetts. And she caught everybody in the class.

'Boston-on-Massachusetts-Bay!' the leaders cried. And the parrots mimicked them.

Miss Prawl paused so long that Theodora recalled her question.

'Providence-and-Newport-on-Naragansett-Bay!' howled Charles Starr, *ahead* of Theodora, and in a voice that could be heard all over the building.

Theodora could scarcely keep back the flood of her tears. Charley Starr had thought quicker than she! It was the first time in all her life that she had been worsted, and — well, those smarting tears were already spilling over and showing.

'May I gwout and gettadrink?' she asked. And from the depths of the dressing-room, where she was sobbing into the heart of the roller towel, she could hear Charles, the usurper, yelling, — 'Harrisburg-on-the-Susquehanna!'

When Theodora felt able to return

to society, the color which was usually in her cheeks seemed to have concentrated at the end of her nose, and her eyes looked sopping wet. Her intense little being, however, was all afire with determination to win the purple star.

## II

At the end of the week, Theodora and Charles had each a pink, blue, yellow, green, and red star. So had several of the other children, for that matter, but Theodora well knew that these others would have an intellectual slump by the third or fourth week. She was right, for at the end of the month, the names of Theodora Bowles and Charles Augustus Starr, Junior, were the only ones that had a complete set of stars after them.

'Miss Prawl, now, about what kind of a deed would a person have to do, to get a purple star?' queried Charley, one day when he had stayed after school for the express purpose of extracting some inside information from Miss Prawl.

'That's just exactly what Theodora asked me yesterday,' said Miss Prawl. 'The trouble is, I shan't know, myself, until the deed is done.'

'Miss Prawl, now, if I saved the President of the United States from a runaway horse that wanted to stamp on him, would that deed get me a purple star?'

'It might,' admitted Miss Prawl. 'That would be a brave, kind act.'

'If he would only move to Brooklyn, I might stand some show,' yearned Charles.

'Now, Miss Prawl,' began Theodora excitedly, the day after the Thanksgiving recess, 'if I discovered something that nobody had ever discovered before, would that be a purple-star deed?'

'It would depend upon the nature of your discovery, Theodora. Of course,

while the world could not progress without discoveries, they are not primarily brave or kind.'

'That's just the trouble,' sighed Theodora. But she still looked hopeful. 'Miss Prawl, now, would it be a purple-star deed, if I discovered that there was another sun up in the sky besides the one we are already using?'

'If you discovered anything as remarkable as that, Theodora, I should feel entirely justified in giving you a purple star,' replied Miss Prawl, reveling in Theodora's imagination. 'But you must n't worry about it,' she advised. 'And you must n't try too hard, dear.'

Theodora could hardly believe her ears. Dear! A school-teacher had called her *dear*. How romantic she felt! She took her seat with such an expression of ecstasy on her face that Miss Prawl wondered what she could be thinking about now.

Although Miss Prawl had asked her not to try too hard, Theodora, under the impelling flattery of 'dear,' resolved that she would work more than ever to do something kindly brave or bravely kind. As there did n't seem to be any deeds of that sort lying round loose waiting to be done, Theodora worked up a bitter grudge against George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, who, before she was born, had taken a mean advantage of her by saving the country and freeing the slaves. Still, by thinking constantly of the purple star, and kind bravery, she hoped to keep in the proper frame of mind to recognize the great deed when it came along just aching to be done. Meanwhile, she practiced brave kindness, by smiling lovingly and saying sweetly 'Good morning!' to the school janitor, who was a faithful, glowering old dog of a Scotchman, — one of the few human beings who are impervious to blandishments. If any one ever spoke to him

unnecessarily, this janitor fixed a murderous gaze on the offender, as if he would deeply relish killing him, if he were n't too busy mopping or washing blackboards. All those who were not practicing bravery avoided him as much as possible.

It gets on one's nerves to try to live in perpetual exaltation, and Theodora was very often cross. Especially was she irritated at the sight of Charley Starr being driven home from school by a coxcombical groom, in a large, gleaming, red-wheeled cart, drawn by a nobby bob-tailed horse. Theodora herself lived just one block away from the school, and walked humbly to and from the halls of learning. She was not jealous of Charles, but he annoyed her, because he completely upset her theory that all very rich children were correspondingly stupid. Usually one could work out the law of compensation very pleasantly, and in a way that was extremely complimentary to one's self. The only way in which she could revenge herself on her wealthy, fortunate, scintillating rival was to call meetings of the See-A-Star Club on a certain street corner past which Charley and his liveried groom invariably drove. And when Charles was conveyed by, self-consciously, — he hated the pomp and polish which his mother prided herself upon, — the See-A-Star Club raised eyes and right hands, and gave its ear-piercing, steam-whistle 'yell.' Charles always blushed deeply, being much embarrassed before the groom, and he tried to wheedle Theodora into an explanation of her actions. She was, however, iron-heartedly uncommunicative, and continued her persecutions.

### III

On a certain March afternoon, when it was snowing most unseasonably hard, and the children were drowsy

and listless, Miss Prawl dismissed her class early, with instructions to go straight home, and to change their shoes and stockings the minute they got there. On account of the deep, blinding snow, Theodora reluctantly called off the meeting of the See-A-Star Club, and as she plunged home through the biting icy flakes, she mused on the futility of even trying to get a purple star. There was no use in hoping to excel Charley Starr in the matter of ordinary stars, because he was always perfect. Neither he nor she had so far been absent or late, and neither had failed in anything. The only solution, therefore, was to invent some way of being more than perfect.

As the snow continued to fall all night, and was still coming down the next morning, Theodora, besides her usual wraps, wore a pair of shiny, unused rubber boots, a Christmas present from her grandmother, who had always worn rubber boots to school when *she* was little, and thought that girls ought to now. With a somewhat lumbering gait, Theodora waded to school, and arrived just in time to see Charles Augustus Starr, Junior, being magnificently driven up in a regal sleigh with great accompanying jingling of bells, and waving in the wind of red and yellow plumes. Besides Charley and Theodora, very few of the class were present; and as for chapel — well, it looked desolate and emptily bleak, instead of being hot and crowded as usual. Miss Prawl went through the lessons rapidly, and at eleven o'clock, Mr. Wadsmore put his head in the door, and said that school must be dismissed at once. There was a high gale, and the children were to go home as quickly as they could get there.

The next morning, the snowstorm had become a blizzard, a dangerous monster of a blizzard, in fact the one great historic blizzard, — the blizzard



of 1888. And the milkman left no milk at Theodora's house that morning. And the rooms were so dark that all the gas in the house had to be lit. And the choreman could n't come to fix the furnace, and the fire went out. Everything was cold, shivery, and unreal. Outside, the great banks of snow were impenetrable. From the downstairs rooms, you could n't have seen people on the other side of the street — supposing that there had been any people to see. A policeman went by on a floundering horse, but there were no wagons, and there was nobody walking, — no red-faced jocose postman, no ice-man, no sedate business men, no scurrying, scampering children. As she pulled on her rubber boots, Theodora, who always planned to get to school before the doors were opened, decided to allow ten minutes extra that morning. At exactly half-past eight, the Scotch janitor always took down the big bar which held the double doors in place, and Theodora was invariably the first one in. It was not necessary for her to get there until ten minutes of nine, but she never ran the slightest risk of being tardy. In all her life, she had never been tardy or absent.

'Don't worry about me, mother, if I'm late to luncheon,' said Theodora, as she appeared in the dining-room door. 'It's so snowy that it will take me longer than usual.'

'Theodora, child,' remonstrated Mrs. Bowles, 'surely you don't think that I'm going to allow you to go to school?'

'Why, yes, mother,' said Theodora, with horrible misgiving none the less.

'You could n't get there alive,' declared her mother. 'There's no one on the street. It would be positively suicidal.'

Theodora began with tears, and just the usual methods of teasing; then, finding these trusty old friends unavailing, she launched forth into impromptu

diplomatic schemes for extracting a 'yes.' She tried to trap her mother by means of a system of cross-questioning, and she endeavored to weary her, until she should impatiently exclaim, 'Oh, for mercy's sake, *go!*' But her mother, for once, was relentless. Her father had given up all idea of going to his office, and while Theodora was arguing with her mother, Mr. Bowles went down cellar to build a furnace fire. He very rarely visited the cellar, and when he did, he always returned tremendously upset about something or other. Consequently, Theodora teased in a low voice so that her father should n't hear her through the registers. She hoped to win her mother's consent and get away before her father wrathfully returned. Mrs. Bowles, however, seemed to get more flinty-hearted every minute. When ten minutes of nine came, and then nine minutes of nine, Theodora realized that never again, in all her life, could she say, 'I have never been tardy.'

She still hoped, however, that some higher power would intervene, and see to it that she got to school at nine. To be tardy was disgraceful enough, but to be absent was a crime that could never be expiated. Suddenly she ran into the library, and knelt rigidly on a rug which she had heard her mother refer to as a 'prayer rug.' And she all but prayed the soul out of her body that the rug would change into a magic carpet on which she could be transported to school. She must have invoked the wrong deity, for the rug did n't stir even a hair's breadth. But perhaps kneeling was n't enough; perhaps one ought to lie prone on the rug and pray. She had just stretched out, full-length, face down, when the hall clock boomed the fatal nine. Now she was both tardy and absent. She was just like any other ordinary human child, — she was undistinguished in any way. Well, there

was really no use in continuing to live, and oh, for a convenient way to die! How badly her mother and father would feel when they found her stretched dead on the piano bench, and how they would blame themselves for not allowing her to have her way!

Weeping miserably from self-pity, Theodora pulled off her things, and sat down to look out at the storm, and plan her end.

'Come, Pussy, don't mope!' exclaimed her father. He had just finished a bitter dissertation on the short life of the modern coal-shovel when handled by the choreman of to-day, and was beginning to feel very good-natured again. 'Let's play backgammon.'

'I'm tardy, and I'm absent,' moaned Theodora, who had about abandoned the idea of dying, in favor of disappearing forever.

'There won't be any school on such a day as this,' said Mr. Bowles, consolingly. 'Even the teachers could n't get there and live.'

This happy suggestion made Theodora decidedly less pensive. Maybe — and oh, how she prayed that it might be so! — *maybe* her father was right, and maybe, after all, she was still a supreme being, — one who had never been tardy or absent. As the day wore on, she became more and more hopeful. Her greatest comfort of all was the thought that Charles Augustus Starr, Junior, who lived over two miles from school, was even more surely a prisoner than herself.

It kept right on snowing that night. There was no discussion about any one's going out the following day, for the whole city seemed destined to be buried in the snow which fell unceasingly from low, inexhaustible clouds. Finally, after several days, when people were becoming seriously alarmed, and some of them were hungry, the snow

stopped, and the sky turned into a dazzling blue from which a blinding sun again looked down on a new white city. And then men began to open their front doors again, and shovel and pant, and pant and shovel, as they dug their way out into the world. Gradually there began to be postmen and butcher-boys and milk-men and horsecars and newspaper boys and policemen. And when Theodora's father started for his office, the long-pent-up Theodora was permitted to go to school.

#### IV

Although the small paths on the sidewalk were so slippery that the most nimble-footed kept tumbling down, Theodora was, as usual, the first child against the school door. And she was the first to burst into the silent building when the Scotch janitor took down the bar, and the first to dash up the creaky wooden stairs. Racing down the echoing hall, she tore off her things in the dressing room, and rushed into Room H, fearing she knew not what. And the sight that she saw on the blackboard made her blood run cold. During her enforced absence, the very worst had happened. At the end of the long line of stars which followed the name of Charles Augustus was a prominent, unmistakably new star. It was larger than any of the pink or blue or red or green or yellow stars, and there was no doubt about it, for the sun shone warmly on the blackboard: the new star opposite her rival's name was — purple. The new boy, Coal-Cart Starr's son, the skipper of classes, the groom-escorted, never-absent, late, or wrong Charley Starr, had attained the unattainable.

Slowly Theodora put her books into her desk, and sat in her place, waiting grimly for Miss Prawl. It was only a few minutes later that the teacher came in, rosy from her short run through

the snowy street, — she lived only three doors from the school, — and said cheerfully, without looking the least bit guilty, —

‘Good morning, Theodora.’

Theodora could not reply. All the while the other children were bouncing in with shiny, apple-red cheeks, and a great flourishing of clean white pocket handkerchiefs, Theodora sat as still as a little China image. In the midst of her chagrin, she dreaded meeting the exultant look which she knew would be in the eyes of the winner of the purple star. Every time any one came in from the hall, Theodora jumped from nervousness. But she jumped in vain, because Charley Starr failed to appear. Even when it was ten minutes of nine, Charley Starr had not come. With a triumphant lilt of the heart, Theodora thought, ‘Charley Starr is late!’

At nine o’clock, it dawned upon her that Charley Starr was not coming to school at all. And at the same time, an unexplained lump of uncomfortable bigness suddenly developed in her throat. She was afraid — afraid that something had happened to Charley Starr. She did n’t know why, but a panic of terror seized her. It was the first big real fear of her life. The purple star on the blackboard became the sign of some heroic tragedy. Where, where, *where* was Charley Starr?

‘Well, girls and boys,’ began Miss Prawl, ‘we have all been taking a very unexpected vacation. And there has been no school at all since you were all here before.’

Theodora’s heart flippety-flopped with relief. All her sufferings had been in vain: she was still a supreme being. But what was the thing in Miss Prawl’s face which made one sit so deadly still, and grasp the desk-cover so tight?

‘I came to school on the first morning of the blizzard, because I live so near. And one other person came, too.’

Her little audience began to look frightened. ‘The only child who came that morning was brought in unconscious.’

Charley Starr was dead — Theodora had known it all along.

‘At six o’clock on the first morning of the blizzard, Charley Starr, without any one’s knowing he was awake, went out to his father’s stable, and managed to saddle one of the horses. And in order not to be late to school, he left home at half-past six, and rode through the blinding snow, until, at nine o’clock, he reached the school. And when he finally got here, he was so exhausted that he tumbled off the horse into a snow-drift. If the janitor had n’t happened to see him, there would be no Charley Starr in our class, or in the world to-day. But the janitor *did* see him; and so, although Charley is pretty sick, he’s going to get better and come back to us again. It seemed to me that it was very brave of Charles to try to come to school, and so I gave him the purple star. He does n’t know it yet, but I am going to write to him to-day. And I want every girl and every boy who thinks I was right in giving him the star to clap with all his might.’

The spontaneous applause that at once shook the walls was due in part to enthusiasm for Charley Starr. Most of the noise, however, was caused by the exuberant joy of being allowed, for once, to make as much racket as one could within the sacred precincts of Room H. Every one set to work to blister his hands; every one but Theodora, who sat with folded arms and with burning, accusing eyes fixed on Miss Prawl. Holding up her hand for silence, Miss Prawl, with an inexplicable sinking of heart, said, —

‘Well, Theodora?’

Theodora rose, white-lipped.

‘Miss Prawl, if I’d disobeyed my parents, or stolen out when they did n’t know it, I might have come to school

and had a purple star. I was n't scared. I wanted to come. I *prayed* to come.' She knew this last statement would have to be lived down later, but at this hazardous moment, she cared not for that. 'I'd have walked till I died, if they'd let me.'

Before she had time to sit down again, an unexpected adherent suddenly sprang to his feet in the person of Freddy Beal, the class dunce.

'So would I!' shouted Freddy, desirous to support the distinguished Theodora, and at the same time to win a little unaccustomed prominence for himself. 'They caught me just as I was shinnying over the back fence, and they had to lock *me* up to keep me home. I ain't "gone" on school, but it would have been fun to come *that* day! It was the only day I ever wanted to come to school. Charley Starr had n't ought to get no purple star. That stunt of his wa'n't brav'ry.'

The greatest and the least having been heard from, every one in the class then felt called upon to rise up and say that his soul had been sick within him because he was not permitted to come to school the first day of the blizzard. Miss Prawl was devoutly wishing that she had abolished the purple star before such zealots as the critical Theodora and her followers had darkened the door of Room H, when, as if drawn into the discussion by Fate, Mr. Wadsmore entered with a brilliant smile for the class, and a rather serious look for Miss Prawl. He handed her a note, and said mysteriously, —

'From an I. P. And I'm afraid I think he's right.'

To the great delight of everyone, Mr. Wadsmore turned to the class, and joked about an impossible, prehistoric period when *he* was a small boy, — he now weighed nearly two hundred, — while Miss Prawl, with damask cheeks and too brilliant eyes read the note from

the Irate Parent. This note was written with violet ink on heavily perfumed paper with a gold coat of arms and a gold border, and it read:—

936 CLINTON AVENUE

MY DEAR MR. WADSMORE, —

On close questioning, I find that my son Charles was actuated in his dare-devil adventure of leaving for school at six-thirty o'clock on the first morning of the blizzard by a desire to win a purple-chalk star. He knows that he very nearly lost his life, and he is hoping that his rash act may be rewarded in the foolish way I mentioned above. He considers that he is a hero, unappreciated at home, and he is working himself into a fever over the whole thing.

I am a plain man [Miss Prawl's eyes wandered to the coat of arms] and I greatly disapprove of such methods in education. Unless you can do away with your purple-star system immediately, I shall be obliged to transfer Charles to another private school which is nearer, and therefore more convenient.

Awaiting your reply, I am

Very truly yours,

CHARLES AUGUSTUS STARR.

Miss Prawl read the note in a flash, snatched up the eraser, rubbed out the purple star, opened the chalk box, and dropped the purple chalk in the wastebasket.

'What Theodora said about the purple star is quite true,' she said, soberly. 'And I shall never give any one a purple star. Never!'

As Mr. Wadsmore left the room with an approving smile at Miss Prawl, Theodora's eyes grew soft and bright, and she sighed with pathetic relief. For the first time since she had heard of the purple star, the world seemed altogether right.

# THE LAST NIGHT IN THE HOUSE

BY O. W. FIRKINS

NAY, dearest, in their quiet place  
The violets leave, and near his face  
Set roses in the gloom;  
That, should he breathe once in the chill  
(Such thing, by God's releasing will,  
Might hap perchance when hearths are still),  
His lips may breathe perfume.

And let one taper o'er his sleep  
Its trembling, tender vigil keep,  
Watchful and pale and clear;  
That, if by strange, august decree  
Those lids but once should lifted be,  
The panes, the ceiling, he may see,  
And know that he is here.

Nor leave unpressed the good-night kiss —  
Good-night to all 'Good-nights' is this —  
(The lips are cold — touch but the hair)  
In hope some thought's faint, hovering flake  
The brain's deep apathy should break,  
And he be glad should he awake  
To feel our kisses there.

He will not speak when we are near;  
He will not wake when we are here;  
Of us who live the dead have fear —  
Dear heart, come — come away!  
Tread low! If soundless are our feet  
His heart may rouse to visions sweet,  
And love us in one long, last beat,  
Ere it be hushed for aye.



# UNIONISM AFLOAT

BY ATLANTICUS

## I

It seems like sacrilege to attempt to undermine the popular belief in the glories of 'life on the rolling wave.' Yet all of us have heard the authenticated stories of brutal floggings at the triangle, and of keelhauling the last man down from aloft, that give the lie at once to those supposed glories. Such treatment of sailors was common enough in most of the navies in the Trafalgar period, the very time when most of the sentimental rubbish in poetry and song was composed. In those days men lived hard, fought hard, and died hard; or, as cynical old sailors have it, 'Wooden ships were manned by iron men, whereas now iron ships are manned by wooden men.' We should not criticize too complacently the brutality of that era; it was the almost inevitable accompaniment of the warlike, adventurous life, both of the men who fought under Nelson and Paul Jones, and of the merchant sailors of that period, who almost without exception were engaged in commerce such as the latter part of the nineteenth century never experienced on the ocean. And it must be said for the men of a century ago that they were not tainted with the commercialism of to-day, nor did they feel the effects of this commercialism, which for refined cruelty is unequaled by floggings at the triangle.

Commercially speaking, the early sixties of the last century were the palmy days of British and American sailing ships. Misfortune in the guise

of the Civil War overtook a goodly number of the best American ships and left the British with a crippled competitor. As everybody in America regretfully admits, American ships went to leeward in the race and her superb seamen went with them.

One would suppose that in the sixties the brutalities of an earlier generation would have been forgotten, and that commercial enterprise, pure and simple, would not admit of methods even remotely resembling those of Nelson's time. Yet it is a notorious fact that, in nearly every American ship and in numerous British ships, discipline was taught by brute force and maintained by methods more vigorous than polite. Hard-case Yankee packets were a byword in every quarter of the globe to the late nineties of the last century. In such ships, and in British ships as well, men were shackled for days to stanchions in the fore peak or lazarette, with only dry biscuits and water to sustain them, while the rats played havoc with their hair and bare feet. Protest brought only a crack on the cranium with an iron belaying-pin.

The afterguard of a sailing ship — usually the captain and two mates — dominated the whole crowd before the mast. Individual cases of violence with lethal weapons on the officers' part seldom met with collective resistance. When this did occur, it invariably took the form of mutiny, murder, and scuttling. The possibility of united action against even the most fiendish cruelties and victimizations never seemed to en-

ter the heads of sailing-ship men; from their boyhood they had been used to witnessing, if not actually experiencing, the gentle art of persuasion as practiced by the officers; there were no unions in those days to take the matter up; moreover, in most cases, the law sided with the officers and refused to hear the sailor's side of the story, or to see the evidence of the manhandling. There were no cowards either among the officers or among the men, for no man can be both a coward and a sailing-ship man; the life will not admit of such freakish contradictions. But there was in the air just enough fear of the consequences of insubordination, of laziness, or of daring to call one's soul one's own, to cause respect for the men who paced the poop. Worked, as they were, like dogs in all weathers; practically starved, except in American vessels, where there was always good food; losing sleep as they did by night or day, watch below or watch on deck, the sailors still observed and respected the line of demarcation which the belaying-pin and sometimes a gun in the hip-pocket chalked out.

Men worked until they dropped for want of sleep. As a boy, one had this obligation toward work driven into one's weary soul even when seasick and homesick on one's first voyage to sea. The boy who left a mother's care and a comfortable home, to pig it in a half-deck half awash in bad weather, got no pity even from his apprenticed half-deck mates; and before the first voyage was over the hardening process had begun and his brutal instincts were set floating top-sides, displacing those finer feelings which contact with women creates. Sailing-ship youngsters never did possess heart, mind, or soul: they were just young, growing, starving animals, without a care in the world save to pack their stomachs with food, no matter how maggoty it might be.

## II

Perhaps my first voyage has embittered me against all officers who use violence to boys and men, though there have been times when as an officer I yearned for the days of sail again that I might knock seamanship and discipline into the worthless trash so often found in forecastles to-day.

I well remember, when we had cast off the tug and were sailing along under topsails under the lee of the land, how buoyant I felt at being aboard a sailing ship bound around the Horn. I felt a little bigger in every way than the children I had left behind at home, and I was sorry for them. But one cannot always sail in smooth seas under the lee of the land. Very soon I found this out. All through the night I was sick and miserable; and quietly I wept a little for my mother. My watch on deck was to begin at four A.M., — it was my duty to keep time on the poop by striking the time bells, — but I felt too sick to stir, so I stretched out on my sea-chest.

Very soon the mate, a Liverpool buck, missed me and sang out for me. I, not answering, and not caring what he did, hung on to my sea-chest until his ugly face, with murder in its eyes, appeared at the half-deck door. When he inquired why I was lying down during my watch on deck, I replied that I was seasick. This being no excuse, he ordered me on the poop at once, and as I did not respond in any way to his order, he hauled off with his heavy sea-booted leg and kicked me square on the cheek-bone. This so enraged me that I snatched up a sheath knife and slashed him across the back of the neck with it. I followed him up for a second jab, but I could not reach him, for he ran aft at full speed. In my rush after him I exchanged the knife for a boat-axe that for some unknown reason lay

handy on the booby hatch. Failing to catch him, I flung the thing at him as he turned to face me on the poop, and caught him full on the mouth with the flat of the axe; at the same moment I got a blow on the jaw from apparently nowhere, and went head over heels. At a providential moment the skipper had appeared, and taking in the situation at a glance had fetched me a left-hander. The mate now saw his chance and rounded on me like a tiger. But a big black retriever saved the situation, and added humor to it, by going for the seat of the mate's trousers and bringing away cloth, skin, and flesh at the first bite.

I was now used up with hunger and seasickness, and was no match for a heavy man in the prime of life. Had I been able to get at him with the axe I should have buried it in his skull, for I saw red that day; but I was helpless on the deck, kicked and bruised all over. It is a great consolation to me still to know that the mate carries to-day an ugly scar on his neck.

So much for the first contact with discipline experienced by a British boy scarcely out of knickers. Such treatment was practically unknown in American hard-case ships, for on them boys were respected and looked upon as a sacred trust. The law is now less tolerant of such methods of teaching discipline.

But in those days one forgot little incidents of this sort long before land was reached. As apprentice boys were looked upon as future officers, personal contact with a sea-boot was considered a means of gaining experience in teaching discipline. At their most impressionable age, these apprentices were brutalized; their finer instincts were stamped out, and they lost sympathy with the man before the mast because they felt that some day they might have to use forcible measures themselves.

Often it paid very well to treat the hands like dogs: I can well remember cases in which men were hounded out of their ships when their accumulated wages made brutal treatment profitable. I was shipmates once with a Nova Scotian hard-case mate who prided himself on having served five years in jail in Montevideo for driving five men overboard with the help of a boarhound, — three of the men being drowned in their attempt to swim ashore. Nor was this an empty boast. From an unexpected quarter, quite three years afterward, I heard the same story told almost word for word.

It is easy to understand why men who underwent such treatment went in for a round of drunkenness and debauchery as soon as they landed. The reaction from discipline brought no desire to prosecute; voyages were long, the men had little opportunity to talk with people on shore, and there was never any real exchange of ideas between the seamen of the different ships in port, because they were in a muddled condition as often as not; besides, the sharks and prostitutes who lived on the sailors' money took good care that their wages went with lightning speed.

### III

But such treatment and methods were bound to give way before the advance of steam, of free education, — and, later, compulsory education, — and the formation of unions. Steam meant shorter voyages; it also meant more contact between the seamen and shore people, who taught them the value of education and the right way to remedy their grievances. Probably, too, steam has made seamen more sober and self-respecting; we now find a large percentage of them married, while only one in a thousand married in sail. And education had its impor-

tant results. In my apprentice days there were few men in the forecabin who could read, and still fewer who could sign their own names. Among the older hands, on paying-off day, or signing-on day, the custom was for those who could not write to touch the pen and to mark a cross beside their names. Nowadays there is hardly a middle-aged sailor who has to go through this legal formality. Education taught the men the need of unity and coöperation. With steam came the unions, although like the seamen themselves they were treated as a joke in their infancy, and for some time did neither good nor harm.

The type of man now at sea is so strikingly different from that of a generation or two ago that the adventures, the reckless irresponsibility, and the callousness of the sailing-ship type are hard to understand nowadays. In my boyhood days I, like all my shipmates in the half-deck, looked upon stealing food as a righteous act. We were always hungry, since the legal starvation rations would not keep soul and body together; and as we were accomplished thieves, we stole food upon any and every occasion.

I well remember a pitch-black night off the Plate, — a pampero was blowing, — when one of my half-deck mates decided that we were hungry enough to tackle such luxuries as butter and marmalade. We knew where such things were stowed, and knew also that owing to the inky blackness the second mate, pacing the poop, could not see us at our act of self-preservation. We formed a chain gang between half-deck and bridge; one of us mounted the shoulders of the tallest boy and reached up to the latticed locker where the tins were stored; he pulled out enough laths to reach the case, and passed down several tins of butter and marmalade, which we passed from boy

to boy into the half-deck. In the darkness not one of us had noticed an addition to our party. Suddenly we heard a voice that we all knew and dreaded. It was the captain, who, in his wanderings about the deck, had noticed what was going on and had fallen into line unobserved.

The 'old man' was a dear. He had often told us that we could steal as much as we liked, but heaven help us if we were found out. The stuff was taken off us and handed to the steward, who cursed us roundly; and in our watches below we found ourselves kneeling on the deck with sailors' bibles in our hands, — holystones, — or perched on the main skysail yard like a family of moulting crows. That was considered lenient punishment for a commonplace occurrence of the period.

The unions have made the modern sailor a force to be reckoned with, and a force which holds the key to the transport-workers' situation and is powerful enough to upset the equilibrium of the shipping world, as well as to affect considerably those trades which depend on raw materials shipped from foreign ports. But although the present programmes of the various unions of seamen and firemen include many valuable items, many of these remain practically a dead letter and have never been made the issues of any strike. Wages, food, accommodations, and working hours are all the seaman seems to care about. Up to this time, in spite of the unions, he has left severely alone matters that are of more vital importance than animal comforts. He is thoroughly commercialized; and at present he is doing little or nothing to bring about the reforms which will insure greater respect for life and property afloat.

Now that ships have reached a tonnage and length hitherto undreamed of,

and now that they carry thousands of passengers as against hundreds in sail, it will be necessary to evolve a new type of sailor to supplant the unseamanlike hybrids who now fill the fore-castles on British ships.

To the comparatively ignorant mind and low order of intelligence so prevalent in ships' fore-castles, the sinking of a ship and the drowning of our sailors are 'acts of God.' God seems to be blamed because ships are sent to sea undermanned, overloaded, overinsured, and unseaworthy; and disasters, big and small, are looked upon as pieces of hard luck which show the risks of the calling. The truth is that bad management, bad legal supervision, bad laws, and bad shipowners must shoulder most of the blame. Unionism has taught seamen to-day how to fight for higher wages and better conditions of service afloat; but it has not taught them why so many of their number are drowned or maimed, or why so many ships happen to strand on the shoals, miles from their true course. The sailors do not realize that tonnage, class, speed, construction, capacities, and conditions have altered beyond recognition, with awful rapidity, and that the law cannot keep pace with these changing conditions. The unions have done nothing for the safety of passengers afloat because the sailors as a class are still ignorant in the extreme and steeped in the mud of feudalism and hero-worship.

So far all that I have said is meant to apply solely to the man before the mast. With the officers, the case is rather different. In spite of their higher education, their keener perceptions, and their responsibility to the traveling public, false pride bars them from doing any real active work. To unite and fight for vital interests of their own, means to them a loss of dignity incompatible with an officer's position.

Many of them understand to the letter such matters as the Titanic disaster; but so long as they can pace the bridge like peacocks or glorified hall-porters, such things can 'go to pot.' I have been long enough an officer, dressed like a glorified hall-porter, to know that this is the case and that the feeble attempts at unionism have failed simply because as officers we are content to form an apathetic guild with a dignified title that awes nobody and amuses many, rather than get together and tackle questions which vitally concern the helpless traveling public. But it is not my object in this paper to discuss the officers; we shall leave them to their dreams of feudalism. They have done little for or against unionism.

#### IV

It is to far-away Australia that we must turn to see what unionism can do for the sailor. Here we find intelligent, educated, and self-respecting seamen, who appreciate keenly the value of practical labor politics when applied to questions of travel and trade at sea; who call for and command respect; who know what they want, and get what they want; and who understand fully the ethics and aims of unionism and the good and bad in it. Australia never possessed sailing-ship men, and the vast majority of her seamen are of the steamboat breed, but they are of a comparatively high type: the mechanical and commercial age has produced in Australia mechanical and commercial seamen who are backed up in their public endeavors to lessen the risks of the sea by a labor government quite in sympathy with labor movements, and not handicapped by party politics of the English sort. Australian seamen do not believe in 'acts of God'; they know that mismanagement accounts for an overwhelming percentage of the trage-



dies of the sea; and their unions are doing something about it. Life and property in Australian ships enjoy an immunity from accident unknown in Western waters.

In order of intelligence the American sailor comes next — coaster or deep-water man, native or naturalized. The American product of the age of steam is, as a rule, more intelligent and far-sighted than the British. The native element, plus the naturalized Scandinavian, plus a republican form of government, goes far toward making the issues of strikes broader than one finds them in England. American sailors take an important part in the international conferences; at a recent one held in London, for instance, the American delegate, who was a naturalized Scandinavian, was one of the most practical, hard-headed representatives present.

But, on the whole, unionism has failed at sea, because it has not grasped its opportunity to fight for things which it could and should help to secure, and which are more important than wages and hours of work. Years before the Titanic was constructed, it knew that such ships carried only enough lifeboats to save less than one third of the passengers in case of a wreck; but it did nothing. Nor did it take action to prevent passenger steamers from carrying inflammable cargoes. In England, unionism not only left the installation of wireless apparatus to the generosity of shipowners instead of making it compulsory, but ignored the value of hydrostatic tests of fire-pumps and hose. In no country has it worked to secure the installation aboard ship of the excellent mechanical systems of fire-control which have long been on the market. It has looked calmly on while ships were built with interior fittings which were far from fireproof. Every day it shirks its responsibility for the

terrible fires which are bound to occur at sea so long as conditions remain unchanged.

It allows ships to be manned by coolies who do not understand their officers' language and who run amuck when trouble confronts them. It watches vessels putting out to sea overloaded, undermanned, and unseaworthy. The burning of the *Volturno* and its passengers, the sinking of the *Titanic* and the drowning of over a thousand innocent travelers, are signal proofs of the failure of unionism afloat.

In the Seamen's Union of Great Britain, to be more specific, certain high union officials have never smelt salt water as seamen. The union has not been careful enough to demand ability and efficiency on the part of its members; it has no examinations to test a man's ability to pull an oar, sail a boat, or steer a ship; it gives no lectures on stability, buoyancy, and construction; it gives no demonstrations to show the inflammability of cargoes and of the materials used in the construction of most vessels. It has given its members the impression that only wages matter.

Not long ago I saw a ship passing though the docks on her way to sea, with a hole bigger than a man's head in one of the lifeboats. The hole was an old one. A government nautical surveyor, standing beside me, pointed the hole out to me. He was powerless to interfere, since the matter lay beyond his jurisdiction. Such cases as this are as plentiful as berries, and yet unionism has made no fight for better legal supervision and inspection. So long as its ranks are swollen with paid-up members who are too ignorant to think of anything except agitating for higher wages, unionism seems to care not a straw for the efficiency of these members and for the safety of the traveling public.

As an officer aboard a British ship, a keen unionist and socialist, I deplore the fact that sheer inertia and apathy may any day contribute toward another ocean tragedy. The sailors must not be left to fight the battle alone. Their efforts are spasmodic; they lack

tenacity of purpose; they understand the situation only dimly, and unionism has taught them little. The unions having failed, the public must act, and see to it that the awful accidents of the past few years are not repeated and classed as 'acts of God.'

## DYNAMITE

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

ISOLATED and avoided, the high-explosive plant lies half hidden in a waste of sloughs and sand-dunes. Like the barren country that surrounds it, the plant itself seems a part of desolate nature, stunted and storm-beaten as the wind-swept hills. Against the straight line of the horizon rise no massive structures of steel or stone; no sound of man or machine breaks the soft stillness; no smoke clouds stain the blue of the autumn sky. Half buried in the rolling sand, a hundred small green buildings scatter in wild disorder along winding paths among the scrub oaks. The voices of undisturbed wild fowl rise from the fens and marshland.

In the little office at the gate I left my matches and put on a pair of wooden-pegged powder shoes. Outside, the faint flavor of last night's frost freshened the morning air, and above the red and yellow of the scrub oaks the autumn sun was shining in a pale blue sky.

At my side, the superintendent was explaining the processes of manufacture which I was soon to see; but my mind was curiously unresponsive; in the peace of the morning air an omin-

ous presence seemed to surround me; an invisible force that needed but a spark or the slightest impulse to awaken it, annihilating and devastating in its sudden fury.

Beyond the office, like the letter 'S,' a high sand-dune bent in a general east-and-west direction, a sweep of marshland in each sheltering curve. Against the outer bank of its first wide crescent the small power plant and a row of red one-story buildings marked a single street. From the open door of the power-house the rhythmic drone of a generator accentuated the stillness. Down a track between the buildings a horse plodded slowly over the worn ties, dragging a small flat car, the driver leaning lazily against one of the uprights which supported a dingy awning.

The manufacture of dynamite consists of two separate processes which are conducted individually up to a certain point, when their products meet, and by their union the actual dynamite is produced. In the little buildings by the power-house the first of these products was in process of manufacture. Here the fine wood-dust, mixed with other materials, was prepared, — an

absorbent to hold the nitroglycerin which was being made half a mile beyond the nearest sand-dune. Packed in paper cartridges the nitroglycerin-soaked 'dope,' or sawdust, is called by a single name — dynamite.

In two great open pans, slowly revolving paddles were turning over and over a mass of wood-pulp, fine and soft as snow. The room was warm from the sunshine on the low roof and the drying fires below the pans; there was a strong clean smell of sawdust. The building was deserted; unattended, the paddles swung noiselessly with the low sound of well-oiled machinery.

Inside the next building a couple of men were weighing great measures of white powder from bins along the wall. The superintendent picked up a printed slip from a desk by the window.

'Nitrate of soda, nitrate of ammonia, wood-pulp, marble-dust. That's the formula for this batch. Sometimes we put in sulphur, or flour, or magnesium carbonate. It's all according to what kind of an explosive is wanted, — what it's to be used for.'

Far down at the end of the little street the strong, hot smell of paraffine hung heavy in the air. Inside, against the walls of the building, the paper cartridges were drying; racks of waxed yellow tubes half filled the building.

Here the first process of manufacture was completed. Stable and harmless, the fragrant wood-dust was being prepared for its union with that strange evanescent spirit which would endow it with powers of lightning strength and rapidity.

With our powder shoes sinking in the sliding sand we climbed the path to the top of the hill which marked the centre of the twisted dune. On its summit the frame building of the nitrater notched the sky. Here in the silence between earth and clouds, a mighty force was seeking birth.

Perched on a high stool, an old man in overalls bent intently over the top of a great tank, his eyes fixed on a thermometer which protruded from its cover. Above, a shaft and slowly turning wheels moved quietly in the shadows of the roof. There was a splashing of churning liquid, and the bite of acid sharpened the air.

The old man turned his head for a moment to nod to us. Below his feet a coil of pipes white with a thick frost rime entered the bottom of the tank, a cooling solution to keep the temperature of the churning acid within the limit of safety.

As we stepped inside the doorway the splashing grew louder; the bitter reek of the acid seemed to scorch my nostrils. Slowly the old man turned a valve beside him and a thick trickle of glycerine flowed heavily into an opening in the top of the tank. Inside the blackened caldron a strange transformation was in progress. Were the glycerine allowed to become completely nitrated by the acid, the windows of the distant city would rattle in the blast which would surely follow. Carefully, the nitrating must be brought almost to that danger point and abruptly arrested; so near that later in the form of dynamite the nitrating could be instantly completed and the desired explosive obtained by the jarring impulse of an electric spark. Like a child pushing a dish to poise on the table edge, the old man was bringing this dynamic mixture to a precarious balance.

The superintendent pointed to a cistern filled with water just behind the nitrater.

'Before we had the brine pipes to keep the acid cool, it used to heat up occasionally. It gives up red fumes when it passes the danger point. You ought to see the quick work Old Charley used to do, — open that faucet in the nitrater to let the acid and glycer-

ine dump into the cistern and drown; blow the alarm whistle, and then everybody beat it!’

The old man looked up from the thermometer.

‘She’s ready.’

Deliberately he climbed down from the stool and opened a switch behind him: the splashing of the paddles ceased; the process was completed.

Behind the tank an earthenware faucet opened into a long lead gutter that passed out of the building. Fascinated, I watched him as he slowly turned the handle. From the spout a stream of viscous liquid gushed noisily and flowed off in a sullen current..

‘Nitroglycerin,’ — the superintendent pointed his finger at the splashing stream; — ‘of course, it’s impure now, mixed with acid. We’ll see it purified in the separating houses.’

I was disappointed. Vaguely I had expected that something would happen; how could this dull oily liquid be that fearful thing which it had been represented?

‘There’s enough in that trough now to wreck a battleship,’ he added.

Under the crest of a curving hill, half a mile away, was the mix-house. From the nitrater we had followed the nitroglycerin through the dangerous process of its separation from the acid, its perfect neutralization. Here, at last, the explosive fluid would assume its final form. Mixed with the absorbent dope, in a crummy consistency it would become dynamite.

The sunshine filled the little room with yellow light; a blue fly buzzed noisily against the window. Facing the flat marshland the building rested in a deep cut in the hillside; behind it the solid hill, on either side an artificial embankment or barricade of sand and timber.

In the centre of the room was a cumbersome machine like an archaic mill

for crushing grain. Hung from an axle revolving on a perpendicular central shaft, two great wooden wheels, four feet in diameter, rested in a circular trough; a pair of giant cart-wheels with broad, smooth tires of pine.

There was a sound outside the building. Down a board walk, that disappeared behind a hill in the direction of the separating house, came a man pushing a square wagon, completely covered with rubber blankets: three hundred pounds of nitroglycerin.

Swiftly the two workmen filled the circular trough with the prepared wood-pulp. The wagon was trundled softly into the room. From a tank in the corner a measure of brown, sweet-smelling aromatic oil was mixed into the contents of the cart.

Something was going to happen. A sudden impulse to run before it was too late seized me. The cart was pushed beside the trough. From a hose in its base a heavy brown fluid gushed over the powdery dope. Slowly the steady stream became a trickle and ceased.

There was a faint sound and I knew that the current was thrown in; the great axle began to revolve on the shaft. One and then the other, the giant wheels turned heavily. Under the advancing ploughs the brown stain of nitroglycerin faded in the yellow of the dope. Round and round, heavily the smooth wheels pressed the flocculent mass, cleanly the sharp ploughs turned furrows behind them — Dynamite!

I started violently at the voice of the superintendent. It seemed hours instead of minutes since this death-taunting machine had begun; hours in which each second might bring annihilation.

‘It’s mixed.’

The wheels ceased to revolve. With wooden shovels the workmen scooped the dynamite from the trough and pitched it into fibre cans, as big as barrels.

As though built to withstand the siege guns of an enemy, the dugouts of the packers faced the marsh in a long straggling line against the hillside. Like the mix-house, each building sank deep into the sand bank, its sides protected by enveloping barricades.

In each small cell two men were working. There was little talking. Silence hung heavy over the hills and marshland; a strange blending of peace and terror that made harsh sounds improper and jarring to the senses.

With quick dexterity the empty paper tubes which I had seen in process of manufacture when I began this perilous journey, were inserted in the packing machine. An abrupt movement, and they were packed with dynamite and laid in boxes beside the workers.

I picked up one of the 'sticks' from a half-filled box. 'Stump Dynamite.'

Hour after hour, day after day, the filled boxes were trundled down the board walk to the magazine. 'Stump Dynamite.' I had always thought of this great industry as a destructive agency, of high explosives as carriers of death and desolation. But where the forests have vanished before the axes

of the woodmen, dynamite is clearing fields for the next year's planting. In the black entries of the mine the undercut coal-face falls shattered at the blast of the explosives. Through the walls of mountain ranges it is tearing loose the solid rock that trains may some day follow the level rails; through blasted tunnels flows water to moisten the lips of a parching city; from ocean to ocean it has opened a giant cut that deep sea vessels may carry their cargoes by shorter routes; deep under the strata of the earth's crust its sudden shock shakes the oil well into life; its rending breath tears the red ore of iron from the living rock.

Labors of Hercules! What are the feats of the earthborn son of Jupiter to the mighty wonders accomplished by this tabloid thunderbolt! Death and destruction may come from its sharp detonation, but for every life that goes out in siege or battle a hundred lives are sustained by its quiet labor in field or mine.

The afternoon sun was setting behind a mist of autumn clouds. In the silence of the dunes and marsh the clear call of a bird sounded sharp and silver-tuned in a run of hurried melody.



# FREE FICTION

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

## I

WHAT impresses me most in the contemporary short story as I find it in American magazines, is its curious sophistication. Its bloom is gone. I have read through dozens of periodicals without finding one with fresh feeling and the easy touch of the writer who writes because his story urges him. And when with relief I do encounter a narrative that is not conventional in structure and mechanical in its effects, the name of the author is almost invariably that of a newcomer, or of one of our few uncorrupted masters of the art. Still more remarkable, the good short stories that I meet with in my reading are the trivial ones, — the sketchy, the anecdotal, the merely adventurous or merely picturesque; as they mount toward literature they seem to increase in artificiality and constraint; when they purport to interpret life they become machines, and nothing more, for the discharge of sensation, sentiment, or romance. And this is true, so far as I can discover, of the stories which most critics and more editors believe to be successful, the stories which are most characteristic of magazine narrative and of the output of American fiction in our times.

I can take my text from any magazine, from the most literary to the least. In the stories selected by all of them I find the resemblances greater than the differences, and the latter seldom amount to more than a greater or a less excellence of workmanship and

style. The 'literary' magazines, it is true, more frequently surprise one by a story told with original and consummate art; but then the 'popular' magazines balance this merit by their more frequent escape from mere prettiness. In both kinds, the majority of the stories come from the same mill, even though the hands that shape them may differ in refinement and in taste. Their range is narrow, and, what is more damning, their art seems constantly to verge upon artificiality.

These made-to-order stories (and this is certainly not too strong a term for the majority of them) are not interesting to a critical reader. He sticks to the novel, or, more frequently, goes to France, to Russia, or to England for his fiction, as the sales-list of any progressive publisher will show. And I do not believe that they are deeply interesting to an uncritical reader. He reads them to pass the time; and, to judge from the magazines themselves, gives his more serious attention to the 'write-ups' of politics, current events, new discoveries, and men in the public eye, — to reality, in other words, written as if it were fiction, and more interesting than the fiction that accompanies it, because, in spite of its enlivening garb, it is guaranteed by writer and editor to be true. I am not impressed by the perfervid letters published by the editor in praise of somebody's story as a 'soul-cure,' or the greatest of the decade. They were written, I suppose, but they are not typical. They do not insult the intelligence as do the ridicu-

lous puffs which it is now the fashion to place like a sickly limelight at the head of a story; but they do not convince me of the story's success with the public. Actually, men and women, discussing these magazines, seldom speak of the stories. They have been interested, — in a measure. The 'formula,' as I shall show later, is bound to get that result. But they have dismissed the characters and forgotten the plots.

I do not deny that this supposedly successful short story is easy to read. It is — fatally easy. And here precisely is the trouble. To borrow a term from dramatic criticism, it is 'well made,' and that is what makes it so thin, so bloodless, and so unprofitable to remember, in spite of its easy narrative and its 'punch.' Its success as literature, curiously enough for a new literature and a new race like ours, is limited, not by crudity, or inexpressiveness, but by form, by the very rigidity of its carefully perfected form. Like other patent medicines, it is constructed by formula.

## II

It is not difficult to construct an outline of the 'formula' by which thousands of current narratives are being whipped into shape. Indeed, by turning to the nearest textbook on 'Selling the Short Story,' I could find one ready-made. (There could be no clearer symptom of the disease I wish to diagnose than these many 'practical' textbooks, with their over-emphasis upon technique and their under-estimate of all else that makes literature.) The story *must* begin, it appears, with action or with dialogue. A mother packs her son's trunk while she gives him unheeded advice mingled with questions about shirts and socks; a corrupt and infuriated director pounds on the mahogany table at his board meeting, and

curses the honest fool (hero of the story) who has got in his way; or, "Where did Mary Worden get that curious gown?" inquired Mrs. Van Deming, glancing across the sparkling glass and silver of the hotel terrace.' Any one of these will serve as instance of the break-neck beginning which Kipling made obligatory. Once started, the narrative must move, move, move furiously, each action and every speech pointing directly toward the unknown climax. A pause is a confession of weakness. This Poe taught for a special kind of story; and this a later generation, with a servility which would have amazed that sturdy fighter, requires of all narrative. Then the climax, which must neatly, quickly, and definitely end the action for all time, either by a solution you have been urged to hope for by the wily author in every preceding paragraph, or in a way which is logically correct but never, never suspected. O. Henry is responsible for the vogue of the latter of these two alternatives, — and the strain of living up to his inventiveness has been frightful. Finally comes a last suspiration, usually in the advertising pages. Sometimes it is a beautiful descriptive sentence charged with sentiment, sometimes a smart epigram, according to the style of story, or the 'line' expected of the author. Try this, as the advertisements say, on your favorite magazine.

This formula, with variations which readers can supply for themselves or draw from textbooks on the short story, is not a wholly bad method of writing fiction. It is, I venture to assert, a very good one, — if you desire merely effective story-telling. It is probably the best way of making the short story a thoroughly efficient tool for the presentation of modern life. And there lies, I believe, the whole trouble. The short story, its course

plotted and its form prescribed, has become too efficient. Now efficiency is all that we ask of a railroad, efficiency is half at least of what we ask of journalism; but efficiency is not the most, it is perhaps the least, important among the undoubted elements of good literature.

In order to make the short story efficient, the dialogue, the setting, the plot, the character development, have been squeezed and whittled and moulded until the means of telling the story fit the ends of the story-telling as neatly as hook fits eye. As one writer on how to manufacture short stories tells us in discussing character development, the aspirant must —

‘Eliminate every trait or deed which does not help peculiarly to make the character’s part in the particular story either intelligible or open to such sympathy as it merits;

‘Paint in only the “high lights,” that is . . . never qualify or elaborate a trait or episode, merely for the sake of preserving the effect of the character’s full reality.’

And thus the story is to be subdued to the service of the climax as the body of man to his brain.

But what these writers upon the short story do not tell us is that efficiency of this order works backward as well as forward. If means are to correspond with ends, why then ends must be adjusted to means. Not only must the devices of the story-teller be directed with sincerity toward the tremendous effect he wishes to make with his climax upon you and me, his readers; but the interesting life which it is or should be his purpose to write about for our delectation must be manoeuvred, or must be chosen or rejected, not according to the limitation which small space — enough in all conscience — imposes, but with its suitability to the ‘formula’ in mind. In brief, if we are

to have complete efficiency, the right kind of life and no other must be put into the short-story hopper. Nothing which cannot be told rapidly must be dropped in, lest it clog the ‘formula’s’ smoothly spinning wheels. If it is a story of slowly developing incongruity in married life, the action must be speeded beyond probability, like a film in the moving pictures, before it is ready to be made into a short story. If it is a tale of disillusionment on a prairie farm, with the world and life flattening out together, some sharp climax must be provided nevertheless, because that is the only way in which to tell a story. Indeed it is easy to see the dangers which arise from sacrificing truth to a formula in the interests of efficiency.

This is the limitation by form; the limitation by subject is quite as annoying. American writers from Poe down have been fertile in plots. Especially since O. Henry took the place of Kipling as a literary master, ingenuity, inventiveness, cleverness in its American sense, have been squandered upon the short story. But plots do not make variety. Themes make variety. Human nature regarded in its multitudinous phases makes variety. There are only a few themes in current American short stories, — the sentimental theme from which breed ten thousand narratives; the theme of intellectual analysis and of moral psychology favored by the ‘literary’ magazines; the ‘big-business’ theme; the theme of American effrontery; the social-contrast theme; the theme of successful crime. Add a few more, and you will have them all. Read a hundred examples, and you will see how infallibly the authors — always excepting our few masters — limit themselves to conventional aspects of even these conventional themes. Reflect, and you will see how the first — the theme of sentiment — has over-

flowed its banks and washed over all the rest, so that, whatever else a story may be, it must somewhere, somehow, make the honest American heart beat more softly.

There is an obvious cause for this in the taste of the American public, which I do not propose to neglect. But here too we are in the grip of the 'formula,' of the idea that there is only one way to construct a short story — a swift succession of climaxes rising precipitously to a giddy eminence. For the formula is rigid, not plastic as life is plastic. It fails to grasp innumerable stories which break the surface of American life day by day and disappear uncaught. Stories of quiet homely life, events significant for themselves that never reach a burning climax, situations that end in irony, or doubt, or aspiration, it mars in the telling. The method which, as teachers of the short story tell us, makes story-telling easy, itself limits our variety.

Nothing brings home the artificiality and the narrowness of this American fiction so clearly as a comparison, for better and for worse, with the Russian short story. I have in mind the works of Anton Tchekoff, whose short stories have lately been translated into excellent English and published in two volumes. Fresh from a reading of these books, one feels, it is true, quite as inclined to criticize as to praise. Why are the characters therein depicted so persistently disagreeable, even in the lighter stories? Why are the women always freckled, the men predominantly red and watery in the eye? Why is the country so flat, so foggy, so desolate; and why are the peasants so lumpy and miserable? Russia cannot be quite so dreary as this; the prevailing grimness must be due to some mental obfuscation of her writers. I do not refer to the gloomy, powerful realism of the stories of hopeless misery. There,

if one criticizes, it must be only the advisability of the choice of such subjects. One does not doubt the truth of the picture. I mean the needless dinginess of much of Russian fiction, and of many of these powerful short stories.

Nevertheless, when one has said his worst, and particularly when he has eliminated the dingier stories of the collection, he returns with an admiration, almost passionate, to the truth, the variety, above all to the freedom of these stories. I do not know Russia or the Russians, and yet I am as sure of the absolute truth of that unfortunate doctor in 'La Cigale,' who builds up his heroic life of self-sacrifice while his wife seeks selfishly elsewhere for a hero, as I am convinced of the essential unreality, except in dialect and manners, of the detectives, the 'dope-fiends,' the hard business men, the heroic boys and lovely girls that people most American short stories. As for variety, — the Russian does not handle numerous themes. He is obsessed with the dreariness of life, and his obsession is only occasionally lifted; he has no room to wander widely through human nature. And yet his work gives an impression of variety that the American magazine never attains. He is free to be various. When the mood of gloom is off him, he experiments at will, and often with consummate success. He seems to be sublimely unconscious that readers are supposed to like only a few kinds of stories; and as unaware of the taboo upon religious or reflective narrative as of the prohibition upon the ugly in fiction. As life in any manifestation becomes interesting in his eyes, his pen moves freely. And so he makes life interesting in many varieties, even when his Russian prepossessions lead him far away from our Western moods.

Freedom. That is the word here, and also in his method of telling these stories. No one seems to have said to

Tchekoff, 'Your stories must move, move, move.' Sometimes, indeed, he pauses outright, as life pauses; sometimes he seems to turn aside, as life turns aside before its progress is resumed. No one has ever made clear to him that every word from the first of the story must point unerringly toward the solution and the effect of the plot. His paragraphs spring from the characters and the situation. They are led on to the climax by the story itself. They do not drag the panting reader down a rapid action, to fling him breathless upon the 'I told you so' of a conclusion prepared in advance.

I have in mind especially a story of Tchekoff's called 'The Night Before Easter.' It is a very interesting story; it is a very admirable story, conveying in a few pages much of Russian spirituality and more of universal human nature; but I believe that all, or nearly all, of our American magazines would refuse it; not because it lacks picturesque, or narrative suspense, or vivid characterization—all of these it has in large measure. They would reject it because it does not seem to move rapidly, or because it lacks a vigorous climax. The Goltva swollen in flood lies under the Easter stars. As the monk Jerome ferries the traveler over to where fire and cannon-shot and rocket announce the rising of Christ to the riotous monastery, he asks, 'Can you tell me, kind master, why it is that even in the presence of great happiness a man cannot forget his grief?' Deacon Nicholas is dead, who alone in the monastery could write prayers that touched the heart. And of them all, only Jerome read his 'akaphists.' 'He used to open the door of his cell and make me sit by him, and we used to read. . . . His face was compassionate and tender—' In the monastery the countryside is crowding to hear the Easter service. The choir sings 'Lift

up thine eyes, O Zion, and behold.' But Nicholas is dead, and there is none to penetrate the meaning of the Easter canon, except Jerome who toils all night on the ferry because they had forgotten him. In the morning, the traveler recrosses the Goltva. Jerome is still on the ferry. He rests his dim, timid eyes upon them all, and then fixes his gaze on the rosy face of a merchant's wife. There is little of the man in that long gaze. He is seeking in the woman's face the sweet and gentle features of his lost friend.

The American editor refuses such a story. There is no plot here, he says, and no 'punch.' He is wrong, although an imperfect abstract like mine cannot convict him. For the narrative presents an unforgettable portrait of wistful hero-worship, set in the dim mists of a Russian river against the barbaric splendor of an Easter midnight mass. To force a climax upon this poignant story would be to spoil it. And when it appears, as it will, in reprint, in some periodical anthology of current fiction, it will not fail to impress American readers.

But the American editor must have a climax which drives home what he thinks the public wants. If it is not true, so much the worse for truth. If it falsifies the story, well, a lying story with a 'punch' is better than a true one that lacks a fire-spitting climax. The audience who judge a play by the effect of its 'curtain,' will not complain of a trifling illogicality in narrative, or a little juggling with what might happen if the story were life. Of what the editor wants I find a typical example in a recent number of a popular magazine. The story is well written; it is interesting until it begins to lie; moreover it is 'featured' as one of the best short stories of the year. An American girl, brought up in luxury, has fed her heart with romantic sentiment. The



world is a Christmas tree. If you are good and pretty and 'nice,' you have only to wait until you get big enough to shake it, and then down will come some present — respect from one's friends and family, perhaps a lover. And then she wakes up. Her father points out that she is pinching him by her extravagance. Nobody seems to want her kind of 'niceness'; which indeed does no one much good. There is nothing that she can do that is useful in the world, for she has never learned. She begins to doubt the Christmas tree. There enters a man — a young electrical engineer, highly trained, highly ambitious, but caught in the wheels of a great corporation where he is merely a cog; wanting to live, wanting to love, wanting to be married, yet condemned to labor for many years more upon a salary which perhaps would little more than pay for her clothes. By an ingenious device they are thrown together in a bit of wild country near town, and are made to exchange confidences. So far, no one can complain of the truth of this story; and furthermore it is well told. Here are two products of our social machine, both true to type. Suppose they want to marry? What can we do about it? The story-teller has posed his question with a force not to be denied. But I wish we had had a Tchekoff to answer it. As for this author, he leads his characters to a conveniently deserted house, lights a fire on the hearth, sets water boiling for tea, and in a few pages of charming romance would persuade us that with a few economies in this rural residence, true love may have its course and a successful marriage crown the morning's adventure. Thus in one dazzling sweep, the greatest and most sugary plumb of all drops from the very tip of the Christmas tree into the lap of the lady, who had just learned that happiness in the real world comes in no such

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haphazard and undeserved a fashion. Really! Have we degenerated from Lincoln's day? Is it easy now to fool all of us all of the time, so that a tale-teller dares to expose silly romance at the beginning of his story, and yet dose us with it at the end! Not that one objects to romance. It is as necessary as food, and almost as valuable. But romance that pretends to be realism, realism that fizzles out into sentimental romance — is there any excuse for that? Even if it provides 'heart interest' and an effective climax?

The truth is, of course, that the Russian stories are based upon life; the typical stories of the American magazines, for all their realistic details, are too often studied, not from American life but from literary convention. Even when their substance is fresh, their unfoldings and above all their solutions are second-hand. If the Russian authors could write American stories I believe that their work would be more truly popular than what we are now getting. They would be free to be interesting in any direction and by any method. The writer of the American short story is not free.

### III

I should like to leave the subject here with a comparison that any reader can make for himself. But American pride recalls the past glory of our short story, and common knowledge indicates the present reality of a few authors — several of them women — who are writing fiction of which any race might be proud. The optimist cannot resist meditating on the way out for our enslaved short story.

The ultimate responsibility for its present position must fall, I suppose, upon our American taste, which, when taken by and large, is unquestionably crude, easily satisfied, and not sensi-

tive to good things. American taste does not rebel against the 'formula.' If interest is pricked it does not inquire too curiously into the nature of the goad. American taste is partial to sentiment, and antagonistic to themes that fail to present the American in the light of optimistic romance. But our defects in taste are slowly but certainly being remedied. The schools are at work upon them; journalism, for all its noisy vulgarity, is at work upon them. Our taste in art, our taste in poetry, our taste in architecture, our taste in music go up, as our taste in fiction seems to go down.

But what are the writers of short stories and what are the editors and publishers doing to help taste improve itself until, as Henry James says, it acquires a keener relish than ever before?

It profits nothing to attack the American writer. He does, it may fairly be assumed, what he can, and I do not wish to discuss here the responsibility of the public for his deficiencies. The editor and the publisher, however, stand in a somewhat different relationship to the American short story. They may assert with much justice that they are public servants merely; nevertheless they *do* control the organs of literary expression, and it is through them that any positive influence on the side of restriction or proscription must be exerted, whatever may be its ultimate source. If a lack of freedom in method and in choice of subject is one reason for the sophistication of our short story, then the editorial policy of American magazines is a legitimate field for speculation.

I can reason only from the evidence of the product and the testimony of authors, successful and unsuccessful. Yet one conclusion springs to the eye, and is enough in itself to justify investigation. The critical basis upon which the American editor professes to

build his magazine is of doubtful validity. I believe that it is unsound. His policy, as stated in 'editorial announcements' and confirmed by his advertisements of the material he selects, is first to find out what the public wants, and next to supply it. This is reasonable in appearance. It would seem to be good commercially, and, as a policy, I should consider it good for art, which must consult the popular taste or lose its vitality. But a pitfall lies between this theory of editorial selection and its successful practice. The editor must really know what the public wants. If he does not, he becomes a dogmatic critic of a very dangerous school.

Those who know the theatre and its playwrights, are agreed that the dramatic manager, at least in America, is a very poor judge of what the public desires. The percentage of bad guesses in every metropolitan season is said to be very high. Is the editor more competent? It would seem that he is, to judge from the stability of our popular magazines. But that he follows the public taste with any certainty of judgment is rendered unlikely, not only by inherent improbability, but also by three specific facts: the tiresome succession of like stories which follow unendingly in the wake of every popular success; the palpable fear of the editor to attempt innovation, experiment, or leadership; and the general complaint against 'magazine stories.' In truth, the American editor plays safe, constantly and from conviction; and playing safe in the short story means the adoption of the 'formula,' which is sure to be somewhat successful; it means restriction to a few safe themes. He swings from the detective story to the tale of the alien, from the 'heart-interest' story to the narrative of 'big business.' When, as has happened recently, a magazine experimented with eroticism, and found it successful, the

initiative of its editor was felt to be worthy of general remark.

If one reduces this imperfect sketch of existing conditions to terms of literary criticism, the result is interesting. There are two great schools of criticism: the judicial and the impressionistic. The judicial critic — a Boileau, a Matthew Arnold — bases his criticism upon fundamental principles. The impressionistic critic follows the now hackneyed advice of Anatole France, to let his soul adventure among masterpieces, and seeks the reaction for good or bad of a given work upon his own finely strung mind. The first group must be sure of the breadth, the soundness, and the just application of their principles. The second group must depend upon their own good taste.

The American editor has flung aside as archaic the fundamental principles of criticism upon which judicial critics have based their opinions. And yet he has chosen to be dogmatic. He has transformed his guess as to what the public wants into a fundamental principle, and acted upon it with the confidence of an Aristotle. He asserts freely and frankly that, in his private capacity, such and such a story pleases *him*, is *good* (privately he is an impressionist and holds opinions far more valid than his editorial judgment, since they are founded upon taste and not upon intuition merely); but that 'the public will not like it,' or 'in our rivalry with seventy other magazines we cannot afford to print this excellent work.' He is frequently right. He is also frequently wrong.

I speak not from personal experience, since other reasons in my own case have usually, though not always, led me to agree with the editor's verdict, when it has been unfavorable; but from the broader testimony of many writers, the indisputable evidence of works thus rejected which have later

attained success, and the failure of American short fiction to impress permanently the reading public. Based upon an intuition of the public mind, changing with the wind, — always after, never before it, — such editorial judgment, indeed, must be of doubtful validity; must lead in many instances to unwise and unprofitable restrictions upon originality in fiction.

I am well aware that it is useless to consider current American literature without regard to the multitude of readers who, being, like all multitudes, mediocre, demand the mediocre in literature. And I know that it is equally foolish to neglect the popular elements in the developing American genius — that genius which is so colloquial now, and yet so inventive; so vulgar sometimes, and yet, when sophistication is not forced upon it, so fresh. I have no wish to evade the necessity for consulting the wishes and the taste of the public, which good sense and commercial necessity alike impose upon the editor. I would not have the American editor less practical, less sensitive to the popular wave; I would have him more so. But I would have him less dogmatic. All forms of dogmatism are dangerous for men whose business it is to publish, not to criticize, contemporary literature. But an unsound and arbitrary dogmatism is the worst. If the editor is to give the people what they want instead of what they have wanted, he must have more confidence in himself, and more belief in their capacity for liking the good. He should be dogmatic only where he can be sure. Elsewhere let him follow the method of science and experiment. He should trust to his taste in practice as well as in private theory, and let the results of such criticism sometimes, at least, dominate his choice.

In both our 'popular' and our 'literary' magazines, freer fiction would

follow upon better criticism. The readers of the 'literary' magazines are already seeking foreign-made narratives, and neglecting the American short story built for them according to the standardized model of 1915. The readers of the 'popular' magazines want chiefly journalism (an utterly different thing from literature); and that they are getting in good measure in the non-fiction and part-fiction sections of the magazines. But they also seek, as all men seek, some literature. If, instead of imposing the 'formula' (which is, after all, a journalistic mechanism — and a good one — adapted for speedy and evanescent effects), if, instead of imposing the 'formula' upon all the subjects they propose to have turned into fiction, the editors of these magazines should also experiment, should release some subjects from the tyranny of the 'formula,' and admit others which its cult has kept out, the result might be surprising. It is true that the masses have no taste for literature, — as a steady diet; it is still more certain that not even the most mediocre of multitudes can be permanently hoodwinked by formula.

But the magazines can take care of themselves; it is the short story in which I am chiefly interested. Better criticism and greater freedom for fiction might vitalize our overabundant, unoriginal, unreal, unversatile, — everything but unformed short story. Its artifice might again become art. Even the more careful, the more artistic work, such excellent narrative, for example, as one finds in Mrs. Gerould's recent publication, *Vain Oblations*, — even such reading leaves one with the impression that these stories have sought a 'line,' and found an acceptable formula. And when one thinks of the multitudinous situations, impres-

sions, incidents in this fascinating whirl of modern life, incapable perhaps of presentation in a novel because of their very impermanence, admirably adapted to the short story because of their vividness and their deep if narrow significance, the voice of protest must go up against any artificial, arbitrary limitations upon the art. Freedom to make his appeal to the public with any subject not morbid or indecent, is all the writer can ask. Freedom to publish sometimes what the editor likes and the public may like, instead of what the editor approves because the public has liked it, is all that he needs. There is plenty of blood in the American short story yet, though I have read through whole magazines without finding a drop of it.

When we give literature in America the same opportunity to invent, to experiment, that we have already given journalism, there will be more legitimate successors to Irving, to Hawthorne, to Poe and Bret Harte. There will be more writers, like O. Henry, who write stories to please themselves, and thus please the majority. There will be fewer writers, like O. Henry, who stop short of the final touch of perfection because American taste (and the American editor) puts no premium upon artistic work. There will be fewer stories, I trust, where sentiment is no longer a part, but the whole of life. Most of all, form, *the form*, the *formula*, will relax its grip upon the short story, will cease its endless tapping upon the door of interest, and its smug content when some underling (while the brain sleeps) answers its stereotyped appeal. And we may get more narratives like Mrs. Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, to make us feel that now as much as ever there is literary genius waiting in America.

# THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

## V. THE YOUTH OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

### I

WE met Lena in a shabby house in a near-by street, where we had been called because of her illness. The family were attractive Russians of the blond type, and the patient herself was very beautiful, her exceeding pallor giving her an almost ethereal look. The rooms were as bare as the traditional poor man's home of the story books, but the mother had hidden the degradation of the broken couch with a clean linen sheet, relic of her bridal outfit.

After convalescence Lena was glad to accept employment and resume her share of the family burden. One day she rushed in from the tailor's shop during working hours, and, literally on her knees, begged for other work. She could no longer endure the obscene language of her employer, which she felt was directed especially to her. The story to experienced ears signaled danger, but to extricate her without destruction of the pride which repelled financial aid was not simple. Readjustments had to be made to give her a belated training that would fit her for employment outside the ranks of the unskilled. Fortunately, the parents needed little stimulus to comprehend the humiliation to their daughter, and they readily agreed to the postponement of help from her, although they were at a low tide of income.

The very coarseness of this kind of

attack upon a girl's sensibilities, I have learned in the course of years, makes it easier to combat than the subtle and less tangible suggestions that mislead and then betray. Sometimes these are inherent in the work itself.

A girl leading an immoral life was once sent to me for possible help. She called in the evening and we sat together on the pleasant back porch adjoining my sitting-room. Here the shrill noises of the street came but faintly, and the quiet and privacy helped to create an atmosphere that led easily to confidence.

It was long past midnight when we separated. The picture of the wretched home that she had presented, — its congestion, the slovenly housekeeping, the demanding infant, the ill-prepared food snatched from the stove by the members of the family as they returned from work, — I knew it only too well. The girl herself, refined in speech and pretty, slept in a bed with three others. She had gone to work when she was eleven, and later became a demonstrator in a department store where the display of expensive finery on the counters and its easy purchase by luxurious women had evidently played a part in her moral deterioration. Her most conscious desire was for silk underwear; at least it was the only one she seemed able to formulate! And this trivial desire, infinitely pathetic in its disclosure, told her story. As I stood at the front



door after bidding her good-night, and watched her down the street, it did not seem possible that so frail a creature could summon up the heroism necessary to rise above the demoralization of the home to which she was returning and the kind of work open to her.

During that summer she came each day to the settlement for instruction in English preliminary to a training in telegraphy, for which she had expressed a preference. Nothing in her conduct during that time could have been criticized, but subsequent chapters in her career have shown that she was unable to overcome the inclinations that were the evil legacy of her mode of life.

The menace to the morals of youth is not confined to the pretty, poor young girl. The lad also is exposed. I could wish there were more sympathy with the very young men who at times are trapped into immorality by means not so very different, except in degree, from those that imperil the girl. The careless way in which boys are intrusted with money by employers has tempted many who are not naturally thievish. I have known dishonesty of this kind on the part of boys who never in after life repeated the offense.

An instance of grave misbehavior of another kind was once brought to me by our own young men, three of whom called upon me, evidently in painful embarrassment. After struggling to bring their courage to the speaking point, they told me that L. was leading an immoral life, and they were sure that if I knew it I would not allow him to dance with the girls. They had been considering for some time whether or not I should be informed. Heartily disliking the task, one of the young men had consulted his mother and she had made it plain that it was my right to know. Fortunately the district attorney then in office had from time to time invoked the coöperation of the settle-

ment in problems that could not be met by a prosecutor. A telephone message to him brought the needed aid with dispatch. When all the facts were known, I felt that the young man had been trapped exactly as had been the young girl who was with him. Both were victims of the wretched creature whose exile from New York the district attorney insisted upon. The three had met in a dance-hall, widely advertised and popular among young people.

The inquiry of the famous Committee of Fifteen, as New Yorkers know, was given its first impetus by the action of a group of young men of our neighborhood, who were already distinguished for the ethical stand they had taken on social matters,—all of them members for many years of clubs in another settlement and our own. They comprehended the hideous cost of the red-light district and resented its existence in their neighborhood, where not even the children escaped knowledge of its evils.

Although in the twenty-one years of the organized life of the settlement no girl or young woman identified with us has 'gone wrong' in the usual understanding of that term, we have been so little conscious of working definitely for this end that my attention was drawn to the fact only when a distinguished probation officer made the statement that never in the Night Court or in institutions for delinquents had she found a girl who had 'belonged' to our settlement.<sup>1</sup>

I record this bit of testimony with some hesitation, as it does not seem right to make it matter for marvel or congratulation. One does not expect

<sup>1</sup> While these articles are being written we learn that a child attending a settlement club has been involved in practices that indicate a perversion; but she cannot properly be included in the above classification because of her extreme youth. — THE AUTHOR.

a mother to be surprised or gratified that her daughters are virtuous; and it would be a grave injustice to the girls of character and lofty ideals who through the years have been connected with the settlement, if we assumed the credit for their fine qualities.

But as in ordinary families there are diversities of character, of strength and of weakness, so in an enormous community family, if I may so define the relationship of the settlement membership, these diversities are more strongly marked; and it is a gratification that we are often able to give to young girls — frail, ignorant, unequipped for the struggle into which they are so early plunged — some of the protection that under other circumstances would be provided by their families and social environment.

All classes show occasional instances of girls who 'go wrong.' The commonly accepted theory that the direct incentive is a mercenary one is not borne out by our experience. The thousands of poor young girls we have known, into whose minds the thought of wrong-doing of this kind has never entered, testify against it.

However, a low family income means a poor home, underfeeding, congestion, lack of privacy, and lack of proper safeguards against the emotional crises of adolescence for both boys and girls. Exhaustion following excessive or monotonous toil weakens moral and physical resistance; and as a result of the inadequate provision for wholesome, inexpensive recreation, pleasures are secured at great risk.

In the summer of 1912 a notorious gambler was murdered in New York, and the whole country was shocked by the disclosure of the existence of groups of young men organized for crime and designated as 'gunmen.' There is not space here for a discussion of this tragic result of street life. It is probable

that the four young men who were executed for the murder were led astray in the first place by their craving for adventure. They were found to have been the tools of a powerful police officer, and it was generally believed that they were mentally defective, and were thus made more readily the dupes of an imposing personality. They had not suffered from extreme poverty, nor had they been without religious instruction; two of them, in fact, came from homes of orthodox strictness; but it was plain from their histories that there had been no adjustment of environment to meet their needs. There was no evidence that they had at any time come in contact with people or institutions that recognized the social impulses of youth.

At the time of the murder I was in the mountains recovering from an illness. The letters I received, following the disclosure of the existence of the 'gunmen,' particularly those from young men, carried a peculiar appeal. Our own club members urged the need of the settlement's extending protection to greater numbers of boys. Some of the young men wrote frankly of perils from which they had barely escaped and of which I had had no knowledge. They all laid stress upon the importance of *preventing* disaster by the provision of wholesome recreation which, as one correspondent wrote, 'should have excitement also.' Their belief in the efficacy of club control is firmly fixed. A few evenings ago, one of the young men of the settlement conversant with conditions, speaking to a new resident, defined a 'gang' as 'a club gone wrong.'

Mothers from time to time come to the Henry Street house for help to rescue their erring sons. They come secretly, fearing to have their sons or the police trace disclosures to them. A poolroom on a near-by street, said to have been, at one time, a 'hang out' of

the gunmen, and its lure evidently enhanced by that fact, was reported to us as 'suspicious.' The police and a society organized to suppress such places told me that the evidence they could secure was insufficient to warrant hope of conviction. Mothers who suspected that stolen property was taken there, made alert by anxiety for their sons, furnished me with evidence that warranted insistence on my part that the Police Commissioner order the place closed.

Formal meetings with parents to consider matters affecting their children are a fixed part of the settlement programme, and the problems of adolescence are freely and frankly discussed. An experienced and humane judge, addressing one such meeting, spoke simply and directly of the young people who were brought before him charged with crime, showing his understanding of the causes that led to it and his sympathy with the offenders as well as with their harassed parents. He begged for a revival of the old homely virtues and for the strengthening of family ties. A mother in the group rose and confessed her helplessness. She reminded the judge of the difficulty of keeping young people under observation and guarding them from the temptations of street life when the mothers, like herself, went out to work. Ordinary boys and girls, she thought, could not resist these temptations unaided; and speaking of her own boy, who had been brought before him, she summed up her understanding of the situation in the words, 'It's not that my son is bad; it's just that he's not a hero.'

## II

I do not know who originated the idea of a 'club' as a means of guidance and instruction for the young. Our inducement to organize socially came

from a group of small boys in the summer of 1895, our first in the Henry Street house. We had already acquired a large circle of juvenile friends, and it soon became evident that definite hours must be set aside for meeting different groups if our time was not to be dissipated in fragmentary visits. When these boys of eleven and twelve years of age, who had not, up to that time, given any evidence of partiality for our society, called to ask if they could see me some time when I 'was n't busy,' I made an appointment with them for the next Saturday evening, whereupon the club was organized.

It is still in existence with practically the original membership; and the relationship of the members of this first group to the settlement and to me personally has been of priceless value. Many of its members have for years been club leaders. They contribute generously to the settlement and in a variety of ways enter into its life and responsibilities. Clubs formed since then, for all ages and almost all nationalities, have proved to be of great value in affording opportunity for fellowship, and, during the susceptible years, in aiding the formation of character; and the continuity of the relationship has made possible an interchange of knowledge and experience of great advantage to those brought together.

The training of club leaders is as essential as the guidance of the club members. Brilliant personalities are attracted to the settlement, but it can use to good purpose the moderate talents and abilities of more ordinary people, whose good-will and interest are otherwise apt to be wasted because they find no expression for them.

Given sincerity, and that vague but essential quality called personality, in the leaders, we do not care very much what the programme of a club may be. I have never known a club leader pos-

sessing these qualifications who did not get out of the experience as much as it was possible to give, if not more. An interest in basic social problems develops naturally out of the club relationship. Housing conditions, immigration, unemployment, minimum wage, political control, labor unions, are no longer remote and academic. They are subjects of immediate concern because of their vital importance to the new circle of friends.

We remind our young people from time to time that conventions established in sophisticated society have usually a sound basis in social experience, and the cultivation of the minor morals of good manners develops consideration for others.

We interpret the 'coming out' party as a glorification of youth. When the members of the young women's clubs reach the age of eighteen, the annual ball of the settlement, its most popular social function, is made the occasion of their formal introduction and promotion to the senior group. As Head Resident I am their hostess, and in giving the invitations I make much of the fact that they have reached young womanhood with the added privileges, dignity, and responsibility that it brings.

Intimate and long-sustained association, not only with the individual, but with the entire family, gives opportunities that would never open up if the acquaintance were casual or the settlement formally institutional. The incidents that follow illustrate this, and I could add many more.

Two girls classified as 'near tough' seemed beyond the control of their club leader, who entreated help from the more experienced. On a favorable occasion Bessie was invited to the cosy intimacy of my sitting-room. That she and Eveline, her chum, were conscious of their exaggerated raiment was obvious, for she hastened to say, 'I guess it's

on account of my yellow waist. Eveline and me faded away when we saw you at dancing class the other night.' It was easy to follow up her introduction by pointing out that pronounced lack of modesty in dress was one of several signs; that their dancing, their talk, their freedom of manner all combined to render them conspicuous and to cause their friends anxiety. Bessie listened, observed that she 'could n't throw the waist away, for it cost five dollars,' but insisted that she was 'good on the inside.' An offer to buy the waist and burn it because her dignity was worth more than five dollars was illuminating. 'That strikes me as somewhat grand. I would n't let you do it, but I'll never wear the waist again.' So far as we know she has kept her word.

When Sophie's manner and dress caused comment among her associates, her club leader, who had been waiting for a suitable opportunity, called to see her on Sunday morning, when the girl would be sure to be at home. Sitting on the edge of the bed in the cramped room, they talked the matter over. As for the paint, — many girls thought it wise to use it, for employers did not like to have jaded-looking girls working for them; and as for the finery, — 'Lots of uptown swells are wearing earrings.'

Contrasted with the girl's generosity to her family, the cost of the finery was pathetically small. She had spent on an overcoat for her father the whole of the Christmas gratuity given by her employer for a year of good service, and her pay envelope was handed unopened to her mother every week.

Sophie finally comprehended the reasons for her friend's solicitude, and at the end of their talk said she would have done the same for a young sister.

It is often a solace to find eternal youth expressing itself in a harmless

gayety of attire, which it is possible to construe as evidence of a sense of self-respect and self-importance. It is, at any rate, a more encouraging indication than a sight I remember in the poor quarter of London. I watched the girls at lunch time pour into a famous tea-house from the near-by factories, many of them with buttonless shoes, the tops flapping as they walked, skirts separated from untidy blouses, unkempt hair, — a sight that could nowhere be found among working girls in America.

The settlement's sympathy with this aspect of youth may not seem eminently practical, but when Mollie took the accumulated pay for many weeks overtime, amounting to twenty-five dollars, and 'blew it in' on a hat with a marvelous plume, we thought we understood the impulse that might have found more disastrous expression. The hat itself became a white elephant, a source of endless embarrassment, but buying it had been an orgy. This interpretation of Mollie's extravagance, when presented to the mother, who in her vexation had complained to us, influenced her to refrain from nagging and too often reminding the girl of the many uses to which the money might have been put.

At the hearing of the Factory Investigation Commission in New York during the winter of 1914-15, a witness testified regarding the dreary and incessant economies practiced by low-paid working girls. This stimulated discussion, and an editorial in a morning paper queried where the girls were, pointing out that the working girls of New York presented not only an attractive but often a stylish appearance. I asked a young acquaintance, whose appearance justified the newspaper description, to give me her budget. She had lived on five dollars a week. Her board and laundry cost \$4. She pur-

chased stockings from pushcart vendors, 'seconds' of odd colors but good quality, for ten cents a pair; combinations, 'seconds' also, cost 25 cents. She bought boys' blouses, as they were better and cheaper. These cost 25 cents. Hats (peanut straw) cost ten cents; tooth-paste ten cents a month. Having very small and narrow feet she was able to take advantage of special sales when she could buy a good pair of shoes for 50 cents. Her coat, bought out of season for \$7, was being worn for the third winter. Conditions were exceptional in her case, as she boarded with friends who obviously charged her less than she would otherwise have been compelled to pay; but there was practically nothing left for carfares, for pleasure, or for the many demands made upon even the most meagre purse; and few people, in any circumstances, would be able to show such excellent discretion in the expenditure of income.

### III

In the tenements family life is disturbed and often threatened with disintegration by the sheer physical conditions of the home. Where there is no privacy there is inevitable loss of the support and strength that comes from the interchange of confidences and assurance of understanding. I felt this anew when I called upon Henrietta on the evening of the day her father died. The tie between father and daughter had been close. When I sought to express the sympathy that even the strong and self-reliant need, so crowded were the little rooms that we were forced to sit together on the tenement-house stairs, amid the coming and going of sympathetic and excited neighbors, and all the passing and repassing of the twenty other families that the house sheltered. It would have been impossible for any one to offer, in the



midst of that curious though not ill-meaning crowd, the solace she so sadly needed.

Emotional experiences cannot be made public without danger of blunting or coarsening the fibre of character. Privacy is needed for intimate talks, even between mother and daughter. The casual nature of the employment of the unskilled has also its bearing on the family relationship. The name or address of the place of employment of the various members of the family is often not known. 'How could I know Louisa was in trouble?' said a simple mother of our neighborhood. 'She is a good girl to me. I don't know where she works. I don't know her friends.'

And the wide span that stretches between the conventions of one generation and another must also be reckoned with. The clash between them, unhappily familiar to many whose experiences never become known outside the family circle, is likely to be intensified when the Americanized wage-earning son or daughter reverses the relationship of child and parent by becoming the protector and the link between the outside world and the home. The service of the settlement as interpreter seems in this narrower sphere almost as useful as its attempts to bring about understanding between separated sections of society.

Quite naturally it came about in the beginning of our understanding of the young people that we should take some action to protect them from the disastrous consequences of their ignorance; for it is difficult for the mothers to touch upon certain themes of great import. They are not indifferent, but rather helpless, in the face of the modern city's demands upon motherhood. Rarely do they feel adequate to meet them. Yet they desire that their girls, and the boys too, should be guarded from the dangers that threaten them.

Years ago we invited the school-teachers of the neighborhood to a conference on sex-problems and offered them speakers and literature. The public has since then become aroused on the subject of sex hygiene, and possibly, in some instances, the pendulum has swung too far; but we are convinced that this obligation to the young cannot be ignored without assuming grave risks. Never have I known an unfavorable reaction when the presentation of this subject has been well considered. It is impossible to give directions as to how it should be done; temperament, development, and environment influence the approach. The girl invariably responds to the glorification of her importance as woman and as future mother, and the theme leads on naturally to the miracle of nature that guards and then creates; and the young men have shown themselves far from indifferent to their future fatherhood. Fathers and mothers should be qualified, and an increasing number are trying to take this duty upon themselves; but where the parents confess their helplessness the duty plainly devolves upon those who have established confidential relations with the members of the family.

#### IV

When we came to Henry Street, the appearance of a carriage before the door caused some commotion, and members of the settlement returning to the house would be met by excited little girls who announced, 'You's got a wedding by you. There's a carriage there.' It was taken for granted in those days that nothing short of a wedding would justify such magnificence.

In one way or another we were continually reminded of the paramount importance of the wedding in the life of the neighborhood. 'What!' said a shocked father to whom I expressed

my accidental revolt against insistence upon his daughter's marriage to a man who was brought by the professional match-maker and was a stranger to the girl; 'let a girl of seventeen, with no judgment whatsoever, decide on anything so important as a husband?' But as youth asserts itself under the new conditions, the *Schädchen*, or marriage-broker, no longer occupies an important position.

When we first visited families in the tenements, we might have been misled as to the decline in the family fortunes if we judged their previous estate by the photographs hung high on the walls of the poor homes, of bride and groom, splendidly arrayed for the wedding ceremony. But we learned that the costumes had been rented and the photographs taken, partly that the couple might keep a reminder of the splendor of that brief hour, and also that relations on the other side of the water might be impressed with their prosperity.

Since those days the neighborhood has become more sophisticated, and brides are more likely to make their own wedding gowns, often exhibiting good taste as well as skill; though the shop windows in the foreign quarters still display waxen figures of modishly attired bride and groom, with alluring announcements of the low rates at which the garments may be hired.

At a typical wedding of twenty years ago the supper was spread in the basement of one of the public halls, and the incongruities were not more painfully obvious to us than to the delicate-minded bride. The rabbi chanted the blessings, and the 'poet' sang old Jewish legends, weaving in stories of the families united that evening. We were moved almost to tears by the pathos of these exiles clinging to the poetic traditions of the past amid filthy surroundings; for the tables were

encompassed by piles of beer kegs, with their suggestion of drink so foreign to the people gathered there; and men and women who were not guests came and went to the dressing-rooms that opened into the dining-hall. Every time we attended a wedding it shocked us anew that these sober and right-behaving people were obliged to use for their social functions the offensive halls over or behind saloons, because there were no others to be had.

An incident a few days after my coming to the East Side had first brought to my attention the question of meeting-places for the people. As usual in hard times it was difficult for the unhappy, dissatisfied unemployed to find a place for the discussion of their troubles. Spontaneous gatherings were frequent that summer, and in one of them, described by the papers next morning as a street riot, I accidentally found myself.

It was no more than an attempt of men out of work to get together and talk over their situation. They had no money for the rent of a meeting-place, and having been driven by the police from the street corners, they tried to get into an unoccupied hall on Grand Street. Rough handling by the police stirred them to retaliation, and a show of clubs was met by missiles — pieces of smoked fish snatched from a near-by stand kept by an old woman. Violence and ill-feeling might have been averted by the simple expedient of permitting them to meet unmolested. Instinctively I realized this and felt for my purse, but I had come out with only sufficient carfare to carry me on my rounds, and an unknown, impecunious young woman in a nurse's cotton dress was not in a position to speak convincingly on the subject of renting halls.

Later, when I visited London, I could understand the wisdom of non-interference with the well-known Hyde Park

meetings. It is encouraging to note that common sense is touching the judgment of New York's officials regarding the right of the people to meet and speak freely.

Other occurrences of those early days pointed to the need of some place of assemblage other than the unclean rooms connected with saloons. Walhalla Hall on Orchard Street, famous long ago as a meeting-place for labor organizations, provided them with accommodations not more appropriate than those I have described. When from time to time a settlement resident helped to hide beer kegs with impromptu decorations, we pledged ourselves that whenever it came into our power we would provide a meeting-place for social functions and labor gatherings and a forum for public debate that would not sacrifice the dignity of those who used it. Our own settlement rooms were by that time in constant service for the neighborhood; but it was plain that even if we could have given them up entirely to such purposes, a place entirely free from 'auspices' and to be rented — not given under favor — was required. Prince Kropotkin, then on a visit to America, urged upon me the wisdom of keeping a people free by allowing freedom of speech, and of respecting their assemblages by affording dignified accommodations for them.

It was curious, when one realized it, that recognition of the normal, wholesome impulse of young people to congregate should also have been left to the saloon-keeper; and the young lads who haunted undesirable places were often wholly unaware that they themselves were, to use their own diction, 'easy marks.'

A genial red-haired lad, a teamster by trade, referred with pride to his ability as a boxer. In answer to pointed questions as to where and how he acquired his skill, he said a saloon-keeper,

'an awful good sport,' allowed the boys to use his back room. Fortunately the 'good sport's' saloon was at some distance; and, suggesting that it must be a bore to go so far after a day's hard work, I offered to provide a room and a professional to coach them on fine points if James thought the 'fellows' would care for it. James did not inquire if I had either the room or the trainer ready. A call next morning at the office of the Children's Aid Society resulted in permission to put to this service an unused part of a near-by building, and during the day a promising boxer was engaged. When James called the next evening he had a list of young men for the club.

Some weeks later a 'throw-away' — a small handbill to announce events — came into my hands. It read: —

### EAT 'EM ALIVE

GRAND ANNUAL BALL OF THE — OF  
THE NURSES' SETTLEMENT<sup>1</sup>

The date was given and the price of admission 'with wardrobe';<sup>2</sup> and to my horror the place designated for this function was a notorious hall on the Bowery, its door adjacent to one opening into 'Suicide Hall,' so designated because of several self-murders recently committed there. There was a great deal of mystery about the object of the ball, and the instructor, guileless in almost everything but the art of boxing, reluctantly betrayed the secret. They had in mind to make a large sum of money and with it buy me a present. They dreamed of a writing desk. It was a difficult situation, but the young men, their chivalrous instincts touched, reacted to my little speech and seemed to realize that it would embarrass the

<sup>1</sup> We have been popularly known as the Nurses' Settlement, but our corporate name is The Henry Street Settlement. — THE AUTHOR.

<sup>2</sup> Hat and coat checked without charge.

ladies of the settlement to be placed under the implication of profiting by the sale of liquor, — though this was rather delicate ground to tread upon, since members of the families of several of the club members were bar-tenders or in the saloon business; but the name of the settlement had been used to advertise the ball, and 'there was something in it.'

To emphasize my point and to relieve them of complications, since they had contracted for the use of the place, I offered to pay the owner of the hall a sum of money (one hundred dollars, as I recall it) if he would keep the bar closed on the night of the dance; and I pledged the young men that we would all attend and help to make the ball a success if we could compromise in this manner. The owner of the hall, however, as some of the more worldly-wise members had prophesied, scoffed at my offer.

It was soon clear to us that an entirely innocent and natural desire for recreation afforded continual opportunity for the over-stimulation of the senses and for dangerous exploitation. Later, when the question could be formally brought to the notice of the public, men and women whose minds had been turned to the evils of the dance-halls and the causes of social unrest responded to our appeal, and the Social Halls Association was organized.

Clinton Hall, a handsome, fireproof structure, was erected on Clinton Street in 1904. It provides meeting rooms for trade-unions, lodges, and benefit societies; an auditorium and ball-room, pool-rooms, dining-halls, and kitchens, with provision for the Kosher preparation of meals. In summer there is a roof-garden, with a stage for dramatic performances. The building was opened with a charming dance given by the young men of the settlement, followed soon after by a beautiful and impres-

sive performance of the *Ajax* of Sophocles by the Greeks of New York.

The stock was subscribed for by people of means, by the small merchants of the neighborhood, and by settlement residents and their friends. A janitress brought her bank book, showing savings amounting to \$200, with which she desired to purchase two shares. She was with difficulty dissuaded from the investment, which I felt she could not afford. When I explained that the people who were subscribing for the stock were prepared not to receive any return from it; that they were risking the money for the sake of those who were obliged to frequent undesirable halls, Mrs. H. replied, 'That's just the way Jim and me feel about it. We've been janitors, and we know.' The Social Halls Association is a business corporation and has its own board of directors, of which I have been president from the beginning.

Clinton Hall has afforded an excellent illustration of the psychology of suggestion. The fact that no bar is in evidence and no white-aproned waiters parade in and out of the ball-room or halls for meetings has resulted in a minimum consumption of liquor, although, during the first years, drinks could have been purchased by leaving the crowd and the music and sitting at a table in a room one floor below the ball-room. Leaders of rougher crowds than the usual clientèle of Clinton Hall, accustomed to a 'rake off' from the bar at the end of festivities, had to have documentary evidence of the small sales, so incredible did it seem to them that the 'crowd' had drunk so little.

It has been a disappointment that the income has not met the reasonable expectations of those interested. This is due partly to some mistakes of construction, — not surprising since there was no precedent to guide us, — largely to the competition of places with

different standards which derive profit from a stimulated sale of liquor, and also partly to the inability, not peculiar to our neighbors, to distinguish between a direct and an indirect charge. In all other respects the history of this building has justified our faith that the people are ready to pay for decency. It is patronized by from five to six hundred thousand people every year.

## v

The portrayal of youth in a neighborhood such as ours cannot be dissociated from labor conditions, and it was not incongruous that some of the deeper implications of this problem should have been brought to us by young women.

In the early nineties nothing in the experience or education of young people outside of labor circles prepared them to understand the movement among working people for labor organization. Happily for our democracy and the breadth of our culture, that could not be so sweepingly said to-day. Schools, colleges, leagues for political education, clubs, and associations bring this subject now to the attention of pupils and the public.

Our neighbors in the Jefferson Street tenement where we at first lived, had, like ourselves, little time for purely social intercourse. With the large family on the floor below we had established a stairway acquaintance. We had remarked the tidy appearance of a daughter of the house, and wondered how, with her long hours of work, she was able to accomplish it, — for we knew our own struggle to keep up a standard of beauty and order. We often saw her going out in the evening with books under her arm, and surmised that she attended night school. She called one evening, and our pleasure was mingled with consternation to learn that

she wished aid in organizing a trade-union. Even the term was unknown to me. She spoke without bitterness of the troubles of her shop-mates, and tried to make me see why they thought a union would bring them relief. It was evident that she came to me because of her faith that one who spoke English so easily would know how to organize in the 'American' way, and perhaps with a hope that the union might gain respectability from the alliance. We soon learned that one great obstacle to the organization of young women in the trades was a fear on their part that it would be considered 'unladylike' and might even militate against their marriage.

The next day I managed to find time to visit the library for academic information on the subject of trade-unions. That evening, in a basement in a nearby street, I listened to the broken English of the cigar-maker who was trying to help the girls; and it was interesting to find that what he gave them was neither more nor less than the philosophic argument of the book I had consulted, — that collective power might be employed to insure justice for the individual himself powerless.

The girls had real grievances for which they blamed their forewoman. One or two who had tried to reach the owner of the factory had been dismissed, — at the instance of the forewoman, they believed. It was determined to send a committee to present their complaints and to stand by the girls who were appointed on it.

The union organized that night did not last very long, for the stability of the personnel of the trade-union, particularly among women, cannot always be reckoned on. People as yet step from class to class in America with ease, as compared with other countries, and this has obvious democratic advantages; but it is not so fortunate for the trade



organizations or for the standardization of the trade itself, which is thus continually recruited from the inexperienced. There is flux among the workers, the union officials, and the employers themselves. Among women, the more or less ephemeral character of much of their work, their frequent change of occupation, and marriage, all operate against permanency. The girl who knocked at our door that night, to invite us to our first trade-union meeting, is now in a profession.

Later, when we moved to Henry Street, Fannie, who lived in the next block, enlisted our sympathy in her efforts to organize the girls in her trade. She based her arguments for shorter hours on their need of time to acquire knowledge of housekeeping and home-making before marriage and motherhood came to them, touching instinctively a fundamental argument against excessive hours for women.

• We invited Fannie to a conference of philanthropists on methods of improving the condition of working girls, in order that she might give her conception of what would be advantageous. Representatives of the various societies reported on their work: vacations provided, seats in stores, religious instruction, and so on. 'We are the hands of the boss,' said Fannie when her turn came. 'What does he care for us? I say, let our hands be for him and our heads for ourselves. We must work for bread now, but we must think of our future homes. What time has a working girl to make ready for this? We never see a meal prepared. For all we know, soup grows on trees.'

Fannie, who was headlined by the press during a strike as a Joan of Arc leading militant hosts to battle, had no educational preparation for leadership; no equipment beyond her sound good sense and her woman's subtlety. Speaking once of the difficulty of earn-

ing a living without training, she told me that her mother could do nothing but sell potatoes from a pushcart in the street, 'among those rough people.' Then, repenting of her harshness, 'Of course some of those people must be nice too, but it is hard to find a diamond in the mud.'

Frequent and prolonged conferences at the settlement with Fannie and Lottie, her equally intelligent companion, and with many others, inevitably led to some action on our part; and long anticipating the Women's Trades Union League, we took the initiative in organizing a union at the time of a strike in the cloak trade. The eloquence of the girl leaders, the charm of our back yard as a meeting-place, and possibly our own conviction that only through organization could wages be raised and shop conditions improved, finally prevailed and the union was organized. One of our residents and a brilliant young Yiddish-speaking neighbor took upon themselves some of the duties of the walking delegate. When the strike was settled and agreements for the season were about to be signed by the contractors (or middlemen) and the leader of the men's organization, I was invited into a smoke-filled room in Walhalla Hall long after midnight, to be told that the girls were included in the terms of the contract.

Though its immediate object was accomplished, this union also proved to be an ephemeral organization. For years I held the funds, amounting to sixteen dollars, because the members had scattered and we could never assemble a quorum to dispose of the money.

When, in 1903, I was asked to participate in the formation of the National Women's Trades Union League, I recognized the importance of the movement in enlisting sympathy and support for organizations among working

women. To my regret I cannot claim to have rendered services of any value in the development of the League. It was inevitable that its purpose, as epitomized in its motto, — 'The Eight Hour Day; A Living Wage; To Guard the Home' — should draw to it effective participants and develop strong leaders among working women themselves. Those who are familiar with factory and shop conditions are convinced that through organization and not through the appeal to pity can permanent reforms be assured. It is undoubtedly true that the enforcement of existing laws is in large measure dependent upon watchful trade-unions. The women's trade-union leagues, national and state, are not only valuable because of support given to the workers, but because they make it possible for women other than wage-earners to identify themselves with working people, and thus give practical expression to their belief that with them and through them the realization of the ideals of democracy can be advanced.

The imagination of New Yorkers has been fired from time to time by young working women who have had no little influence in helping to rouse public interest in labor conditions. My associates and I, in the early years of the settlement, owed much to a mother and daughter of singularly lofty mind and character, both working women, who for a time joined the settlement family. They had been affiliated with labor organizations almost all their lives. The ardor of the daughter continually prodded us to action, and the clear-minded, intellectual mother helped us to a completer realization of the deep-lying causes that had inspired Mazzini and other great leaders, whose works we were re-reading.

More recently a young cap-maker has stimulated recognition of the public's responsibility for the well-being of

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the young worker. Despite her long hours, she found time to organize a union in her trade, not in a spurt of enthusiasm but as a result of a sober realization that women workers must stand together for themselves and for those who come after them.

The inquiry that followed the disastrous fire in the factory of the Triangle Waist Company in March, 1911, when one hundred and forty-three girls were burned, or leaped from windows to their death, disclosed the fact that the owners of this factory, like many others, kept the doors of the lofts locked. Hundreds of girls, many stories above the streets, were thus cut off from access to stairs or fire-escapes because of the fear of small thefts of material. The girls in this factory had tried, a short time before the fire, to organize a union to protest against bad shop conditions and petty tyrannies.

After the tragedy, at a meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House called together by horrified men and women of the city, this young cap-maker stood at the edge of the great opera-house stage and in a voice hardly raised, although it reached every person in that vast audience, arraigned society for regarding human life so cheaply. No one could have been insensitive to her cry for justice, her anguish over the youth so ruthlessly destroyed; and there must have been many in that audience for whom ever after the little, brown-clad figure with the tragic voice symbolized the factory girl in the lofts high above the streets of an indifferent metropolis.

Before the fire the 'shirt-waist strike' had brought out a wave of popular sympathy. This was due in part to the youth of a majority of the workers, to a realization of the heroic sacrifices some of them were making (an inkling of which got to the public), and in part also to disapproval of the methods

used to break the strike. Fashionable women's clubs held meetings to hear the story from the lips of girl strikers themselves, and women gave voice to their disapproval of judges who sentenced the young strikers to prison, where they were associated — often sharing the same cells — with criminals and prostitutes. Little wonder that women who had never known the bitterness of poverty or oppression found satisfaction in picketing side by side with the working girls who were paying the great cost of the strike. Many, among them settlement residents, readily went bail or paid fines for the girls who were arrested.

Cruel and dramatic exploitation of workers is in the main a thing of the past, but the more subtle injuries of modern industry, due to over-strain, speeding-up, and a minimum of leisure, have only recently attracted attention. It is barely three years (1912) since the New York Factory Law was amended to prohibit the employment of girls over sixteen for more than ten hours in one day or fifty-four hours a week. The legislation reflected the new compunction of the community concerning these workers, though unlimited hours are still permitted in stores during the Christmas season.

Few people realize what even a ten-hour day means, especially when the worker lives at some distance from the shop or factory and additional hours must be spent in going to and from the place of employment. And in New York, travel during the rush hours may mean standing the entire distance.

Working girls, in their own vernacular, have 'two jobs.' Those who have long hours and poor pay must live at the cheapest rate. Often they are not able to pay for more than part use of a bed; and however generous may be the provision of working girls' hotels, the low-paid workers are not able to

avail themselves of these. The girl who receives the least wage must live down to the bone, cook her own meals, wash and iron her own shirt-waists, attend to all the necessary details of her home and person, and this after the long day. The cheapest worker is also likely to be the overtime worker, a fact that is most obvious to the public at Christmas time.

The Factory Investigating Commission, appointed after the Triangle fire to recommend measures for safety, has been continued for the purpose of inquiry into the wages of labor throughout the state and also into the advisability of establishing a minimum wage rate. The reports of the commission, the public hearings, and the invaluable contributions to current periodicals, are enlightening the community on the social perils due to giving a wage less than the necessary cost of decent living; and as the great majority of employees concerning whom this information has been gathered are young girls, the appeal to the public is bound to bring recommendations for safety in this respect. The dullness of life, when pettiest economies must be forever practiced, has also been well pictured in the testimony brought out by the commission.

In this article I have sought to portray the youth of our neighborhood at its more conscious and responsible period, when the age of greatest incorrigibility (said to be between thirteen and sixteen) has been passed. Labor discussions and solemn conferences on social problems may seem an incongruous background for a picture of youth. Happily, its gayety is not easily suppressed, and comforting reassurance lies in the fact that recreation has ever for the young its strong and legitimate appeal; that art and music carry their message, and that the public conscience,

which recognizes the requirements of youth, is reflected in the increasing provision for its pleasures. 'Wider use of school buildings,' 'recreation directors,' 'social centres,' 'municipal dances' are new terms that have crept into our vocabularies.

Though the Italians have brought charming *festas* into our city streets, it was not until I had admired the decorations that enhance the picturesque streets of Japan, and enjoyed the sight of the gay dancers on the boulevards of Paris on the day in July when the French celebrate, that it occurred to me that we might bring some color and gayety to the streets — even the ugly streets — of New York. For years Henry Street has had its dance on the Fourth of July, and the city and citizens share in the preparation and expense. The asphalt is put in good condition (once, for the very special occasion of the Settlement's twentieth birthday, the city officials hastened a contemplated renewal of the asphalt); the street-cleaning department gives an extra late-afternoon cleaning and keeps a white-uniformed sweeper on duty during the festivity; the police

department loans the stanchions and the park department the rope; the Edison Company illuminates with lavish generosity; from the tenements and the settlement houses hang the flags and the bunting streamers; and the neighbors — all of us together — pay for the band. Asphalt, when swept and cleaned, makes an admirable dancing floor, and to this street dance come all the neighbors and their friends. The children play games to the music in their roped-off section, the young people dance, and all are merry. The first year of the experiment, the friendly captain of the precinct asked what protection was needed. We had courage and faith to request that no officer should be added to the regular man on the beat, and the good conduct of the five or six thousand who danced or were spectators, entirely justified the faith and the courage.

The protective legislation, the new terms in our vocabulary, and the dance on the street are but symbols of the acceptance by the community of its responsibility for protecting and nurturing its precious possession, — the youth of the city.

## THE CLEAREST VOICE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

THE little business frown which John Wareham usually wore only at his office, and put off as he put on his hat in starting for home, lingered that evening, persisting through the long street-car ride, the walk past rows of suburban houses, and even to the brook at the foot of the hill below his home. Here it vanished, for the brook marked the spot where the world stopped, and Alice began. He watched with a meditative happy smile the rough stone fence which bordered this bit of meadow land, with the trailing woodbine and clematis that made it a thing of beauty; and, as he climbed the hill, the deepening color in the sunset clouds, and the notes of a wood thrush from the forest edge not far away, became part of a deep sense of harmony, breaking a mood of anxiety and fear.

Then came the comforting glimpse of the red brick house through the encompassing green, with its white daintiness of porch, fan-window, and window facings. It all looked like her; in its serene and simple distinction it seemed to embody her; her creative touch was everywhere. The bay window, about which they had disagreed when the house was planned, had, surprisingly, turned out to the liking of both; as he fumbled at the latch of the gate, and pinched his finger as he always did, a vexed sense of triumph came to him, for it surely would have worked better if he had insisted on having his own way! Everywhere were traces of little worries and little triumphs, the latter predominating. It

was the very soul of home, from the threshold to the branches of the tall elm that touched the roof protectingly; it was wholly desirable, — and it might have to go.

As he followed the brick walk, in bitterness he closed his eyes that he might not see, and so ran into a porch pillar, the one on which Alice's red roses were blossoming; the queer little groan that he gave in some strange way took on the sound of 'Railroads!' and again 'railroads!' as he beat his head against the pillar once or twice purposely; and his voice had a note of contempt. He had not felt that way about railroads when he had invested his savings, partly in the stock of a new railroad in the West, partly in the stock of an old railroad in the East that was doing wild things in the way of improvements. Then there had been nothing too good for him to say about the earning power of railroads, the wise management of railroads, the net profits of railroads. Now, both railroads were in trouble; dividends were cut, and the stock which he had hoped to sell at a profit had dropped almost to zero; the mortgage loan on his house was due in a month; and he, a man earning only a moderate salary in a real-estate office, had nothing in the world wherewith to meet the emergency. Even the savings-bank deposit had gone into railroad stock, in order that the mortgage might be paid off more quickly.

But his face lighted up with a smile both sad and bright that made quite a different face of it as he crossed the



threshold, that threshold on which Alice had stopped to kiss him the day he had married her and brought her home. There was something here that shut out all the trouble in the universe: about the doorway his wife's laughter seemed to be always floating, — that laughter, merry, touched with tenderness, made up of mirth and sorrow, as all wise laughter is. Just then came little Jack to meet him, speeding madly down the baluster; and John, as he picked up his boy, kissed him, and reproved him for coming downstairs that way, had nothing to answer, when his son averred that it was lots better than a railroad, save 'That might well be.'

'There's ice cream for dinner,' the boy exploded; and the father, roughly smoothing Jack's tousled hair, started as he caught a sound of chatter from the living-room, and stood still in dismay. That to-day of all days should be the time of the family gathering which brought two uncles, two aunts, and three cousins to the house! How completely he had forgotten! He hung up his hat and grasped little Jack's hand; he would tell them nothing about his troubles, nothing; he would be the ideal host, concealing his personal vexations under a cordial smile.

But hardly had he opened the door, with his office bag still held absent-mindedly in his hand, than they were upon him. The cordial smile did not deceive them for a minute. Aunt Janet, who was sitting by the fireplace, looked the most troubled of all, though she said nothing. It was 'Why, John, what's the matter?' from Aunt Mary, and 'Well, John, how goes it?' from Uncle Philip, who looked as if he knew that it went very badly indeed; and 'What makes you look so worried? With a home like this, no man ought to look worried,' from his Cousin Austin, who had recently become engaged and was thinking about homes. He

nodded approvingly at the room, which was simply furnished, soft in coloring, with English chintzes, a few pictures of trees and of water, — all out-of-door things, — and a fireplace that showed signs of constant use.

John's face brightened as he caught this look of admiration; not all the confusion of greeting and inquiries in regard to health, not all the business worries in the world could check the sense of peace that always came to him in entering this room, which, more perfectly than any other spot, expressed the personality of Alice. He managed to make his way through the little crowd of sympathetic wrinkled faces, and wondering smooth faces. There were, it was discovered, comfortable chairs enough for all, and John found himself, as host, the centre of a little group bent on probing his affairs, in friendly fashion, to the bottom.

It was his sister Emily who finally started the flood of questioning that led to the betrayal of the secret he had meant to keep for the present. She came bustling in through the door leading to the dining-room, looking anxious as soon as she glanced at her brother; and from the brass bowl of yellow roses held unsteadily in her hand, a few drops splattered to the floor.

'Are you ill, John,' she asked, 'or have you lost —' Among all the many voices of inquiry, comment, question whereby she was interrupted, the voice of Alice was the clearest, making the others, no matter how near the speakers stood, seem to come from far away. Little Jack came and climbed upon his father's knee, a curious reproduction of the family look of worry appearing upon his chubby face. John the elder leaned his head back in the chintz-covered chair, shutting his eyes for a minute with a sense of warmth and satisfaction, and the nearness of the cuddling body of his son.

'Everything's the matter,' he said wearily, 'everything'; and he had a momentary twinge of conscience, realizing that he was not being the ideal host.

They all watched him anxiously, sympathetically, in silence; and Aunt Mary, near the window, went on drawing her needle in and out with exquisite precision, her gray head bent over a centrepiece which she intended to present to the house.

'Oh no, I'm not ill,' said John Wareham, suddenly sitting upright; 'but the Long Gorge Railroad has gone into a receiver's hands, and three days ago the New York and Nineveh cut its dividend. I'm done for.'

Emily gave a little gasp, and said nothing. 'You will pull through all right,' asserted Uncle Philip, stirring up the fire in order to hide his face. And Cousin Austin slapped John's shoulder, saying facetiously, 'Take courage, Jeremiah. The worst is yet to come.'

John laughed in spite of himself, and struck his fist upon the knee not occupied by Jack.

'Every dollar I had in the world I had drawn out and put into those two cursed things. Now I've nothing, no capital, no credit. The place has got to go.'

'No, no!' cried the women-folk.

'The place has got to go,' repeated John Wareham, his face in little Jack's hair. 'And I feel as if I could rob a bank or a jewelry store to prevent that.'

Jack burst into a delighted giggle, through which John heard, 'You would n't do any such thing, and you must n't talk that way before Jack.' It was Alice who spoke, with a little catch in her voice that sometimes came, half way between a laugh and a sob; and it was echoed by the two aunts.

'Railroads!' growled John, with supreme contempt. 'It would have been a great deal better if railroads had

never been invented. Jack, we shall have to get a prairie schooner, and trek to the West.'

Jack's eyes shone like stars, but he got no chance to say anything, for, with that outburst, the springs of speech were loosened. There was the clamor, the chorus clamor, of relatives, indignant, inquisitive, sympathetic relatives, all eager to help, and all uneasily conscious that their own small measure of prosperity would hardly stand the strain. He shook his head sadly in answer to the inquiry as to whether he could not borrow: he had no security. Aunt Mary did not fail to remind him that she had warned him at the time; Aunt Janet, in a thin but affectionate voice, admitted that she had suffered in the same way heavily. And then the clock ticked through a brief silence.

'Why don't you read your letters?' asked Emily suddenly. She stood, absent-mindedly arranging the flowers with one finger, busy already with plans for the future.

There was a small pile of letters on the centre table, quite within John's reach; he began tearing open the envelopes in mechanical fashion, throwing them untidily upon the floor. As each one fell, Jack slid down and picked it up, climbing back to his father's knee. One was a wedding announcement; one was a plumber's bill; at the third, John paused, read, looked up bewildered, and read again.

'Why, Emily!' he exploded, boyishly. 'This can't be. Read that, will you, and tell me if I have lost my mind.'

Emily put down the roses, and read the letter slowly, wonderingly, smiling even as her brother had smiled.

'Not Uncle John! And we were always so afraid of him!'

'Twenty thousand dollars,' murmured John.

Open-mouthed silence waited upon

them, until Cousin Austin broke the spell with,—

‘I say, would you mind if I looked over your shoulder?’

And John flung him the letter with a little whoop of joy.

‘Is this plain living, or is this a fairy story?’ he demanded quizzically. ‘I never thought of myself as a dark-eyed hero with a fortune dropping into my hands just in the nick of time! A title ought to go with it!’

The vibrant energy of the man was back again; the dry humor that, in sunny seasons, quivered about his mouth, was once more there; the mocking incredulity of his words belied the growing look of peace and security in his face. The years seemed slipping from him, bringing him a mellow boyhood.

‘Twenty thousand dollars is n’t exactly a fortune, John.’

‘It will buy the place twice over,’ exulted the man, ‘and we shan’t have to start for the West in a prairie schooner right away!’

‘Shan’t we, papa?’ asked little Jack, in hungry disappointment.

But the child’s shrill voice had little chance where everybody was speaking at once. Aunt Mary’s ‘Well, I hope you will hang on to this, and not be foolish again,’ and Cousin Austin’s ‘You deserve it, John,’ and Uncle Howard’s ‘Well, I *am* glad. Shake!’ and several other congratulatory remarks all came at once.

‘The poor old fellow; the poor old fellow,’ said John to himself softly, rubbing his hands. ‘I suppose he died out in Oklahoma all alone. How he happened to will this to me, I give up; he did n’t like me very well.’

The very atmosphere of the room had changed; once more a feeling of quiet pleasure pervaded it. The full sense of home, peace, security came back, with a suggestion of a kettle sing-

ing on the hearth, though there was no kettle nearer than the kitchen.

‘But there’s Frank —’ It must have been Alice who suggested this, and a something disturbing, questioning, crept into the air.

‘Frank!’ said John Wareham suddenly. ‘Why, I’d forgotten all about Frank! We have n’t heard of him for more than fifteen years or so, have we?’

‘More than that,’ answered Emily. ‘He was in Mexico, the last we knew.’

‘He may be living,’ suggested John. ‘Mexico is always in such a state — I suppose the mails can’t be trusted.’

‘We ought to find out,’ said Alice.

‘Uncle John had cast him off,’ suggested Emily tentatively, anxiously.

‘But he was Uncle John’s own son,’ said Alice, earnestly, compellingly; ‘and wasn’t Uncle John in the wrong?’

‘Uncle John was a queer customer,’ said John hastily. ‘He was cranky, no doubt about it, but he was n’t crazy; and if this lawyer’s statement is correct, I’ve got a good legal right to the twenty thousand, have n’t I?’

‘Of course you have!’ said Aunt Mary.

‘But the moral right?’ whispered Alice.

‘What was the quarrel about, anyway?’ asked Austin. ‘Frank’s marriage, was n’t it? I never heard much about it.’

‘That was part of it,’ said Aunt Janet. ‘Frank, you know, fell in love with a little country girl whom his father did not want him to marry, but he insisted on having his way, and married her.’

‘Good for him,’ nodded Austin approvingly.

Little Jack, glancing from one to another with wide blue eyes, was silently weaving his philosophy of life, and his interpretation of humanity.

‘Religion was mixed up in it in some way,’ contributed John. ‘Uncle grew to be something of a fanatic, and he

wanted them both to believe what he believed, and they would n't, or did n't, or could n't. It was incompatibility of temper all round, I dare say.'

'Frank was a good son,' reminded Alice. 'He was patient with his father, and he all but gave up his life for Uncle John, nursing him through diphtheria.'

More and more the sweet, persistent voice brought trouble and question into the atmosphere from which trouble and question had so suddenly cleared. The new security began to seem unstable; the new-found joy a stolen thing. Even in the pauses, the personality of the woman spoke from curtain and cushion and fireplace of this room of her devising. She dominated the whole, seeming the only presence there; brother and sister and guests shrank in the radiance of her.

'Do you really think I ought to hunt Frank up?' asked the man.

Emily shook her head, but doubtfully.

'You probably couldn't find him, after all these years.'

'I could try,' admitted John.

'Nonsense!' cried Aunt Mary, over her embroidery. 'You stay right where you are, and pay off your mortgage. A man who has worked as hard as you have, and has had as much trouble, ought to take a bit of good luck when it comes.'

'Think how much good you could do with it,' murmured Aunt Janet.

'As the pickpocket said when he put the stolen dime in the collection plate,' said Austin; but fortunately Aunt Janet did not understand.

'Uncle had a right to do what he pleased with his own,' said John defiantly. 'If he chose to cast off his son, for reasons which he considered sufficient, he had the right.'

'But you cannot cast off your son,' persisted Alice. 'John, we have a boy

of our own. You know that the obligation is one for all eternity; you cannot get rid of fatherhood.'

'O papa, papa, you hurt me,' squealed little John, suddenly interrupted in his philosophy-weaving.

'Confound it all!' cried John with sudden irritation. 'Is n't this just like life! To hold out the rope, just to grab it away again with a grin — I won't, I say. What is mine is mine.'

'But it is n't yours.'

'Did Frank have any children?' he asked.

'Several, I believe,' admitted Emily reluctantly.

'And he never got on?'

'He never got on.'

'And the twenty thousand might save their pesky little Mexican souls.'

The child's laughter rippled out across the shocked silence of the elders.

'Maybe Uncle John left them something,' suggested Emily. 'For a man who tried such big things this does n't seem much money.'

Her brother shook his head.

'“The entire sum of which he stands possessed,”' he read from the lawyer's letter.

'You might make a few inquiries through the post. I rather imagine the Mexican mail service is n't very trustworthy,' suggested Aunt Mary, hopefully.

He looked at her, but in abstracted fashion, as if it were not to Aunt Mary that he was listening.

'I'll write to this Oklahoma lawyer, and then I must go to Mexico.'

'Is n't it a little quixotic?'

'It's most likely all kinds of foolishness, like everything else I do,' groaned the man. 'But it's what I'd want done for my little chap if I were dead and he alive, and I had quarreled with him. I suppose I could keep this money and save my skin, but —'

'You could n't keep it without find-

ing out,' murmured Alice, 'because you are you, and the real you is incapable of doing a mean thing.'

'You must do as you think best,' said Emily at last. 'Maybe, if you find Frank, he won't want it all, but will divide, knowing that his father willed it to you.'

'That may be as it may be,' said the

man, leaning back in his chair with the face of one listening. 'But I go to Mexico. It's a queer game we play here, and I'll be dashed if I can understand it, but I'm going to play it as fairly as I know how.'

So the voice of Alice won, — of Alice, who had been dead for five long years.

## BUSINESS AND DEMOCRACY

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

### I

MANY important forms of the social fabric are to-day in the 'melting pot.' New proposals are legion. Opinion gathers quickly behind a taking novelty, and conditions are such that it spreads by some lateral absorption like water in a lump of sugar. Industrial democracy is receptive and expectant of change — even if only for the sake of change. Currents of impatient protest arise suddenly and flood with Daytonian ruin old established bulwarks of society. Old landmarks are submerged. Reverence for the authority of age and experience — and even of law — is slight. The independence of a strongly individualistic democracy is feeling the pride of new strength, and delights in its power without much thought of consequences. If the rising tide has lifted our anchors, where are we drifting? Are we throwing aside compass and quadrant, and sailing by caprice for a port closed in by fog?

Whether we like it or not, we must face the fact that large groups of men

— and women — have found in democracy the opportunity and occasion to give expression to a raw, untrained pride of opinion on the most difficult questions of government and economics. Respect for authority, for those who have achieved something important, for experience and knowledge, has seemingly disappeared. Gross ignorance noisily reigns in the marketplace; and the man who refuses to 'blow his own horn,' and who bases his claims on his merits, is lost in the crowd. We have democracy growing rank; settling policies, not according to insight and merit, but according to their effect in catching votes. An untrained, uneducated constituency, no matter how honest, is a very paradise for the demagogue. The confidence of conceit and passion is in direct ratio to ignorance. Why is it that the son seems to have more assurance than his father? 'Cheek,' brazen effrontery, cock-sureness, and unwillingness to hear criticism are the marks of men who guide other men of less force. These are some of the evident results of democracy;



but they are as old as Socrates. The same characteristics that trouble us today showed themselves in Athens. And yet the world has progressed since those days in Athens.

On all sides we hear of 'social unrest,' of Socialism, of *sabotage*, and the Industrial Workers of the World. Many intelligent people seem to have acquired a stubborn conviction that no man can have become rich honestly.

It is doubtless true that many forms and opinions are undergoing change. Some things, to be sure, are certainly going by the board. But while changes are coming, the stars in their courses still show us the same firmament. Crews may mutiny against officers; but officers and discipline are still the rule of the sea. We may have eruptions of ignorance and passion; but sooner or later the shallow and the criminal give way before the inevitable, permanent forces of right and progress.

## II

Democracy in its old significance bore on political relations and equality of treatment by the government. But now we hear of industrial democracy, and economic equality; that is, since one man's vote is as good as another's, it is assumed that one man's wages should be as good as another's. Right there is the break with logic and human nature: all men never were born equal in industrial capacity, and consequently have no right to equal industrial rewards. Indeed, the whole distribution system of wealth is necessarily based on the fact that some men are more efficient in productive industry than others.

There is, moreover, a further association with industrial democracy: it is assumed that the existing system of industry supplied by private capital and managed by individuals is unjust; that

men are not getting 'social' and economic justice; and that, so long as there are poor men, large fortunes must have been unjustly accumulated. And so we are made aware that, when laborers in any field, having formerly received, say three dollars a day, are by virtue of strikes now getting five or six dollars, and for less hours in the day, yet they are not satisfied. They have no intention of stopping the campaign for higher wages; if they have already doubled wages, why not double them again? if they have gained five dollars a day, why not keep on until they have fifty? what is to prevent this consummation? The truth that increasing wages for the same effort increases expenses of production and consequently prices to the consumer is lightly ignored. As long as employers have palatial homes, fine horses and automobiles, and dine at tables of Levi, why should laborers not keep on demanding? In brief, industrial democracy assumes that wealth is unjustly distributed, and its avowed end is a new and different distribution. This purpose, every man who has capital invested in his own business must face. It is the purpose of growing numbers in our community; and these numbers, having votes, wish to use state and national legislation to aid in forcing their system on society. Then those who seek high office, and wish to secure these votes, are cleverly bidding for followers under the standard of 'social justice.' They have spread their sails to catch that particular slant of wind to gain their desired end.

What does 'social justice' mean? Supposedly, it means the extension of justice not now obtainable by law to a field of economic rewards in which injustice is assumed. For instance, if wages in some sweated industries are very low, it would be 'social justice' to raise them. But, if wages should be

equal among those of equal earning capacity, how can the wages of the less capable be made equal to those of the more highly capable? Certainly not by legislation. Such a position, however, is not inconsistent with the belief that intelligent legislation may often change environment so as better to equalize opportunity and choice of occupation. But we do not need a new phrase, 'social justice,' to cover justice to men for acts included under accepted codes. For instance, a disease-breeding sweatshop is a violation of municipal health regulations and to be dealt with accordingly. 'Social justice' is a convenient phrase to the politician, because it appeals to most men's sense of dissatisfaction with their material reward, and it is too vague to be concretely challenged.

### III

The reason that some men are rich and some are poor has nothing to do with their goodness; a good man may be stupid, or he may have an artistic temperament unaccompanied by practical business sense; while another man, just as honest, may have foresight, good judgment, a cool head, executive ability, and great business sagacity. The former is likely to remain poor; while the latter may amass a great fortune. The former may be a great artist, and, from the side of culture, he may be a more valuable man to society than the latter: it all depends on whether we rate creative art higher than riches. It is no disparagement to be poor, if one can serve society in other ways than by gaining wealth; and many men gain wealth who do nothing for the well-being of others in society. Now, without attempting to grade the pursuits of men, whether the accumulation of wealth is higher or lower in value than other pursuits, most of us are obliged to face the practical problem of income.

It is a purely material question; it concerns man's capacity to get material rewards. To some people—fortunately not all—this is the sole problem. And it may here be observed that Socialism is a purely material philosophy; its objective is to overturn existing privately managed industry in order to obtain for the workers more material wealth to consume. They may not get it; but that is their end. It is not their aim to get more goodness, but more material wealth; unless by having more to spend they expect to grow in grace.

By unthinking persons discrimination is thrown to the wind. If they hear of one rich man who is evil, all rich men are evil. Without any economic examination, it is assumed that, if a man is rich, it can be only because he has got riches at the expense of others, and especially of his laborers. Hence the theory—already alluded to—that workmen are right in pressing for higher wages until all shall become equally rich. That is in essence the hope of industrial democracy.

Let us face this assumption. 'All the fools are not dead yet,' it is true; but it is equally true that the saving grace of common sense is still a characteristic of our American people. Let me give a concrete case, which after all is only typical of legions of others.

Among the cowboys on a Southwestern ranch was one quiet, silent fellow of eighteen; he rode well, knew the nature of a cow, took a joke on himself good-naturedly, and said nothing. At the end of the month the 'bunch blew in' the month's wages at the saloons in the nearest town; but our young man, in a lonesome way, stayed on the ranch and did not go to town. He took the usual jibes, grinned, and said nothing. He was fed and found on the ranch, and at the end of the year he had \$360 to his credit. This went on three or four years. Suddenly he was known to

have preëmpted 160 acres of the best land in the region; he built his shack and stocked his farm from his savings. He was a good judge of horses and cattle, and worked indefatigably on his farm — which was truly his 'savings bank.' In one year his wheat sold for \$3500. His 'stand' of alfalfa was as good as any in the country. He needed more help, and he employed some of the boys he had known on the old ranch, and he paid them more than they had earned in the saddle. Then, after having paid for his farm, he had enough to buy an adjoining 160 acres for cash; he had a rapidly increasing herd on the open range. In a very few years he became the owner of 1200 acres of alfalfa in Texas, apart from his other farms and herds. His annual income at one time some years ago from wheat alone was over \$10,000. Then he invested in more land, bought bank stock, helped build new railways, and was in recent years popularly acclaimed a millionaire.

Now, did this man gain his fortune at the expense of others? Any other of those mad-riding, reckless cowboys could have done the same, if they had had the qualities that industrial success demands. Aye: there's the rub. Industrial success is personal, not social. Society is not holding a man down; the existing social system is not keeping men at the bottom; it is their own personal deficiencies that keep them there. Industrial success can be won at a price; and the price is observance of the inevitable rules of the game, — namely, sobriety, industry, saving, avoidance of speculation, knowledge of human nature, good judgment, common sense, persistence, intelligence, and integrity. No social system ever keeps a man down who has these qualities. Is it not the best thing for the world to find out that industrial success can be won only by the display of these qualities? Is it 'social justice' to

proclaim to the thriftless, or careless, that the social system is responsible for their scanty means, and that they should claim a share in the wealth of our rich and successful cowboy? He should be made to divide. On with 'social justice' to the unfortunate; down with the plutocrats! There is indeed much wrong in the world to be righted; but it does not avail to separate wrong from its personal nature and ascribe it to a vague thing like the social system.

## IV

'Yes: what you say is obvious,' I hear some one remark, 'but how about the malefactors of great wealth?' In the first place, size is no crime; if business, legitimately carried on, becomes very large, that is a mark of success and of the phenomenal opportunities of a new country abounding in natural resources, inhabited by a constantly growing population. Great fortunes honestly won are just as possible as small fortunes honestly won. 'Very good; but look at the big rascals in high finance,' says the suspicious man. Now let us face that point directly. Here is the place to insist upon a significant distinction: robbery, cheating, stealing, falsehood, dishonesty are to-day under the ban of law; the laws of the land are sufficient to convict any perpetration of these wrongs, if there is proof; and we all insist that the law shall be enforced. This we are all agreed upon. But, on the other hand, if I am poor, and B is very rich, am I justified in declaring that B is thereby a 'malefactor of great wealth.' That assumes the economic proposition that no man could become very rich except at the expense of others, or by unfair practices. That proposition cannot be admitted for one moment. We may readily admit that some men may have become rich by rascality, by cheating

others, by devices which escape the letter of the law, and which are dishonest and unmoral; but it is stupid to say that that is true of all rich men. It is the mark of the untrained mind that it can make no discriminations. Indeed, we are living in such a hysterical age that no discriminating judgments seem to be popular. Consequently the business world must face the fact that half-baked teaching, and demagogic appeals to prejudice, have made masses of our people believe that if a man is very rich he is necessarily a bad man. It is assumed that no man ought to accumulate more than a certain amount; and there follows the corollary that the masses of voters, being poor, should force the rich to give up a portion of their accumulations; and one form of this contention appears in a demand for progressive taxes to pay a greater proportion of the expenses of government. Such a policy has no economic basis; it is solely the development of industrial democracy. A counting of noses settles that question, not a counting of economic arguments. As long as economic questions are settled, not by expert advice, but by universal suffrage, there is no help for the business world but the education of the voter.

## V

The equality of political democracy, as I have said, is by facile logic transferred to industrial democracy; but these two realms of human actions are founded on radically different bases and conditions. What is true of one is not true of the other. All men have, and should have, equal rights before the law; each should have equal protection of life and property; but if A is sober and thrifty and saves up \$10,000, and, if B is never sober and owns perhaps only his horse, then the state owes A the same protection over his \$10,000 that

it owes B over his one horse. And the principle is the same whether A has \$10,000 or \$100,000,000 — provided he does not violate the rights of others. In industrial democracy B ought to have no more right over A's \$10,000 than he has over my overcoat. Unless that is founded in adamant, what protection has B for his horse against the dishonest, powerful rich man? The Middle Ages is the answer to that.

But industrial democracy openly attacks this system of property and its theory of justice. It is sometimes forgotten that the development of individual private property since 600 A.D. has been a large part of the growth of civil liberty and the acquisition of freedom and equality of the individual. It was not forced on the race by any great conqueror. Like all permanent law, it is an expression of the wishes and customs of the race. Our rights to property to-day are what they are because the race is what it is. Now comes Socialism, in all its varied forms, and proposes to put the control of capital and industry in the hands of the state. It is in pursuit of material rewards. If, in the open competition of men with men, in the industrial struggle, B is surpassed by A, he accepts his individual failure; but B asks the state to make A share the results of his skill with him. That is the essence of Socialism: as I have said elsewhere, it is a philosophy of failure. It is not likely to succeed in the ultimate end; but it is coloring industrial democracy through and through. Its practical form is governmental interference with industry. In the case of public utilities and monopolies there is a reason for the intervention of the state, but it is not a Socialistic reason. Whenever an industry is by nature more or less monopolistic, competitive conditions can be best preserved by the supervision of society. But, standing on the rock of civil and religious

freedom, one must fight every attempt to regulate and restrict the freedom of individual initiative in industry wherever it may be shown that it does not infringe on the rights of others.

There is to-day being created a nebulous area in human activities in which the legislatures and the courts are being urged to interfere with the acts of individuals on the ground that the state knows better than the individual what is good for him; that you can make men better by legislation; and can prevent 'social power' from going to waste. There is danger in that attitude to the efficiency and virility of the race. On the other hand, while we urge altruistic ideals, we must preserve the soundness of the individual unit if society as a whole is to keep its vigor.

Yet men of note sometimes show a sort of intellectual strabismus on such a simple matter as the functions of capital — which comes into existence only by personal control over consumption, and is necessary to the very existence of modern production on its present scale and necessary to the very consumption of the laboring classes. We are told that 'one of the greatest pieces of work mapped out for the workers of this century was to socialize steam as earlier inventions and discoveries had been socialized and made the property of the whole people in past centuries. . . . The nineteenth century saw the greatest revolution of the world — that of feudalism to industrialism. The twentieth century will see an even greater revolution, that from the control of capital to the control of men.' To socialize steam! Why not socialize the spots on the sun, or the new River of Doubt in Brazil, or the serum of infantile paralysis? Furthermore, who now controls capital but men? Or is it meant that thriftless men who never accumulate any capital should be put in control of capital created by other

men? The purpose could be more quickly accomplished by abolishing all laws against stealing.

## VI

The analysis of the whole situation gives us a very clear understanding of what business must face. The essential idea of industrial democracy is equality of industrial rewards. What is being done to reach that objective? Left to purely economic processes, it would be impossible of realization; that is, in the give and take of actual business, it would never happen that the unskilled should receive the same wages as the skilled, or that men of no executive ability should be entrusted with important work of direction in positions of great responsibility, and be given similar rewards. Then, how does industrial democracy intend to gain its ends? Simply by introducing the machinery and methods of political democracy into industrial democracy; by treating all social and industrial grievances politically. Now, note what that means. It transfers the solution of an industrial difficulty from the realm of economics into the realm of politics. By taking away such a thing, for example, as price-fixing from the realm of economic forces like demand and supply, it hands it over to decision by the political agencies of the state.

Let me illustrate. Railways supplied with capital by private persons serve a quasi-public service, and are properly subjected to governmental supervision. Railways, however, — leaving out of account fraudulent manipulation, — supply transportation supposedly at a price sufficient to cover legitimate expenses and a reasonable rate of dividend on the capital invested. In any ordinary business, when the cost of materials and wages rises, the manufacturer may raise the price of his pro-



duct to the consumer. Not so with the railways under industrial democracy. The government leaves materials and wages to economic causes which have greatly increased the cost of operating the railways; but political agencies prevent the railways from correspondingly raising the rates for transportation.

Suppose the state were to say to men in private business, that, when wages, rents, coal, and materials rise, they must not raise the prices of their goods. How would they feel? They would think that was going a little too far; and yet very similar proposals are now before us. Let me illustrate by another instance the injection of political agencies into the industrial realm. Not realizing that wages must be paid in some proportion to earning power, our industrial democracy is proposing to enact a law fixing a minimum rate of wages. Although now introduced for women, it is well understood that it will be followed by similar laws for men. It introduces a new and unjustifiable basis of wages, — that wages shall be paid on the shifting basis of what it costs to live, — the thrifless to receive more than the competent.

Because of the growing assumption that it is 'social justice' for the state to take away wealth from those who have and give it to those who have not, we are having some remarkable developments in the practice of taxation. Such needs as roads, bridges, schools, asylums, hospitals, care of the poor, and the like have been generally regarded as desirable objects of taxation. But now we are undoubtedly confronted with a new theory on which taxation is to be extended. Since great numbers of men are poor and are receiving small industrial rewards, it is proposed that the state should by taxation take from the wealth of the country and expend it in ways that would practically increase the returns of the many. This is

the fundamental reason for increasing taxes to meet 'social needs.' There is an important distinction to be drawn here. On the one hand are those objects which could be carried out only by the power of the state and by some social coöperation beyond the power of individual initiative; on the other hand are those expenditures which, however gracious and appealing, pauperize the classes relieved from desirable self-sacrifice. To-day, it is no exaggeration to say that public expenditures which are intended to catch the votes of the many under the pretense of 'social justice' are becoming enormous. The increasing taxes on business are taking on the character of a portent. What is the end? Assuming the growing intention to expend for 'social' purposes, new taxes, like the income tax and the tax on land-value, are devised, but without in any way reducing the burden of existing forms of taxation.

## VII

This vague area in which increasing action by the state is urged is the field wherein all the novel projects of the day arise. This vagueness is a paradise for dreamers, sentimentalists, and revolutionists. If I am not mistaken, one of the side-shows of industrial democracy is the 'Return of Government to the People.' If any wrong is being done and the 'law' is silent, then the sooner a new law is made to cover a new situation the better; we are all agreed on that. However, it must be admitted that the face of the business world is changing; new methods of doing business are superseding old ones; centres of trade are shifting; distance is annihilated; international relations touch our daily transactions. The regulation of the rights of individuals in their new relations is a complex and serious matter. For instance, the development of

irrigation and water-power has forced the creation of a new body of law. Also, for instance, the form of our government, with state and federal laws valid over the same territory, raises a whole series of new problems as to interstate commerce, and the regulation of monopolies. These problems are legion; they are at once new and difficult.

Now, with the history of the growth of civil liberty behind us, with the experience of centuries to warn us, to what kind of persons, and in what way, should we entrust the solution of these problems? The fine flower of Anglo-Saxon civilization — its gift to the rest of the world — is representative government. What is implied in that? Simply that difficult matters of law-making should not be left to the untrained, to a hit-and-miss body of all citizens; but that the whole body should pick out the best trained, the best qualified, and tell them to give their whole time to this expert service, since the average citizen, busied in industry, has no time or capacity for specialized study. That is practical, intelligent government for the people and by the people. It is the application of the old principle of division of labor.

Now, on what ground is it advisable to take away the initiative in legislation from representatives of all the people and refer it to the people themselves? On the ground that representatives do not represent? Then, what is the difficulty in selecting those who do? If we say the whole body cannot do this, then we are effectively indicting the intelligence and motives of this general body of voters. If this be accepted, then they are certainly unfit to pass on legislation which requires specialized expertness. There is no satisfactory answer to this argument. Obviously, the only remedy for poor legislation is greater alertness and responsibility in choosing our representatives. That, in

my judgment, is the pith of the whole matter raised by the advocates of the initiative and referendum. Popular voting on technical questions of money, banking, labor, price-regulation, and monopolies is the height of absurdity. If you have an attack of appendicitis you do not call in as surgeon the first stranger you meet on the street. Why do we not need the expert on legislation affecting industry as well as the expert in surgery? We are most truly returning the government to the people when we are placing government in the hands of honest and intelligent representatives, and taking it away from the bigoted and the ignorant, whoever they may be.

#### VIII

In this brief way the salient characteristics of recent thinking known as industrial democracy have been touched upon. Whither are we drifting? What is the meaning to business of this 'new thought'? By business, of course, is meant legitimate business, thoughtfully and honestly conducted. It is obvious that such business is threatened with very serious misconceptions, with widespread delusions having no economic justification. It is not to the point to say these are illogical or mistaken; saying so does not change the fact of their existence. Fantastic proposals affecting business are urged upon legislatures in order to give the effect of law to some passing wave of sentiment. And we must remember, too, that a great many of these proposals are put forward by enthusiastic radicals who are often quite sincere and honest in their beliefs. Attacks are being made on established institutions; nothing is taken for granted; and the justification for established institutions must be given anew. In short we can hold the bulwarks of constitutional government only by fighting for them.

Democracy gives an open forum for all shades of opinion from conservatism to radicalism — and worse; and that is as it should be. If established institutions are the best, they will survive without question; but we are undoubtedly in for a hot debate on fundamentals. I, for one, welcome that discussion; after a full and free discussion the American people have never gone far wrong. A state is dead that cannot bear free discussion. But the situation calls for serious and alert intelligence to watch that the rights of legitimate business are well defended and not weakened. Attacks are not to be regarded as a basis for discouragement, but rather as a stimulus to virile thinking and activity. A dead fish can float downstream; only a live fish can swim upstream.

There is no use disguising the fact of a tendency in modern industrial democracy to an exaggerated doctrine of equality; by that I mean a tendency to regard all men as having a right to equal shares of wealth, independent of the God-given differences in mind and body. Dissatisfaction with existing shares, as now distributed, is general; and few there are who are sufficiently trained to explain why rewards are what they are to-day. If dissatisfaction is general, and if economic insight and training are rare, you have the inevitable field for agitation. Educating the public intelligence is the obvious remedy; but widespread education in economics is a slow process. Meanwhile, gusts of popular opinion, no matter how wrong, are certain to break forth, and the kind of legislators we now choose are likely to follow public opinion in order to retain office. Hence, we are almost certain to have quixotic legislation on business concerns. If wrong, they will do damage. When the radicals are not influenced by reason and experience, there is no teacher so con-

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vincing as the merciless blows of disaster. 'Experience is a dear school, and fools learn therein.' There is probably no other schoolmaster likely to teach the millions of men unable to think correctly in economics. As to the final result there can be no doubt: the light-headed agitator of the day and his followers, buoyed up by an inflated gas of passion, may have a brief flight of triumph, to be followed by a destructive fall to cold fact. In this process damage will be done; both conservatives and radicals will suffer; but the middle truth of common sense and right will always emerge, and the fads will sooner or later be forgotten. The extremes of these outbreaks will be diminished in violence just in proportion as public opinion is better educated and better regulated.

## IX

The business man, as a rule, is a coward. He is usually willing to compromise in any serious emergency in order to protect his earnings; his credit is probably extended to the limit of the willingness of the banker to lend; his credit and his operations are dependent on his earnings, which are fully known to his banker. Consequently, it is unusual for him to stand out for a principle, or to fight for his rights. How can he as an individual oppose his hundreds or thousands of employees? But if disaster is the inevitable outcome of industrial democracy, he cannot escape it by procrastination. What can he do?

The man who carries on a legitimate business must do the same thing that the employee has done: he must organize, and resort to collective bargaining, for his own salvation. But, it is said, the laws forbid this; while labor unions are being excepted by Congress. A curious hysteria possesses our politicians. The chiefs of the labor organizations sat in the galleries of Congress to

watch and mark the votes of members in the interest of the labor vote in coming campaigns for reëlection. To show how far this hysteria has developed, imagine the effect if the chief leaders of big business were to ask for special legislation and then openly gather in the galleries of Congress to 'spot' those who voted against their interests.

Meanwhile, every means should be used to further equality in industry. It should be the aim of every one to see that those of equal capacities should have, as nearly as possible, equal rewards. In the actual whirl of busy pro-

duction this may not always be so; and our business men are in duty bound to see that there is no cause for complaint on the score of a desire to get profits at the expense of another human being. The rich and successful are under a moral obligation to the poor and unsuccessful. Much may be done to show the workmen that they are regarded, not as machines to earn profit, but as human beings to be given greater comfort and happiness. In the sense of equal wages for equal capacities, industrial democracy can hope for industrial equality.

## RUPERT BROOKE

*(Died at the Dardanelles, April, 1915)*

BY CONRAD AIKEN

You need no praise, nor is this meant to be:  
 But the sincere and baffled grief of one  
 Who walked with you under last summer's sun,  
 And laughed with you at vain mortality.  
 An hour, that afternoon, we sat for tea  
 In a café, upstairs. Time soon had run.  
 We talked of great things waiting to be done, —  
 Talking, as young men will, ambitiously.  
 I smiled, then, seeing your open throat, soft tie,  
 The golden, godlike head, your eyes' bold blue,  
 Your burning seriousness, — O youth! thought I.  
 But now (not strange), I think and think of you  
 Saying that day, 'It does not matter why  
 Men act: what matters most is what men do.'

# BRITISH GENERALSHIP

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

## I

It is probable that no war since Bannockburn democratized the battlefield has been so revolutionary in method and resource as that into which Europe was plunged last August. It was forty-four years since Germany and France were last engaged in warfare on any considerable scale; over twelve years since England was at war with the Boer republics, and ten years since Russia was at war with Japan. The echoes of the Balkan wars, it is true, had hardly died away; but those wars, bloody though they were, had the character of the wars of the past. The movements were rapid, the decisions swift, and the resources and methods employed were familiar.

Not until the Russo-Japanese war was there any suggestion that the art and conduct of war were on the eve of vital changes, consequent upon the dominating influence which artillery had established in the field. The battle of Mukden was the precursor of the new siege warfare which, with its dullness and its ugliness, was to supersede the old romantic war of swift surprise, crashing blow, and shifting scene. But in the ten years that had succeeded Mukden there had been developments whose effect could be only to differentiate still further modern warfare from that of the past. The conquest of the air, the invention of wireless communication, the improvement in motor traction, were among the most important of the factors which had come into opera-

tion; and inasmuch as the practice of warfare, like the practice of anything else, is largely governed by its tools, it was clear that when war on the grand scale came, it would be marked by new possibilities which could be only dimly imagined. What would be the relation of the mobile gun and the bomb-proof fort? Would Lord Sydenham's view that the fortress was effete and that earthworks were the essential corollary of modern artillery, be justified? What place would the cavalry have in future encounters? Would it be rendered as obsolete by the motor vehicle as the cab-horse had been rendered obsolete by the 'taxi'? Would its function as the vision of the army be henceforth assumed by the aeroplane? What was the true function of the air in warfare? Would the airship prove to be an effective military instrument, or would the aeroplane, with its superiority in numbers and mobility, reduce it to a clumsy futility?

These were typical of the questions to which only practical experience could furnish decisive answers. But so far as the calculable elements were concerned, the advantage was, of course, decisively with that power which had made preparations for war its supreme function. That advantage was not limited to the specifically military equipment which Germany had organized with such astonishing thoroughness. It extended to the whole field of the national life, every department of which was developed with a view to its effective coöperation in the purposes of war.



The contempt which Germany had for the military potentialities of Great Britain was not altogether unreasonable. It was founded, not merely upon the negligible proportions of the British army, but also upon the fact that the whole conception of the state was non-warlike and its organization entirely industrial and pacific. England relied upon the sea for her protection and still believed in the maxim of Chatham that 'the standing army of England is the navy,' — a maxim in which a defensive and not an offensive attitude is implicit. Had the Prussian mind been more open to the teaching of history it would have understood, from such episodes as the American Civil War, that great military resources may be latent in a non-military people; but it has been one of the fatal mistakes of the Prussians to calculate only on the visible and the material and to ignore the human and spiritual forces that they have challenged.

But though, tested by the Continental scale, the British army was negligible, there were two points in which it was incomparable. It was small in numbers, but it was great in experience. It was the only professional army in Europe, and, apart from the Russian, it was the only army that had had the supreme qualification of actual experience of war. It may be said with almost strict truth that when the German and French armies faced each other last August there was hardly a man on either side who had seen a shot fired in battle. The English army, on the other hand, in addition to the qualities of the professional soldier who had served all over the world, had in it a powerful stiffening of seasoned men who had been through the South African War and had been inured to all the rough vicissitudes of battle.

And the second point was even more vital. The British army was generated

by men all of whom were familiar with the practice of war and whose merits had been discovered, not in manoeuvres, but on the battlefield. The importance of this fact cannot be overestimated. It is one of the paradoxes of Lord Fisher that 'disobedience is the whole art of war.' 'In peace,' he will say, 'you want a man who will obey orders. In war you want a man who knows when to disobey them. Nelson disobeyed Jervis at St. Vincent and won the battle; he disobeyed at Copenhagen and bluffed the Danes into surrender.'

Perhaps it is a perilous maxim; but it is true that war is an art as well as a science and that one may have great success in the pedantries of manoeuvres and be discovered to be a great fool in the presence of realities on the battlefield. Now except for a few men like Hindenburg, Pau, and Castelnau, who as youngsters took part in the campaign of 1870, none of the generals on either the French or the German side had ever been under fire. They were theorists of war. They were the product of manoeuvres and textbooks. They might be good men, but they had to be taken on trust. And the result was what might have been expected. Von Moltke was deposed within two months of the beginning of the war, and on both sides there has been a rapid displacement of inefficient generals. Forty disappeared on the French side alone.

Now the case was different with the English. There was not an officer in high command in the army who had not spent a large part of his life in active service in the field. Many of them bore the witness of old battlefields on their persons; all of them carried on their breasts the symbols of some act of valor or some display of military talent. They had fought in many fields: on the frontiers of India, in Afghanistan, in Burma, in Somaliland, in Egypt, but

chiefly in South Africa. In that great struggle they had learned the meaning of war and had tasted all its bitterness. It had humbled them, and in humbling them had made them better students and better soldiers. No one who went through the South African War emerged from it unpurged of military arrogance, — that arrogance that is born in the classroom and dies on the battlefield.

## II

The saying that South Africa is the grave of reputations is older than the second Boer War, but it was that war which gave it the significance that attaches to it to-day. Buller's failure, although most conspicuous, was only typical of what happened in the early stages of the war; and in the later stages Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, though more successful, cannot be said to have added to their reputations. There was, however, one conspicuous exception to the depressing rule — one reputation which found in South Africa not a grave but a birthplace. Sir John French went into the war unknown to the world; he emerged from it with the most secure reputation as a fighting general in the British army. This suggests no reflection on Lord Kitchener, whose success has been that of the organizer of war rather than that of the general in the field.

If we ask what was the source of that deep and confident faith in Sir John French which was the product of the war, we shall find that it was not merely the almost unvarying success which attended him, but the sense that in him there worked an original genius of a rare and indisputable kind. Now, originality in any walk of life is hard to achieve. It is most difficult of all to achieve in the military profession, in which the law of discipline makes the free play of the mind seem like the most

dangerous of all heresies. Discipline and originality are natural enemies, but they are enemies that have to be reconciled if the highest efficiency of an army is to be realized. It was this necessity which haunted Bernhardt when he was showing Germany how it was to win the next war. Prince von Bülow has said that the spirit of discipline, even without enthusiasm, had enabled Prussia to march to victory in the past; but Bernhardt, like Scharnhorst before him, saw that in the new conditions of war mere reliance upon the unquestioning discipline of the mass was fatal, and he was never tired of preaching that, with discipline, there must be the element of individual initiative.

If this element is important in the case of the man it is vastly more important in the case of the officer. But the sterilizing dominion of precedent and tradition, in his case, is most difficult to attack, because it is founded, not only in the idea of obedience, but in professional pride. It is easy to confuse loyalty to the spirit of the profession, which should be constant, with loyalty to its methods, which should be varying. 'It's a way we have in the army,' becomes an easy formula for getting rid of thinking and for treating every one who dares to think as a dangerous person.

Now Sir John French is one of those men who are not terrorized by tradition. He has an independent life of the mind which enables him to shake himself free from conventional thought, and he encourages the same freedom in others. When he was appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1912, he issued a memorandum inviting officers to contribute to the pages of the new *Army Review*, and to give expression to original ideas even though they differed from the doctrines of the official textbooks. He has the wisdom to

see that war is both a science and an art, — that it is necessary to equip the mind with all the science of war, with all that has been thought and done by the masters in the past, and that it is equally necessary in action to be the master and not the slave of that science.

Sir Evelyn Wood said recently that, when he inspected Major French's regiment many years ago, he asked a superior his opinion of the major. 'Forever reading military books,' was the reply. And his sister, Mrs. Despard, — under whose eye he was brought up after the death of his parents, — has borne similar witness to his lifelong concentration upon the one theme that dominates his mind — the theory and practice of war.

For, in spite of an early predilection for preaching, he has been a soldier all his life. It is true that in obedience to the parental example — for his father, Captain French, of Ripple Vale, Kent, had been an officer in the navy — young French, in 1866, at the age of fourteen, joined the senior service and served four years as a naval cadet on the *Britannia*. But the natural genius of the lad prevailed, and in 1874 he began his military career with a commission in the 19th Hussars. It was here that his independence of mind began to show itself, not in assertive eccentricity (for he is the most modest of men and his genius consists in the possession of common sense in an uncommon measure), but in the fresh and original thought he brought to bear on his profession. His regiment was not in those days a smart affair. It was one of those, formed after the Indian Mutiny, in which only small men were enlisted, and which, in consequence, were known as the 'Dumpies.' The atmosphere of the officers' mess in the 19th Hussars was no better and no worse than the average in those days of dry

rot. The military calling was merely a phase of the sporting equipment of a gentleman, and drill and manœuvres were rather dull and perfunctory incidents in an otherwise agreeable mode of life, while anything like the serious study of the science of war marked a man out as a curiosity, if not as rather a vulgar fellow. Soldiering was a sport which could only be degraded by study. And as for the cavalry, its chief function was to give tone to what would otherwise be a vulgar brawl. It needed a man of strong will and clear ideas to cut across such ingrained habits of thought and set up a new professional standard, and French was the man for the task. His influence prevailed, and the subsequent reputation achieved by the 19th was chiefly due to his efforts.

His success here and always was more enduring because it was won in such a human and unpretentious way. He has not the grim aloofness of commanders like Wellington or Kitchener, nor does he cultivate the Napoleonic arts of flattery. But he is not inferior to any of these men in conveying that impression which is essential to the great general, — the impression that he has the secret of victory in him. Without that assurance an army goes into battle robbed of its most powerful asset. Sir John French conveys the impression, not by enveloping himself in an atmosphere of remoteness and mystery, but by giving the sense of a singularly sane, balanced, daylight mind, firm in its judgments, yet open to conviction; masterful, yet without the fatal blemish of vanity or ambition; profoundly instructed, yet wholly free from the taint of the doctrinaire. He is, in a word, the ordinary man in an extraordinary degree, — fearless of danger, imperturbable in action, free alike from exaltations and despairs, cool when the temperature is highest and warm when the blast is coldest, and, in all circum-

stances, human, generous, a little hot-tempered, and always comprehensible. One would be tempted to say that he was the *beau ideal* of the Englishman, but for the fact that he is Irish.

But in spite of his high personal qualities and the universal affection with which he is regarded, his path has not been unobstructed. No man who thinks independently and acts on his thinking can expect that, in a world governed by precedent; least of all can he expect it in an institution which, like the army, makes every rut sacred. He became known to the conventional as a man with rather heretical notions about the use of cavalry, — for example, he taught his men that they might have to fight on foot, — and he had the distinction (and, incidentally, the good fortune) to be passed over at a critical moment in his career by the late Duke of Cambridge, to whom a new idea was perdition and the man who entertained it a peril. Even his successes were, to the pedants, gained by means so unorthodox as to rule him out as an unsafe man. Thus when, commanding the cavalry in the manœuvres of 1897, he achieved a brilliant success, his tactics were severely assailed as unsound and as involving undue risks, and his nomination to the command of the cavalry in the Boer War was opposed on the ground that he was 'inefficient to command in the field.' Fortunately, General Buller had had experience with General French in Egypt, at Abu Klea and Metemneh, and he insisted on his appointment to the cavalry command.

Now if one judged war as a science only, as the Germans do, and not as an art, as Napoleon did, there would have been a reasonable case against the selection of French. For though he has been one of the most careful students of war of his time, and though, when at the War Office as Assistant Adju-

tant-General, he devoted himself daily to working out tactical problems, he is essentially a pragmatist in war. He knows that war is too irrational, too incalculable a thing to be governed by rules, that every situation is unprecedented, is made up of factors, human, material, moral, that have never occurred in the same relation before; that in the last resource it is judgment, inspiration, common sense, informed by science but not controlled by it, which must be in command. To put it in another way, it is not a man's theories that count, but his personality. It was possible to condemn French on his work in manœuvres because according to the rules he took too great risks, and manœuvres having no reality could not demonstrate that those risks were warranted. Only actual war could reveal whether audacity and caution were in due equipoise.

And that was the revelation of the Boer War in regard to Sir John French. It showed that he had the genius for seizing a situation swiftly and truly; that he was always master of the whole sum, — not only the sum of his own resources, but the sum of his enemy's resources; that the risks he took, though they might ignore rules, never ignored facts.

As an example, take the best known but not the greatest of his achievements in the Boer War, — the relief of Kimberley. When French hurled his cavalry division at the Boer lines he took risks which in manœuvres would have been denounced as fatal. By every theory of the textbooks he should have been destroyed. Instead, the fury, the unexpectedness, the momentum of the act carried him through the storm unscathed. The clouds of dust flung up by the flying feet of the horses enveloped the charge in obscurity, and the Boers for once lost their heads and fired confusedly. Their line was pierced,

they fled in disorder, and Kimberley was relieved. It was the first great success of the war. It was achieved in the teeth of all doctrine, and on the basis of actual present conditions, the meaning and values of which only a swift and sure intuition could reveal.

Or take that still greater, because more complex and sustained, feat at Koodoosrand Drift. French and his cavalry, worn out after the long action at Dronfield, were resting in the evening when news came that Cronje was fleeing to Bloemfontein with all his force, and that French must cut him off at Koodoosrand Drift. On the face of it, so great a task was physically impossible to the exhausted horses and tired men, but French is never overawed by the 'impossible.' What does the soldier live for except to prove that the impossible is possible and snatch victory as the reward? 'Impossible? Is that all? Then the sooner we set about it the better,' is his attitude.

By midnight he was moving; by nine in the morning his advance patrol came in sight of the enemy crossing the Modder in a confused mass, and never dreaming of danger from the west. The apparition of French across the path was as startling as the descent of Montrose at Inverlochy, or of Stonewall Jackson at Manassas Junction. But Cronje was in overwhelming superiority, and it was only by the most audacious 'bluff,' by spreading his little force over a wide front and giving the impression of numbers, that French was able to hold the enemy in check until the panting infantry under Kitchener came up from the east and sealed Cronje's fate.

This incident disclosed qualities in French not less important than his brilliant daring, — qualities which are proving invaluable in his present gigantic task. I refer to his unquestioning loyalty and his incomparable power

of endurance. Without them there would have been disaster in France. The coöperation of allies is always a delicate and perilous operation, and the relations of Sir John French and General Joffre were peculiarly susceptible to strain. Not only is French a field marshal, and therefore Joffre's superior in rank, but he entered the war with a reputation established on the field of battle, — a reputation second to none in Europe, — while his chief had had no experience of war on a great scale. Nevertheless, the English commander has given the world a supreme example of perfect loyalty, not merely in deed and word, but in spirit, that furnishes one of the most chivalrous object lessons in the history of war.

And his endurance has been no less invaluable. It is not merely physical endurance. That, with his short, unromantic, but very serviceable figure, he possesses in an extraordinary degree. Weariness of body seems unknown to him. But even more important is his mental endurance. There is a touch of habitual depression in Kitchener, just a little sense of impending disaster. But French has the unconquerable cheerfulness of the man who lives in the moment, bends all his faculties to the immediate task, and refuses to be terrorized by what is before him or behind. It is not that he is without imagination, — in the military sense he has abundance of that quality, — but that he is free from the temperamental moods of the artist and has that constancy of mind which is the first essential of the man of action.

It was this sense of stability and balance that marked him out for high command. The brilliant cavalry officer is not often a brilliant commander. His task is incidental rather than constructive, and his success comes from the impetuous rush of the spirit rather



than from the steady glow of the mind. French's rare merit is that he combines the momentary inspiration of the cavalry leader with the power of surveying a large and complex situation from a detached point of view. In a word, he has the power of thought as well as the instinct for action. This was shown in a very decisive way by the operations which he carried out in front of the Colesberg position. From a military standpoint, those operations were the most conspicuous success of the war. It was in them that French found himself, and the military world discovered a leader of original genius. During three months, by every art of finesse and 'bluff,' by skillful mystification, by caution that suddenly changed to audacity and audacity that changed to caution, by delicate calculations of time, of material values, and of moral factors, he held in check a force often as much as five times greater than his own; a force, moreover, commanded by leaders of the high quality of Delarey and De Wet. It may be said that it was before Colesberg that French learned the art of generalship on the great scale, and served his true apprenticeship for the most momentous task ever imposed upon a British general in the field.

It is here that we first see in operation that very rare combination of qualities which his unassuming personality contains: the steadiness of mind that supported him under the tremendous strain of the retreat from Mons; the calculated daring that made him, when he shifted from the Aisne to Flanders, take the risk, so brilliantly justified, of spreading out his line to a perilous tenuity; the unfailing cheerfulness of one who, dismissing fears of the future or regrets for the past, lives deliberately in the possibilities of the present; the untiring body and the constant, bulldog purpose.

The sense of loyalty which I have emphasized as one of the conspicuous traits of Sir John French's character is not confined to the professional sphere. His loyalty as a soldier has its counterpart in his loyalty to the civil authority. That was very markedly displayed during the Ulster crisis. It is an open secret that, had his opinion been followed, there would have been short shrift with the potential rebels of Curragh Camp. The final announcement that the soldier whose fine instinct of loyalty to constituted authority was the one redeeming feature of that unhappy business, had found it impossible to reconcile honor with the withdrawal of his resignation, seemed to leave the country face to face with an unprecedented danger. Only Mr. Asquith's dramatic assumption at that moment of the Secretaryship of War saved the situation.

That episode seemed like the unworthy eclipse of a great career. Five months later, French was saving the liberties of Europe by a retreat that has few parallels in the history of war. When it was known that he was to command the Expeditionary Force there was no dissident left in all the land. He was not merely the obvious choice; he was the only conceivable choice, and every day that has elapsed since then has deepened the general gratitude that that choice was possible.

### III

It would not be easy to find a more striking contrast to Sir John French in externals than that furnished by the general who has been given the command of the Dardanelles expedition. Sir John French does not touch the imagination with any sense of romance. He is, like General Joffre, an entirely prosaic and matter-of-fact figure whose high merit is the possession of common

qualities in an uncommon degree and in that equilibrium which, if not genius, is, in practical affairs, often better than genius. He represents the business of war. Sir Ian Hamilton, on the other hand, suggests the romance of war. In temperament and appearance he is the cavalier, and very little effort of the imagination is needed to picture him fighting a forlorn battle for the hopeless Stuart cause. He is without the tragic seriousness of Montrose, perhaps without that depth and intensity that give Montrose so enduring a hold on the imagination; but it is the spirit of Montrose that he recalls in his mingling of the poet and the adventurer, and if there is any distrust of him at all, it proceeds from the pedestrian fear that a man who looks so much like an embodiment of romance cannot at the same time possess the humdrum qualities of the organizer of victory.

The suspicion is natural. The plain man disapproves of wit in his politicians and of poetry in his soldiers. He likes his men of affairs to talk in monosyllables and to preserve a dour and inflexible seriousness. Wellington was trusted all the more because he was so curt and said 'Damn' with such vehemence; and the enormous prestige of Joffre and Kitchener to-day is largely a tribute to their incomparable gift of silence.

Now Sir Ian Hamilton has not only committed the fatal error of publishing poetry, but he carries in every lineament the impress of the poet and of the man of romantic ancestry and taste. He is the painter's soldier, and with his tall spare figure, his mobile, aristocratic features and dark eye, gives the impression that his main function in life is to adorn the walls of the Royal Academy and then to die an heroic death on behalf of some mistaken loyalty, and with a cavalier jest upon his lips.

And, indeed, there is no doubt that the natural instinct of the man is a chivalrous intrepidity rather than a calculating caution. The withered hand and wrist serve as a reminder of that. For they are a souvenir of that memorable day, thirty years ago, when the young lieutenant of the 92nd Highlanders shared in the disaster on Majuba Hill, and gave the first conspicuous expression of the stuff that was in him. It was not the first occasion on which he had been under fire, for he had served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and had taken part in the operations at Cabul in 1879. But it was an occasion that for the first time discovered the spirit of the young Highlander. The day was going badly for the English and only desperate remedies could save it. In the duel of marksmanship the Boer farmers were easily superior, and Ian Hamilton, with the Highlander's passion for the charge surging in his veins, saw that the one hope was the bayonet. With the courage born of a vision denied to the unhappy commander, Hamilton approached Sir George Colley. 'Forgive my presumption, sir,' he said, 'but will you let the Gordon Highlanders charge with the bayonet?' 'No presumption, young gentleman,' replied Colley. 'We'll let them charge us; then we'll give them a volley and charge.' It is not difficult to conceive the feelings with which Ian Hamilton returned to his men.

But his charge was to come nevertheless. Nearly twenty years had gone by and once more the British were facing the Boers on a hill not far from the scene of the earlier exploit. It was the sixth day of January, 1900, and on that day the fate of Ladysmith and of the British army besieged there was hanging in the balance. In the darkness the Boers had stolen up the sides of Waggon Hill, and on the crest of that hill, amid a thunderstorm of unusual

intensity, there was waged a battle not less pregnant with results than that of Majuba, for, had it been lost, South Africa itself could hardly have been saved. Across the plateau the armies faced each other, firing at point-blank range, and often obscured by the torrential rain. As at Majuba the Boers had the advantage with the rifle, but on this occasion they had to deal with the young lieutenant,—a lieutenant no longer, but a general with the power to put his faith in the bayonet into practice. For long the battle was in doubt, but then came the moment for which Ian Hamilton had waited, and the charge of the Devons swept the Boers from the hill and saved Ladysmith and its army.

And though it was not the 92nd who had given him his revenge, there was to come a day later in that war when at Doornkop his favorite Gordons heard his order to charge, and passing amid a rain of bullets across the open *veldt*, stormed with fixed bayonets the further slope, carried the position, and won as proud a victory as any in all their famous history. And that night, when the stars came out and the camp fires twinkled on the veldt, Ian Hamilton visited his old comrades of the regiment that he was born in and thanked them for the gallantry that would ring through far-away Scotland on the following day.

But though he has the Highlander's love of the charge, it would be a profound mistake to regard him simply as a brilliant adventurer of the battlefield. He is that, but he is more than that. When Lord Roberts, not long before his death, was asked whom among the generals of the British army he regarded as the ablest commander in the field, he replied, 'Ian Hamilton.' The judgment was disputable, but not indefensible; and it was founded, not on Hamilton's audacity, but on his knowledge

and on his coolness in directing the complex movements of the battlefield. Like General French, he has been a serious student of war all his life. He comes of a soldier strain, for his father once commanded the 92nd Highlanders, and an ancestor of his was aide-de-camp to the great Marlborough; and his natural aptitude for war has been cultivated, not merely by experience in the field, but by familiarity with Continental methods. As a youth he went to Germany, and from the old Hanoverian, General Dammers, acquired the strategy that had made the Prussians the military masters of Europe. And since then he has learned to apply and qualify that science by the actual experience of war in many fields,—in India, in Egypt, in South Africa.

He has not the imperturbable quality of Sir John French, for his temperament is that of the artist; and he once confessed, half jestingly, but with a certain seriousness, that he had 'never gone into battle without being in a blue funk and wondering how on earth he was to get through.'

But that element of nervous tension is often the most dangerous in action. It means intellectual speed and passion; and when, as in the case of Ian Hamilton, that motion is controlled by a cool head, we have the elements of a great general. The operations in Gallipoli are as formidable as any that a military commander has ever had to face. They call for daring, for swift inspiration, but they call also for caution and calm judgment. On the first gate of Busyrane there was inscribed the words 'Be bold'; on the second, 'Be bold and ever more bold'; on the third, 'Be not too bold.' These are the invisible inscriptions on the gates of the Dardanelles. There is confidence that Sir Ian Hamilton has the vision to see them and understand their mingled warning and challenge.

## IV

One other type of British generalship calls for remark. In many respects the most significant figure in the British army to-day is General Sir William Robertson. He is a man of whom the public hears little, but for sheer intellectual force he has no rival. The measure of his genius may be understood from the fact that he is a 'ranker.' It is long since Gladstone abolished purchase in the army; but the abolition of purchase did not mean the democratizing of the commands. It only meant that it was possible for a man of brains to secure a commission when it was too late for his talents to win a field for their exercise. The officering of the British army was still an aristocratic prerogative, safeguarded by the conditions of the service. General Robertson, it is true, is not the first 'ranker' to attain the rank of general. Hector Macdonald was also a 'ranker'; but the qualities that brought that tragic hero to greatness were the qualities of the fighting man. The remarkable fact about General Robertson is that he has won his way to distinction by the qualities of his mind. He has brought into the British army the rare element of abstract thinking,

— that learning of which we in the past have had too little and the Germans apparently too much. That he is a gallant soldier goes without saying. It is said that, although born in Lincolnshire, he comes of that fighting stock, the Clan Chattan, memorable to every reader of Scott. And he has seen active service in India and in South Africa and was wounded in Chitral.

But it is in the lecture-room and the study, and not in the field, that the youth who enlisted in the 16th Lancers more than thirty years ago has won his unique distinction. He discovered a genius for languages, including Indian dialects, and this paved his way to notice. And when he had once got his foot on the ladder his progress was irresistible, for he revealed an understanding of the science of war that impressed all who came in contact with him, and his ultimate appointment as Commandant of the Staff College at Comberley gave the army the rare experience of an incomparable lecturer. To-day there is no officer in the British army who is listened to with such respect as the former private of the 16th Lancers. As Chief of the Staff to Sir John French he is the power behind the throne.

# THE FUTURE OF TURKEY AND THE BALKAN STATES

BY SIR EDWIN PEARS

## I

When Constantine, by his defeat of Licinius in 330 A.D., gained for the Roman Empire control over the Balkan peninsula, he set himself the task of learning what was the best position in which to establish the capital of his empire. Finally, with a statesmanlike grasp of the question, he decided on Byzantium on the shore of the Bosphorus. It was in Europe, and while easily accessible from Asia Minor and the Ægean, could be made to command the trade, then in its infancy but already developing, from the Danube and the Black Sea. Thereupon Constantine made it the capital of the Empire, and on its formal inauguration he called it New Rome, though the more popular name of its founder has been more generally used. It is interesting to note that from that time to this, the Patriarch of the Holy Orthodox Church has described himself as 'Patriarch of New Rome.'

The city steadily grew in importance, and this by reason of its then incomparable position. My friend Sir William Ramsay is fond of saying that while the English people have made London, and the Americans, New York and Chicago, it is the position of Constantinople which has made that city.

Two centuries later Justinian, 'the Law-Giver,' gained equal renown as a road- and bridge-maker. We can readily recognize what were the ideas in the

minds of Justinian and his colleagues and successors in their system of road-construction. During many centuries, perhaps even millenniums, the countries which obtained the traffic between East and West have been the most prosperous. Justinian contrived that his roads should go up the Euphrates, some of them through Cilicia, others to the north of it, and that they should terminate either at Smyrna or at Ismidt for Constantinople. By this time the *pax romana* had largely cleared the Black Sea of pirates, and the enterprising Greeks were exploring its coasts and bringing down cargoes from the great rivers, the Danube, the Dniester, and others, which had to pass by Constantinople in order to be distributed in the countries of western Europe.

It was owing to these causes that Constantinople flourished and became, during the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, far and away the wealthiest city in Europe. She had many bad rulers as well as able ones, but her situation prevented her from losing her advantages, no matter how incompetent the ruler.

The first deadly blow to the prosperity of Constantinople was struck by the Latin Crusaders of the West, who in 1204 captured the city, enriched Western Europe from its plunder, and held it until 1258, when the Greeks recaptured it. Villehardouin, who was one of the chiefs of the Fourth Crusade, speaks of Constantinople as 'a city at



least ten times as large as Our Lord's city of Paris.' The Crusade in question was a filibustering expedition, and no layman could use stronger words in condemnation of its members than did Pope Innocent III. The great injury that the expedition did to the city was that it destroyed the security of commerce in the Black Sea, the Marmora, and neighboring waters. The government was weak and the destruction of the city was nearly complete. It recovered, however, much of its trade; but until 1453, when it was captured by Mahomet, the Ottoman Turk, it never attained to its former prosperity.

Since 1453 its position has always secured a share of commerce. But the absolute ineptitude of the Turk for everything commercial did everything that could be done, short of destroying the city, to render it of less importance. This state of things continued for upwards of three centuries. During the past hundred years, owing partly to the influence of foreign states, partly to that of the education of the Christian population and to a lesser extent of the Moslems, Constantinople has somewhat increased its commerce.

I have given the above general sketch of the growth of Constantinople to explain how its reputation as a great commercial city was obtained. The enormous commerce in hides, slaves, furs, and other produce which passed through the Bosphorus had enriched the city. This traffic was not merely in the heavy goods mentioned, but in spices, and objects of art and industry, produced in all the lands of south central Asia between China and the Black Sea, and coming through Asia Minor. For the continuation of such a trade absolute security was essential, and this no longer existed. It is not too much to say that during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and down even to 1800, the seas were unsafe. Pirates

everywhere abounded. The Turk, after the battle of Lepanto in 1571, when Don John of Austria inflicted a crushing blow upon the Turkish fleet, seemed to have settled down into a singular apathy in reference to his power at sea, an apathy which is summed up in the Turkish saying which continues to this hour, that 'Allah has given power over the waters to the unbelievers, but over land to the faithful.' The Turk also has never shown any inclination for commerce or appreciation of its advantages. To this day the number of Moslems in Turkey who engage in trade is surprisingly limited; and when an inquiry is made as to who are the Moslem traders in Turkey, it will generally be found that they are Arabs without any Turkish blood in them. In Constantinople and in all the harbors of the Empire any notion that assistance should be given to merchants in order that trade into or through the country should be facilitated is foreign to the Turkish idea. In my own experience I have known merchants who, dealing with Western Europe and America, have been compelled to find means to send their goods from Persia through Russia, or by sea *via* India, so as to avoid the obstructions placed in the way of commerce by the official Turk. The outrageous exactions of Turkish customhouses have been notorious for centuries, and even in the seventeenth century were proverbial.

In the matter of customhouse exactions, Turkey has changed little. Thirty years ago Sir John Gorst, an admirer, at a distance, of the Turk, was sent on a special mission to Constantinople by the British government, and determined to disprove the common allegation that even passengers' luggage could not be got through without bribery. When he returned to England he related in the House of Commons how he had honestly tried to obtain his bag-

gage by regular means, but how, having need of it, he had been compelled after some weeks' delay to give the 'bakshish' demanded. Facts such as these, related by hundreds in books of English and American travel, lead to the conclusion that the Turk in matters of commerce is hopeless.

But it will be asked, supposing, as looks probable, that Constantinople passes into other hands, will not its incomparable position bring back its importance as a commercial city of the first rank? My answer is that it will not. Modern science has changed the situation. The steamer works under different conditions from the sailing vessel. Constantinople was for centuries a centre for the collection of merchandise. Many small sailing vessels collected even half a century ago their small cargoes in Greek islands, along the shores of the Black Sea and in the Danube, and discharged them at Constantinople into large steamers which conveyed them westward. Such steamers brought manufactured goods and other European products with which the small fleets obtained return cargoes. This procedure has been largely changed. Two facts have to be borne in mind in reference to sea carriage. First, that under normal conditions it is very much cheaper than land carriage, and second, that the great cost in the transit of goods is in their handling or manutention. To avoid the cost of manutention, fairly large ships now go round to the ports and collect or discharge their cargoes. In hundreds of cases ships passing through the Bosphorus do not stop at Constantinople, except to purchase necessities, and consequently hardly enrich the city at all. The produce of South Russia, of the north coast of Anatolia, and of the Danubian states, can be shipped directly in steamers and carried to Western ports without stopping at Constantinople.

And though the Bagdad Railway follows the line chosen by Justinian for the transportation to the West of the produce of the East, it does not follow that results will be obtained by that railway such as had followed the efforts of the great road-makers of Justinian's time. It is in the highest degree improbable that it will bring any considerable amount of traffic from India to Europe. The cost of carriage between Calcutta or Bombay and Europe by water will necessarily be much less than by railway between Bagdad and the Bosphorus. Steamers are yearly increasing their speed, and with ships that do their fifteen to twenty knots an hour, very little time would be saved if trans-shipment from the ports above mentioned were made at Basra and again at Constantinople. The cutting of the Suez Canal has made the route much shorter in time between India and the West than it could have been before the construction of railways, or than it is likely to be when the Bagdad Railway is completed. Readers will recognize that this is a case where land carriage cannot compete with that by water.

Lest it should be thought that I have any prejudice against the Bagdad Railway, I may mention that eight years ago I pronounced very strongly in its favor. Every mile of railway in Turkey is a gain for civilization, and a great trunk line, as the Bagdad Railway will be, will prove of immense value for the people of the country through which it passes. For Constantinople its value will be comparatively slight.

## II

Now comes the question, what is to become of Constantinople after the present war? The general opinion is that, if the Entente powers succeed, the Turk will no longer be allowed to

hold it. I may recall here a statement made by General Grant on his visit to Constantinople, in the year 1879, I think. It was shortly after the time when a British fleet was anchored at Prinkipo, about ten miles from the capital. The general had visited Alexandria and various places in Syria and Asia Minor, and had formed a just estimate of Turkish government. The statement in question may have been published, though I have not seen it. 'Had I been in command,' said he, 'of the Russian army at San Stefano, notwithstanding the protests of the British government and the presence of its fleet, I would have taken possession of Constantinople and disarmed Europe the next day.' The question was naturally asked how the second part of such a task would have been accomplished. 'I would have issued a proclamation which would have said to Europe, "Here I am and here I remain until Europe has decided what shall be done with this city. I make only one condition: the Turk shall no longer reign here."'

The statement was a bold one, and worthy of General Grant's reputation. Possibly he overlooked the fact that such conduct required the sacrifice of Russia's dream of becoming the ruler on the Bosphorus. However this may be, it looks now as if Europe will consent to Russia's becoming the owner of Constantinople. My own impression is that if Russia has set her mind upon having it, neither England nor France will make serious opposition. She has done so much in the present war and has been so loyal to her allies, — while on the other hand Turkey has thrown herself into the hands of the Germans, — that few would begrudge her the possession of Constantinople.

Nevertheless I sincerely hope that Russia will not put forward a claim to the occupation of the city. With an ex-

ceptional knowledge of the East, I do not believe that it is to her interest to do so. I admit that the sentiment among Russians is in favor of her taking possession. Every Russian seems to be born with the belief that it is the destiny of his country to occupy Constantinople. They claim that the rightful succession to Constantine is theirs. It is a sentimental claim; but, to explain or to justify it, it must be remembered that under the Greek emperors the imperial sovereignty was to a considerable extent in commission, as indeed was the case for long centuries with the Holy Roman Empire of the West. Just as the rulers of the latter were the Emperor, in things temporal, and the Pope, in things spiritual, so in the East the Emperor at Constantinople ruled in the first capacity, and the Patriarch of New Rome, though nominally only *primus inter pares*, shared the sovereignty in things spiritual. The insignia still possessed by the Patriarch are only one of many pieces of evidence in support of this view. The Russian Church, which, although autonomous, has always highly respected the traditional functions and position of the Patriarch, has largely aided in the development of the opinion, not only that the two churches are one, but that the temporal portion of sovereignty should be vested in the ruler of the most important state which adheres to the Orthodox Church.

There are many statesmen in Russia, however, who agree that it is not to the interest of the Empire that she should be in possession of Constantinople. The advantage of such possession is that she will have a free road to the Mediterranean for her men of war and merchant ships. If she were in possession simply on the same terms as the Turk, she could close the passage to all warships except her own, and there are publicists in Petrograd who boldly

take up the position that Russia must have Constantinople in order that she may so secure the monopoly of the passage. Such a contention would inevitably lead to war and is not likely openly to be put forward.

The disadvantages to Russia are however great. She is respected by every Balkan state, and justly regarded by each one as its deliverer from the Turkish yoke. If she were at Constantinople, probably every Balkan state would look upon her occupation with suspicion. Greece believes, with a fervency even greater than that of the Russians, that she alone is the true heir to the Imperial City. It is alleged that Ferdinand of Bulgaria hoped to be crowned in Saint Sophia as emperor.

But a more serious disadvantage than those named will be seen from a glance at the map. If Russia were in possession of the city she could pass her troops there only by sea, which in winter is usually dangerous, or by land with the consent of Roumania and Bulgaria. There would certainly arise an attitude of hostility toward her on the part of Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece. Inasmuch as the desire of Europe is to provide a settlement in the Balkan Peninsula which will last a good many years, those who wish well for such a settlement hope that Russia will not insist upon being allowed to occupy Constantinople. For her it would be only an isolated port in a remote corner of her empire; it would be a constant source of irritation for her Balkan neighbors. Indeed the Russian occupation will be a European calamity. It will raise as many and as difficult questions as it will solve, and will therefore not conduce to European peace. The Emperor Nicholas saw the objections half a century ago; the present Czar sees them; and it may yet be hoped that the sager counsels of Russian statesmen will prevail.

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When it is decided that the Turk shall no longer rule on the Bosphorus, the only practical alternative which has been suggested is that a small internationalized state should be created which should include the Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles—with a back country on the European side extending from Enos to Media on the Black Sea, and on the Asiatic side following the line known as the False Bosphorus, running almost due north from Ismidt and southward to a point near Adramyttium on the Ægean. This state should be governed by an international commission, corresponding to a similar commission which has regulated the navigation of the Danube with success during many years. Probably the powers would gladly consent to allow Russia the presidency of the commission. In the international agreement which would establish it, one of the most important provisions would be that no fortification of any kind should be erected on either the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus. The state itself would be under the guaranty of the European powers. Various suggestions have been made as to who should be at its head. King Albert of Belgium was proposed. Another suggestion was that its government should be under the United States. The majority of those who are in favor of the creation of an internationalized state do not, however, see the necessity of having any permanent head. A president of the commission would be sufficient.

### III

But now I come to the second part of my subject, — namely, what will be the probable results of the great war on the countries of the Balkan Peninsula? To answer this question, the ambitious aims of Austria must be stated.

Looking backwards over the history

of the past forty years it is easy to recognize that Austria has been the great disturber of peace in the Balkans. Her statesmen seem to have concluded that for the development of the Empire it was essential that she should have possession of a port on the *Ægean*, and for her purpose the most advantageous was Salonica. As far back as the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, her statesmen had this purpose well in view. Though Bismarck never appears to have had any sympathy with it, Austria never lost sight of it. At the commencement of the Russo-Turkish war in 1877, she made a secret bargain with Russia, whereby, in return for the latter power being permitted to enter the Balkan Peninsula and to establish a principality of Bulgaria, Austria was to be allowed to administer the large district known as Bosnia and Herzegovina. These provinces she administered until 1908, and then formally annexed them. It was generally believed that one of her main objects in obtaining this accession of territory was to secure a passage for her troops down the valley of the Vardar to Salonica. Her military experts, however, soon informed her that the difficulties of sending an army through in that direction were enormous, and she then directed her attention to obtaining a dominant influence over Serbia, through whose territory the military difficulties of reaching the *Ægean* would be less.

Five years ago I met in London the representatives of the leading Hungarian paper, of the leading Slav paper of Vienna, and of another published in the same place which represented the German element; and I was astonished to see their unanimity in believing that Serbia was then absolutely in the hands of Austria, who could take it whenever she pleased. During the past twenty years, dealers in land residing in Constantinople urged their clients to

purchase in southern Macedonia, because within a short time Austrian rule would be there established and landed property would be multiplied in value.

With the object of rendering Serbia less powerful, Austria did her utmost to prevent the two Slav states, Bulgaria and Serbia, from coming to an agreement. After long negotiations, the ministries of the two countries established a commercial treaty between them, in reference to which, however, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, in giving his adhesion, expressed his belief that Austria would never consent to allow Serbia to sign it. His anticipation was right, and neither then nor on any subsequent occasion would Austria permit any step which tended toward an understanding between the two Slav states. Even in 1885, when Bulgaria had a difference with Russia, and the Czar, without previous notice, withdrew all Russian officers from that country, King Milan of Serbia suddenly attacked his neighbor. The Bulgarians, with no officers of their own above the rank of lieutenant, took the matter into their own hands, drove the Serbians back to the frontier, and would have chased them to Belgrade had not Austria intervened and declared that if they entered Serbia they would have to deal with her.

Austria's policy and action were not limited to preventing the two Slav peoples from coming together. She wished to annex southern Macedonia in order to obtain Salonica, and entered upon the diabolical policy of thwarting every effort of reform made by the western powers in that province. England, France, and even Italy, neither of whom had an axe to grind, but each of whom desired security for life and property in Macedonia, urged the Porte to make reforms in that country which were in Turkey's own interest, as well as in that of the inhabitants. Not only Mr.



Gladstone, but Lord Salisbury and every British minister, wished that good government might be established under the Sultan, and labored hard to obtain it. Various projects were set on foot and were thwarted by Adbul Hamid, supported by Austria, and at a subsequent date by Germany. During all this period I was resident in Turkey, and no honest-minded man who knows the history of that time can doubt that the efforts made by England and France were unselfish ones, based on the desire to prevent wholesale murder, rape, and the plunder of the inhabitants. After many efforts, Abdul Hamid consented to send his own commissioner, Hilmi Pasha, to investigate, and to suggest improvements in a condition of things which the European powers regarded as intolerable. A recent grand vizier, who had read his reports and who was friendly to Hilmi Pasha, assured me that they contained stronger illustrations of Turkish misgovernment than any which had been presented to the foreign embassies, and that the recommendations he made for better government were of a drastic though careful character. These reports were never published, and no remedial measures were attempted.

The following incident illustrates the working of Austrian policy. In the biography published about 1907, after the death of a grand vizier of three years earlier, the Turkish biographer relates that the Vizier received a visit from the Austrian Ambassador, who informed him that he and all his colleagues had drafted a project of reforms which would be very embarrassing for the Turks; but that he, as a friend of Turkey, wished to inform the Grand Vizier of the fact, and to suggest that the Porte should draw up a plan which, in plain English, would deceive the powers and prevent the project of reforms from being presented.

When he expressed his doubts as to whether the statement was true, the Vizier declares that the Ambassador produced the project itself, signed by his colleagues. In the biography is reproduced in Turkish a photographic facsimile of the letter which the Grand Vizier wrote to the Sultan on the subject. Duplicity indeed marked all the conduct of Austria in everything relating to Salonica and Macedonia.

In 1904 a project of reform, known as the 'Murzsteg Programme,' was agreed upon between Austria and Russia. It failed, because, while Russia and the western powers supported it, it was opposed by Austria and Germany. A system of *gendarmerie* was instituted in Macedonia, under an Italian general who had had experience in such work. Russia, England, and France sent gendarmery officers and gave it every assistance. It failed for the same reason. Austria and Germany declined even to appoint officers. A further programme of reforms was agreed upon at Revel in January, 1908; but before it came into operation, the 'Young Turkey' movement began; and on July 23 of that year, the Turkish Constitution was proclaimed, and Europe agreed to wait and see whether the country could reform herself under the 'Young Turkey' party.

Readers will remember the formation in February, 1912, of the Balkan League, which at first included only Serbia and Bulgaria, although afterwards Greece came in. The Balkan allies were altogether successful in their first campaign. Bulgaria swept the Turks before her, through Luli Burgas to the lines of Chatalja. Serbia defeated them at Kumanova. Austria became alarmed. Her declaration regarding Albania deprived Serbia of her hope of obtaining a port on the Adriatic. The inspired *Reichspost* wrote with probable truth that 'from the begin-

ning of the formation of the Balkanic League, we set ourselves to break it.' Unfortunately they succeeded in this attempt and led to the rupture between the allies. The idea of Austria was to keep the two Slav states quarreling and not to permit them to come together.

I am far from wishing to exonerate Bulgaria for her share in bringing about the terrible Second Balkan War. It is yet too soon to decide whether Ferdinand, with his Austrian tendencies, must not bear a large share of responsibility. There is a good deal of evidence both for and against such a contention, which space alone forbids me from presenting. But the rupture between the allies was undoubtedly a success for Austrian policy. When the second war was over and the Treaty of Bucharest was drawn up, to which poor Bulgaria was compelled to be a party, the Kaiser spoke of the treaty as 'definitive,' and claimed that he 'fought like a lion' for his brother-in-law to obtain Cavalla. Greece had unfortunately allied herself with Serbia, and I suppose that one must take it as natural that a king would fight for his brother-in-law, but in so doing he was far from contributing to the peace of the Balkans. I have, however, to deal with facts as they are, and with the position which is likely to result from the present struggle.

#### IV

Let me pass to the countries of the Balkan Peninsula which are more directly concerned in the fate of Turkey, — countries all of which less than a century ago were under the rule of the Sultan. Roumania at the present time is the most populous, the wealthiest, and possibly even the most powerful. So long as she continues friendly with Russia she may remain the dominant state in the Balkans. The genius of her

generals and the military spirit of her people saved the Russian army in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. It is true that the Russian army is more powerful and better organized than it then was; but with the natural protection of her hills, Roumania could make an excellent defense even against Russia. Nor can it fairly be said that Roumania has shown herself an aggressive power. Her conduct in 1912 was not friendly toward Bulgaria; but as an observer who entertains more kindly feelings toward Bulgaria than toward any other of the Balkan states, I hold the opinion that she provoked the interference of Roumania by her foolish conduct in reference to Silistria. I regret the mistake that Roumania made in taking an additional part of the Dobrutsha, because it is to her interest to remain on good terms with Bulgaria.

We pass now to Bulgaria, 'the Peasant State,' as it is sometimes called. Bulgaria's future will largely depend upon her conduct during the next three or four weeks. Her present government still declares its intention of being strictly neutral as between the Entente powers on the one hand and Germany and Austria on the other. Such neutrality is distrusted for various reasons. King Ferdinand is known to have Austrian leanings, and the present Prime Minister, M. Radoslavoff, is the author of a policy which was judged in 1913 to have been in favor of Austria. Let me remark in passing that the royal houses of Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece are all suspect to the peoples which they govern. King Ferdinand of Roumania is a Hohenzollern, and though of the Catholic branch is believed to be greatly influenced by his family connections. His namesake of Bulgaria, as already stated, is believed to look to Austria.

King Constantine of Greece is married to the sister of the Kaiser, and very

recently brought the country within measurable distance of a revolution, which would expel the dynasty, by quarreling with M. Venizelos, who represents the policy of probably at least three fourths of the Greek population, — in favor of the Entente powers.

But Greece is not the only country in which the majority of the people sympathize with the Entente. It is natural that the Greeks should do so. England, France, and Russia were the first powers to strike a great blow, in the battle of Navarino, for Greek freedom, that is, for the freedom of all Christian subjects of the Sultan. When it is remembered that the famous English Ambassador, Stratford Canning, who was then in Constantinople, burned his papers and anticipated that, following the usages of Turkey for centuries, he and his colleagues would be sent as prisoners to the Seven Towers, it will be realized how great was the anxiety caused by their destruction of the Turkish fleet. In Bulgaria, Russia has always been spoken of as 'the Deliverer,' and it was directly due to her that Bulgaria obtained her freedom. With a folly which has constantly characterized Russian diplomacy, Russia attempted, immediately the war was over, to treat the Bulgarians as a subject race, and aroused the angry feelings of the nation which she had created. After the crushing results of a general election in England, which condemned Mr. Disraeli's policy in regard to Bulgaria by an overwhelming majority, the Bulgarians have always recognized the friendly way in which their country has been treated by the British government. At the present time, if a popular vote could be obtained, the policy of neutrality would be swept aside, and the nation would declare in favor of the side to which Russia and England belong.

Bulgarian neutrality, at the present

time, is, however, a menace to both her neighbors. So long as it continues, Serbia has always to keep a certain number of troops in readiness lest Bulgaria should take advantage of a temporary defeat by Austria. Roumania, when she joins in the war, — as she will probably do whenever the Dardanelles are open to traffic, — will have to keep a number of troops on her Bulgarian frontier. Such at least is the fear both in Serbia and in Roumania. It is useless guessing what Bulgaria would do in such an event, but it is only fair to her to state that, in the months of November and December last, when the fortunes of Serbia were at their lowest ebb, when indeed the general belief in England and in Constantinople was that the Serbian army had been annihilated, Bulgaria declared to the British government that she was neutral and intended to continue so, and kept her word. In like manner all the intrigues conducted by the Turks at Sofia, and the attempt so to arrange matters that German troops should be sent across the Danube to join the Turkish troops in Adrianople, failed to induce Bulgaria to depart from her policy of neutrality.

At the present time the hostility between Bulgarians and Greeks, and between Bulgarians and Serbians, is intense. Bulgaria has a real grievance which ought to be removed and which will be. But if, forgetful of present conditions, we look into the future, we may anticipate that Bulgaria and Serbia are as bound to come together in friendly union as were England and Scotland. They speak the same language, are members of the same church, and are both Slavs. Russia for many years past has been occupied in thwarting the policy of Austria at Belgrade. The remark of a Bulgarian statesman to me is probably well founded, that 'Of many things which are doubtful,

two are certain. First, that no Bulgarian government could remain in power for a week which declared war against Russia; and second, that it is unthinkable that they should ever fight on the side of the Turks.' The two states have been kept apart mainly by Austria.

In Roumania, with its population increased to nearly eleven millions by additions from Bukowina and Transylvania, all speaking the same language and nearly all belonging to the same faith, I foresee a country which will desire peace in order that it may develop its petroleum, corn, and other industries, and become self-supporting. In Serbia I see a larger state, including the populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina and great accessions from the Slavic population to the west of the Danube. Once Bulgaria and Serbia are on good terms, a great Slavic state will have been created which will tend constantly to increase from accessions from the Czechs of Bohemia, and which will probably work harmoniously with Roumania.

At the moment of closing this article I can say little of the attitude of Greece. The fact that the Queen of Greece is the sister of the Kaiser places the royal family in opposition to the great mass of the people. The great attack on the Dardanelles is still going on. It would have been greatly facilitated if Greece had joined the Allies. In return for her assistance she would have obtained Smyrna and the vilayet of Aidin, of which Smyrna is the most important city. Probably at least two thirds of the population are Greek. The city of Smyrna and the neighborhood have been Greek in race for three thousand years. Smyrna, as your readers will remember, is one of the places claimed as the birthplace of Homer himself. The Seven Churches of Asia Minor — familiar to all readers of the New

Testament — were composed largely of Greeks. *Magna Graecia* plays a large part in the history of Greek literature and art. The Greeks of the kingdom would dearly like to have it. Moreover, the persecution which the Greeks have suffered at the hands of the Moslem population during the last three years has been at once grievous and indefensible: houses and vineyards wantonly plundered and destroyed, people violated or driven from their homes. As punishment even for their crimes in that part of the Empire, the Turks ought to lose it. If Greece had been ready to lend her assistance to the Allies, Europe would have been glad to see her enter into possession. Her chance, however, is, I think, gone.

It is curious to observe that of the series of peoples occupying the Balkan Peninsula, the Roumanians on the east and the Greeks on the south, people of quite distinct races and language from each other, are each of them equally distinct from the two great Slavic peoples between them, the Bulgarians and the Serbians. The great difficulty before the Greeks in their future is that of population. Greece is herself a naturally poor country, possessing few natural resources, and the inducements held out to her inhabitants, especially by the United States, are a temptation to emigration. One of the coolest and ablest Greek ministers declared to me that this question of emigration was for him far and away the most serious with which his country had to deal. The people are industrious, make excellent sailors, and are enterprising. Lord Kitchener said of them, some four or five years ago, that wherever he had penetrated into the interior of Africa, he had always found Greek traders. Greece has already obtained possession of most of the islands of the Ægean, which she will be permitted to keep. But as those who have sailed among

them will remember, they are generally barren lands which are incapable of supporting a large population. They may still remain the homes of patriotic Greeks who have made their small fortunes in distant countries. Even under Turkish rule the island of Chios had become, a century ago, an island well peopled by Greeks who had thus returned from foreign countries. Their wealth, indeed, was the chief inducement that led to the terrible massacre of 1825. One may well hope that under the government of their own people the Isles of Greece —

Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung —

may once more justify their ancient renown.

Nor must it be forgotten that Greece has obtained within the past two years

a large accession of territory in Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia. But these again allow little room for expansion. Greece, however, with her glorious traditions and her innumerable classic associations, will always remain a country dear to all civilized peoples.

With Austria's ambitions defeated and the Turk expelled from Europe; with a contented Greece on one side of the peninsula and an enlarged Roumania on the other; and with a powerful Slav state, including Serbia and Bulgaria in alliance, holding the intervening lands, it appears to me that there will be good reason to hope that a peaceful and durable settlement of the Balkan Peninsula will be achieved. This hope will be increased if Russia wisely foregoes any intention of occupying Constantinople.

## SERBIA AND SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE

BY GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

### I

THE problem of Southeastern Europe may be best defined as the problem of those races which were at one time subject to the Turk. Those races include the Magyar, the Roumanian, the South Slav (Croat and Serb), the Bulgarian, the Greek, and the Albanian. A mistake has often been made in England and America in dividing up this single Southeastern problem into two water-tight compartments, one labeled 'Balkan States' and the other 'Austria-Hungary.' But the two sets of intricate race-problems associated

with the words 'Balkans' and 'Austria-Hungary' respectively are in fact indissolubly connected, for this reason, — that the independent part of the South Slav race inhabiting Serbia and Montenegro is in the Balkan Peninsula, while the greater part of the South Slav race is found in Austria-Hungary. And similarly, while independent Roumania is one of the four Christian powers of the Balkan Peninsula, there are some three and a half million Roumanians in Hungary subject to Magyar rule. In fact the South Slav race and the Roumanian race are each cut in half, — one half free in the Balkans, the other



half subject to the rule of the Emperor Francis Joseph. For this reason it is impossible to dissociate the Balkan question from the questions of southern Austria-Hungary.

The Balkans, Hungary, and Bosnia are the selfsame countries of Europe which were at one time submerged beneath the Turkish flood. The high-water mark of that flood was reached at the abortive siege of Vienna by the Turks in 1683. In the generation following that event the Turkish flood first began to subside, in the time of the great Austrian general Eugene, best known to Englishmen as Marlborough's colleague at Blenheim. Largely by the victories of Eugene, the whole of Hungary was delivered from the Ottoman yoke, and modern Austria-Hungary (except Bosnia and Dalmatia) was then formed. It was formed at the expense of the Turk, but it was formed no less at the expense of the future freedom of the races that Austria then delivered. In delivering them from the Turk, the House of Hapsburg made them subject to its own dominion. On the other hand, the lands that now constitute independent Serbia and Roumania continued as parts of the Turkish Empire throughout the eighteenth century. At that price they purchased their present national existence.

During the eighteenth century the Turks usually held Belgrade, as the outpost of decivilization against Europe. And so things remained until, in the first years of the nineteenth century, the movement for the emancipation of the Balkan races began with the revolt of northwest Serbia under the hero Kara George. A dozen years later, in the time of Byron, the Greeks imitated the Serbians; and in yet another generation, in the time of Gladstone and Disraeli, the Bulgarians followed suit. Finally, in 1912, the Turks were

driven into a very small corner of Europe by a combination of Bulgarian, Serbian, and Greek. The Roumanians, who had never been so completely enslaved by the Turks as the Balkan peoples south of the Danube, were throughout the nineteenth century consolidating the independence and prosperity of modern Roumania. This work was carried to success by the good King Carol, who died a few months ago.

This nineteenth-century work of the liberation of the Balkans from Turkey differs in character from Prince Eugene's liberation of Hungary. In the first place, the nineteenth century was the era of nationality, ushered in by the French Revolution and the wars of Napoleon. French ideas of liberty profoundly affected the races subject to the Turk. Hence in the nineteenth century we find the Balkan peoples working out their own liberation and forming independent states on the basis of nationality and democracy, — Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece. This is a much more complete work of liberation than the work which Prince Eugene had accomplished under the *ancien régime*, of substituting the Austrian for the Turkish rule in Hungary.

We must also remark another difference between the earlier and the later expulsions of the Turk. Austria had been the instrument of the earlier expulsion; but during the whole nineteenth century Russia was the leader of the liberationist movement. England sometimes went against the Turk, under Byron and Gladstone, sometimes for him, under Palmerston and Disraeli. But Russia has for a hundred years been the steady friend of liberation in the Turkish Empire, and has fought at least three wars in that interest. We have to recognize frankly, as Bright and Gladstone recognized, as Palmerston and Disraeli failed to recognize, that, although Russia is a

despotism at home, she has been more ready to engage in wars of liberation abroad than any other country in Europe or America. Roumania, Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria are independent democracies, and they owe their freedom, first to their own efforts, and secondly to Russia. Hitherto Russia has got nothing in return for all these efforts except Bessarabia — a doubtful boon. She has not even got access to warm water and the world's oceans through the closed Dardanelles. In Sofia (Bulgaria's noble city, which thirty years ago was a dirty Turkish village) there stands in the grand square before the Parliament house the equestrian statue of the Czar Liberator, — the Russian despot who freed Bulgaria in the war of 1877.

And what was Austria's rôle during these nineteenth-century wars of liberation? Her rôle was to remain neutral as between Turk and Christian, and to carry off as much as she could in the scramble. When Bosnia, an entirely Serb province, bravely revolted against the Turk, Austria took Bosnia for herself, — by occupation, in 1878, followed by a long war against the Serb inhabitants, and by formal annexation in 1908. She thus increased the number of South Slavs in her dominions to nearly seven millions, and so compensated herself for the Italian possessions which she had recently lost.

Outside the borders of Austria-Hungary lie the two independent South Slav states, Montenegro and Serbia. Their very proximity to the oppressed South Slavs of Bosnia naturally causes friction with the Austro-Hungarian oppressor. Unfortunately, the Serbians of independent Serbia have not only this standing quarrel with Austria, but a standing quarrel with Bulgaria also. For since the war of 1913 Serbia holds territory down south which the Bul-

garians regard as rightly belonging to themselves, — the vexed region of northern Macedonia, including the Vardar Valley and coveted Monastir. The possession of Monastir and the Vardar Valley is a more difficult question than either Serbian or Bulgarian sympathizers are wont to admit. Macedonia is a mixture of races, — Greek, Turk, Albanian, Vlach, Bulgar, Serb, and Macedonian Slav. The Macedonian Slavs are the most important race, akin to both Serbian and Bulgarian but not identical with either. But in the generation prior to 1912 Bulgaria was stronger in Macedonia than Serbia, and the Bulgarian claim is strong.

On the other hand, the Serbian standpoint in regard to Macedonia is clear. The Vardar Valley and railway, terminating in friendly Greek territory at Salonika, is Serbia's only connection with the rest of the world. She cannot part with it until she has got some other exit for her commerce not dominated by her enemy Austria, who blocks all her routes to the north and denies her expansion to the Adriatic. In the present war, if it were not for the supplies which Serbia has got up the Vardar Valley from Western Europe (by way of Salonika), she would months ago have been conquered by Austria. And in times of peace the Vardar line is equally vital to her commerce and connection with the world. Austria blocks her to north and west and drives her to seek an exit to the south. In 1913, Austria threatened us all with a European war rather than let Serbia get an outlet on the Adriatic. Austria won her point then, but we have got the European war after all. Because Serbia was not allowed to get out to the Adriatic after the Turkish war, she had to cling to Macedonia and the Greek connection as her only other outlet to the sea. At the same time, Austria's attitude encouraged King Ferdinand

of Bulgaria to attack Serbia and Greece, instead of going to arbitration. The consequence was the fatal war of 1913 between the Christian allies, — a triumph for Austrian diplomacy. That war prevented and still prevents a Balkan league against Austria.

Let us be fair to these Balkan states. If they fought savage wars against each other, and if they now fail to agree, the issues are real and vital, and difficult beyond the comprehension of those who have not studied them closely. The Macedonian problem presented real difficulties to any peaceful solution. These difficulties, greatly aggravated by the policy of Austria, caused the Second Balkan War. It was a wicked war, but there was far more reason for it than there is for the present war between the great powers. The great powers might have prevented the Second Balkan War, but instead of that Austria did her best to bring it about by denying Serbia access to the sea except by way of Macedonia and Salonika. Finally, when Serbia had disappointed Austria by emerging victorious over Bulgaria, Austria proposed to Italy to make an unprovoked attack upon Serbia, in August, 1913, nearly a year before the Sarajevo murders. Italy refused. This significant fact of secret diplomacy was recently revealed in the Italian Chamber by Signor Giolitti himself, to whom the proposal was made.

Why is Austria-Hungary so jealous of Serbia? Because she is breaking down the South Slav races within her own borders, and therefore an independent South Slav state must either be her vassal or her deadly foe. Serbia stands toward Austria in the same relation that little Piedmont once stood to her in Italy.

Again, let us be just to these Balkan races. While they were under the Turk we idealized them as Christian mar-

tyrs, and when they threw off that yoke we were surprised to find that after five hundred years of crushing barbarian rule they were not more perfect than ourselves. It is not the only case in history of an enslaved race being over-idealized until it had been set free, and then being unreasonably abused for not coming up to impossible expectations.

There is no doubt that the Second Balkan War caused a great revulsion of feeling throughout the world against Serbian, Greek, and Bulgarian. This was much enhanced when Mr. Carnegie's Commission published its *Report on the Causes and Conduct of the Second Balkan War*. I do not think that report was the last word on the causes of the war, but it established beyond question the fact that atrocities had been committed in its conduct. But those atrocities by Serbians, Bulgarians, and Greeks in 1913 have now to be set aside by side with the atrocities committed by the Austro-Hungarian troops in Serbia, near Shabatz and Losnitz, in the middle days of August, 1914. The Austro-Hungarian troops then and there murdered two to three thousand civilians, burning many women and children alive, and committing the most ghoulish outrages on many others. I have visited the scenes of these events, and I have the proofs and details under my hand.<sup>1</sup> So far as I was able to ascertain, the Serbians have committed no reprisals. Their 60,000 Austrian prisoners in Serbia have no stories of such reprisals; they have no complaints to make, and in the hospitals the Austrian wounded are given absolute equality of treatment with

<sup>1</sup> First-hand evidence has been given to the world in the article by Dr. Reiss of Lausanne University in the *Revue de Paris*, April 1, 1915, as well as in the Serbian government report, drawn up on evidence taken by Dr. Jules Schmidt of Switzerland and Dr. Arius Van Tienhoven of The Hague, Holland. — THE AUTHOR.

the Serbian. The Serbians are less barbarous than their great 'civilized' neighbor.

## II

The Serbs of independent Serbia offer to the student of political philosophy one of the rare examples of a purely democratic society. Serbia is far more democratic than either America or England. In our countries wealth is very unequally divided; we can only redress these social inequalities in our politics. In Serbia no one talks about democracy, because they are all democrats. It is no more necessary to emphasize the fact of democracy in Serbia than it is for the human body to emphasize the function of breathing. There is only one important class,—the peasant proprietors, who number eighty-six per cent of the population. There is practically only one kind of wealth,—land,—and that is equally divided up. There is no pauperism, and on the other hand no one is really rich. There is therefore no social problem in Serbia, and consequently no politics except foreign politics.

This pure form of democracy has both advantages and disadvantages. The average Serbian is as fine a fellow as you could wish to meet, and in peace time he and his family live, perhaps, a happier and better life in their red-roofed farm set in the orchard, than most of the denizens of our American and English cities. On the other hand the state sadly lacks leadership in industry, politics, and administration.

For good and for evil there is no landlord class and practically no mercantile class, and only such industries as every agricultural village requires. The great traditions of the 'gentleman,' the 'merchant,' and the 'workman' which have done so much to mould Western Europe and America, have no existence among the Serbians.

They are all 'yeomen.' The Turks killed off the 'gentleman' class, the mediæval Serbian nobility, and effectually prevented the 'merchant' from arising. And since then the Austrians, by cutting off Serbia from the sea and from communication with Europe, have helped to prevent what we call the 'development' of her mineral resources, or the rise of a modern industrial class, such as we now find in nearly every other nation, including even Russia.

If, as a result of the present war, the Serbians get down to the Adriatic and so come into contact with England and the other countries of Western Europe, this primitive society will gradually be modified. Nearly all the Serbians ardently desire this change; they desire to get out of the 'sack' in which, as they say, Austria has tied them up. But I met one Serbian, an artillery officer, a thoughtful man who had studied at Paris and Vienna, who held other views. He said that he deprecated the change though he was fighting to bring it about; because, he said, the virtues of the Serbian peasant were due to his isolation from all contact with the corrupt modern civilization of Europe. People who have read about the Serbians only in books written by their enemies may laugh at this saying. Having seen the Serbians, I do not laugh, though I do not agree with so conservative a doctrine.

The professional and administrative classes of Serbia are improvised; they are peasants at one remove, mostly born on the farm. They lack professional tradition. Hence the poor standard of civil administration, the bad organization which one so often notices, the political scandals which culminated in the regicide of 1903, and have since then been improved away, until we now have the rule of the able and excellent M. Pashich, a Prime Minister that any country might envy.

The leading class is improvised, and the best of it goes into the army. At one time and another I have spent more than two months mainly in the company of Serbian officers, and I have the greatest respect for the intellectual and moral qualities of many of them as shown in their conversation. For their professional merits, the world can refer to their deeds in battle. Their popularity with their 'brother' soldiers, whom they command not on any system of caste, but as copartners in the national defense, recalls the French officers of the armies of the First Republic. There is no class division between them and the men they command, only a difference of education. You may see them dancing the *kolo*, the pretty national dance of interwoven steps, hand in hand with their men. When it comes to the charge, they say, not 'Forward, men,' but 'Let us charge, brothers.'

But after all, the private (infantryman)—the peasant soldier, who has come from tilling his own farm—is the backbone of the Serbian army. It is the stout yeomen, free and equal brothers in arms, who drove an Austrian host of 400,000, twice as numerous as themselves, in headlong rout out of the Serbian soil, and captured all their artillery. That victory of the Serbians last December is the most thrilling feat of arms that this war has anywhere witnessed, as a triumph of the human spirit against material odds. It was a victory in which Washington or Garibaldi would have loved to take part. The Serbians won because they were freemen,—accustomed to liberty at home, fighting to save their country from a host of war-slaves who spoke six different languages and were for the most part lukewarm or hostile to the cause in which they were compelled to fight. The patriotism of the Serbian surpasses the patriotism of any nation

engaged in this war. For they are free and equal at home, and they have no class divisions; there is no *arrière pensée* in their devotion to their country's cause. They have no politics except patriotism, no loyalty except to their country. There is no nation in Europe so much at one with itself and with its government.

But the Serbians have not always been at one with their government. They have sometimes had very bad and unpopular governments. Since the origin of the state a hundred years ago, under the hero Kara George and his wise successor Milosh Obrenovitch, this simple peasant community has on several occasions fallen into bad hands. It has had some very poor luck with its kings, though the present king and crown prince are both excellent. The worst kings of all reigned during the last part of the nineteenth century. They were Kings Milan and Alexander, who made their country the vassal of Austria, and at Austria's behest made an unprovoked attack on Bulgaria in 1885. That war was most unpopular with the mass of the Serbians, who therefore fought badly and got Serbia a very bad military reputation, which lasted until 1912. Finally King Alexander suspended the democratic constitution and set up a tyranny, and a very inefficient tyranny at that. The country was going to anarchy, and Alexander had to be dethroned. Unfortunately, instead of being decently dethroned, he was murdered in a peculiarly brutal manner in 1903. All that Europe knew about Serbia was the fact of this murder, and for long Europe judged Serbia by that alone.

This deficiency in the higher branches of government, natural to a peasant democracy, put Serbia back for a generation or more. She had begun her independent existence (in the north-west corner of her present territory)



sixty years before any part of Bulgaria was set free, and she ought therefore to have remained ahead in the race of progress. Yet at the close of the nineteenth century she dropped behind Bulgaria in education, in the arts of life, and in military proficiency. Bulgaria, though a peasant democracy like Serbia, had the great advantage of a group of leaders educated at the American Robert College, Constantinople. So Bulgaria, in the first generation of her independent existence, forged ahead, and from 1878 to 1913 every one courted Bulgaria and despised Serbia. The enemies of Turkish rule, like the British Balkan Committee, looked to the Bulgarian army to deliver the Balkan Christians, and scarcely visited Serbia. The Macedonians looked for deliverance to Sofia, not to Belgrade. To Europe in general the Serbians were an unknown race, dwelling somewhere in the interior of Eastern Europe. People forgot that the Serbians, under Kara George and Milosh Obrenovitch, had won their liberty from the Turk earlier — and with less help from outside — than Greeks, Roumanians, or Bulgars.

Yet during these years when they were held in such contempt, a remarkable national revival was going on. The present King Peter restored parliamentary government, and presided as a constitutional monarch over the resumed democratic life of the nation. M. Pashich, a man of high honor and ability, was chosen as the people's premier, and he has done almost as much for Serbia as M. Venizelos for Greece. Education and administration were greatly improved. Above all, the army was made efficient.

The change for the good was most rapid after 1908. In that year Austria proclaimed the formal annexation of the Serb province of Bosnia, which she had occupied for thirty years past. This

outrage on Serb race-feeling stung the Serbians to the quick, and from that moment they pulled themselves together and began to arm in real earnest. A national moral revival was observed by the very few who watched Serbia. But Turk, Bulgar, and Austrian despised Serbia too much to observe the change. And consequently in three successive years — 1912, 1913, and 1914 — Turk, Bulgar, and Austrian have suffered most unexpected defeats at the hands of the Serbian army.

### III

The Croat section of the South Slav race inhabits principally Dalmatia and Croatia. The Croats are practically the same in race and language as the Serbs, but differ in religion, being Roman Catholics. The movement for the political union of these two branches of the South Slav race has grown rapidly in the past few years, though it is still opposed by one party among the Croats, the party of M. Frank.

Prior to 1868 the various races of Austria-Hungary were ruled by the German-Austrians by the sword. In 1848 the Magyars of Hungary attempted to get free, under the leadership of Kossuth, but they were suppressed by Vienna. Their defeat was largely owing to the great Kossuth's great mistake in refusing to take the Roumanians, Slovaks, and South Slavs into partnership with the Magyars. Kossuth's policy of forcibly 'magyarizing' all these races of Hungary has become the permanent policy of the race of which he is the hero. Twenty years passed, and in 1868 the Austrians of Vienna found they could no longer rule their immense empire alone, and took the Magyars into partnership. Since then the German-Austrians and the Magyars have divided between them the government of the various races of

the Empire, — South Slavs and Italians, and further north, Slovaks, Ruthenes, Poles, and Czechs. An empire so heterogeneous in race as Austria-Hungary must either be a despotism ruled by the sword, or a land of federal liberty. Since 1868 it has halted between these two paths, the Magyars pulling toward despotism, while the German-Austrians showed some inclination toward liberalism in their treatment of the Poles. But the test case was the treatment of the South Slav race, part of which was in Hungary under the Magyars, part in Dalmatia under the Austrians, and part under their joint rule in Bosnia. Unfortunately in the past few years the Magyars have dragged Austria after them in the domestic policy of repression of South Slav national consciousness. The worst incidents of oppression have been the most recent. In 1908–09, the scandalous treason trial of Agram unjustly condemned a number of Croat leaders to prison. To justify this reign of terror, forged documents were published which had been procured by the Austrian Minister at Belgrade, Count Forgach. His crime was exposed in the Friedjung trial at Vienna, and by the work of Professor Massaryh, but he was not disgraced and became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Vienna. The exposure of the Austrian Dreyfus case made no difference to men or policy. It was this Count Forgach who recently had the face to accuse the Serbian government of connivance in the murder of the Archduke last summer.

In 1912 the Constitution of Croatia was suspended by arbitrary decree of the Hungarian Premier. This drew the Croats nearer to the Serbs and made something of a working alliance between the two branches of the South Slav race. Since then the Austrians have followed the Magyar lead, and applied the military system of arrests

and terrorism to the Croats of Dalmatia. The Magyars, in the same year 1912, also abolished the constitution of the Serb Orthodox Church in Hungary and seized its funds, and a year later the Patriarch Bogdanovic committed suicide in despair.

#### IV

The present war was in its origin a 'punitive expedition' against the Serbians, for having the impudence to sympathize with their brother Serbs and Croats in Austria-Hungary. The expedition was to have been made in August, 1913, as Signor Giolitti recently revealed to the world, but owing to Italy's refusal to join in a war of aggression it was postponed for a year, until the murder of the Archduke by Austrian Serb subjects seemed a fitting opportunity to wipe independent Serbia off the map.

There will be no peace in Europe until the subject populations of Austria-Hungary obtain liberty in one form or another. The rule of the sword cannot give permanent peace. The terrorism existing in the South Slav provinces of Austria-Hungary since the war began is as bad as anything in the annals of oppression. The Austrians have recently driven scores of thousands of Bosnian Serb peasants — men, women, and children — out of Bosnia into Montenegro, to starve or perish there. The leaders of the subject populations are in prison, or in exile, where I have met many of them; the young men are all under the dread surveillance of military discipline in the conscript army. It is because the young men are all drafted into the army the moment there is any sign of trouble, that there can be no revolution attempted in any part of Europe to-day. The modern militarist organization makes revolutions impossible. That is why Europe is in

very great danger of falling under a system of tyranny which will be far more impregnable to assault and far more pitiless to prayer than the tyrannies against which the peoples of Europe rebelled in 1848. We are told that the time for small states has gone by. But if the big empires that devour them deny all racial, cultural, and political liberty

within their borders, and turn all their subjects, irrespective of personal or racial differences, into so many pieces of a grinding military machine, then the extinction of little democracies like Serbia (and others elsewhere) would mean the extinction of human freedom and of all that is noblest in the spirit of man.

## THE FUTURE OF ANGLO-GERMAN RIVALRY

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

If the Germans are to be believed, their only implacable and unappeasable enmity in the war is against England.

Toward France they express a kind of brutal, contemptuous liking. As providing opportunities for military glory in 1870 and again last August, France has deserved well of the Fatherland. Toward Russia they have the tolerance of merely momentary hostility, with the consciousness that the grounds of quarrel are finite and capable of adjustment. But toward England they express a hatred which nothing can satisfy except the utter destruction of England's power. Portugal, Spain, Holland, were once great maritime and colonial empires, but they are fallen from their high estate; so England is to fall, if Germany in its present mood is to have its way.

This attitude is not confined to journalists or the thoughtless multitude; it is to be found equally in the deliberate writings of learned men. Very instructive from this point of view is an article by the historian Eduard Meyer,

in the Italian periodical *Scientia*, on England's war against Germany and the problems of the future.<sup>1</sup> The erudite professor, following Mommsen, considers Germany as the analogue of Rome and England as the analogue of Carthage. He hardly hopes for a decisive victory now, but looks forward to a succession of conflicts like the Punic Wars, ending, we are to suppose, in an equally final triumph. 'Especially in America,' he says, 'but also in Europe, above all in the neutral countries, there are not a few well-meaning people who believe that this tremendous war will be the last for a long time to come, that a new era of peaceful development and of harmonious international peace will follow. I regard these views as a utopian dream. Their realization could be hoped for only in case we should succeed in really casting England to the ground, breaking her maritime dominion, and thereby conquering the freedom of the seas, and at the

<sup>1</sup> 'Englands Krieg gegen Deutschland und die Probleme der Zukunft'; March, 1915, pp. 286-300.

same time in so controlling our other enemies that they would lose for ever the desire to attack us again. But so high our hopes can hardly rise; it seems far more probable that we shall have to be content with much less, even if we remain victorious to the end. But then, so far as one can foresee, this peace will only be a short truce; England will use the first opportunity of beginning the fight again, better prepared, at the head of a new coalition if not of the old one, and a long series of difficult and bloody wars will follow, until at last the definite decision is obtained.' He adds that modern civilization, from now on, is to decline, as ancient civilization declined; that the era of attempts at international friendship is definitely past, and that 'the characteristic of the next century will be unconquerable opposition and embittered hate between England and Germany.'

Very similar sentiments are expressed by English professors, except that their military hopes are less modest, and they expect to achieve in this war that crushing victory which, like Eduard Meyer, they regard as the only possible road to a permanent peace. They hope, at any rate, to crush German militarism, and Professor Meyer assures us that 'whoever intends to destroy German militarism must destroy the German nation.'

Are the professors of England and Germany in the right? Is it certain that these two nations will continue to fight and hate each other until one of them is utterly broken? Fortunately, no country consists wholly of professors, not even Germany; and it may be hoped that more sanity is to be found among those who have not been made mad by much learning. For the moment, both countries are wholly blind to their own faults, and utterly fantastic in the crimes which they attribute to the enemy. A vast but shadowy

economic conflict has been invented to rationalize their hostility, which in fact is as irrational and instinctive as that of dogs who snarl and fly at each other in the street. The cynic who said, 'Speech has been given us to conceal our thoughts,' might well have added, 'Thought has been given us to conceal our passions from ourselves.' At least I am sure that this is true of thought in war-time.

In this article, I wish to examine, in a neutral spirit, the causes and supposed justifications of Anglo-German enmity, and to suggest ways by which it may be possible hereafter to avoid the appalling consequences contemplated by Professor Meyer.

The first thing that must strike any impartial observer of England and Germany in war-time is their amazing similarity in myth and melodrama. France and Russia each has its myth, for without myth no great national upheaval is possible. But their myths are different from ours, whereas the myths of England and Germany are all but identical. Each believes itself a great peace-loving nation, powerful, but always using its power to further worthy ends. Each believes that the other, with an incredible perfidy inspired by the basest jealousy, suddenly stirred up the war, after many years of careful preparation, military in the one case, diplomatic in the other. Each believes that only the utter humiliation of the other can secure the peace of the world and the ordered progress of civilization. In each, a pacifist minority urges moderation in the use of victory, while yielding to none in the conviction that victory is the indispensable preliminary to any future reconstruction. Each is absolutely confident of victory, and prepared for any sacrifice, however great, in order to secure victory. Each is quite unable to believe that the other is sincere in the opinion which it pro-

fesses: its own innocence and the other's guilt are as clear as noon-day, and can be denied only by the most abject hypocrisy.

Both cannot be right in these opinions, and *a priori* it is not likely that either is right. No nation was ever so virtuous as each believes itself, and none was ever so wicked as each believes the other. If these beliefs survive the war, no real peace will be possible. Both nations have concentrated their energies so wholly on making war that they have rendered it almost impossible to make peace. In normal times civilized and humane people find a difficulty in believing that they do well to butcher each other. In order to overcome this feeling, journalists have filled the minds of their readers with such appalling accounts of the enemy's crimes that hatred has come to seem a noble indignation, and it has grown difficult to believe that any of our opponents deserve to live. Yet peace, if it is to be real, must be accompanied by respect, and must bring with it some sense of justice toward rival claims. What these claims are, and what justice demands if they are to be reconciled, must be realized in some degree before the peace, if the peace is to heal the wounds which the war is inflicting.

Apart from accusations of crime connected with the war, what have been the grounds of England's opposition to Germany in recent years?

Far the most important ground has been fear of the German navy, not as it has hitherto been, but as it may become. It is said on the Continent — not only by Germans — that jealousy of Germany's economic development was an equal cause of hostility; but I believe this to be an entire mistake. America's economic development has been quite as remarkable as that of Germany, but it has not produced the slightest ripple of political hostility. The government

in power, as free traders, do not believe that the prosperity of one country is economically injurious to that of another, and in this opinion a majority of the nation agree with them. Most Germans think of trade in nationalist terms, but in England this habit is not very common. And whatever may be thought abroad, it is contrary to British political instincts to allow trade rivalry to cause diplomatic opposition, — largely, no doubt, because we realize that a nation's trade is not necessarily injured by defeat in war.

But whoever threatens our naval supremacy touches a sensitive nerve, awakening an instinctive movement of self-protection in all classes, even the most uneducated and the least conscious of international complications. When the Germans, with their usual incautious explicitness, made the announcement, 'Our future is on the sea,' most Englishmen felt, almost without conscious thought, that the Germans might as well have announced that their future lay through the death of England's greatness and the starvation of our population. In vain the Germans protested that their navy was purely defensive, and was not intended to be as strong as ours. As we watched the carrying out of their Navy Law, as we realized how the era of dreadnoughts had diminished our superiority, something not far removed from apprehension began to be felt; and in a proud nation apprehension inevitably shows itself in hostility. Because the apprehension was real and deep-seated, the hostility was rather blind and instinctive; although, in the region of conscious thought, the hopes of an understanding were not abandoned, yet in that deeper region out of which effective action springs, the belief in a future conflict had taken root and could no longer be dislodged.

At the same time Germany's grow-



ing friendship with Turkey produced uneasiness in our governing classes, with whom the consciousness of Indian problems has become almost as much part of the texture of everyday thought as the need of naval supremacy. Our traditional policy of protecting the Turk, while it had caused untold misery in the Balkans, had been maintained chiefly on account of the Mohammedan population of India. When the Kaiser supplanted us at Constantinople, and announced himself the protector of all Mohammedans, we dreaded the effect on the most warlike races of India; and our dread was not diminished by the Bagdad Railway, with the prospect which it opened of German colonization in Mesopotamia and a German naval base on the Persian Gulf. But this motive, although it affected our government and that small section of the population which is alive to Indian problems, did not, like the challenge to our sea-power, affect all classes or attain the status of a question to be discussed at general elections. Moreover, this whole problem was in its nature capable of diplomatic adjustment by mutual concessions; indeed, we are told that an agreement had almost been concluded when the war broke out.

Let us now try to see the history of the past fifteen years from the German point of view. Before speaking of their supposed grievances, I wish to say that I regard the whole theory out of which they spring as wholly mistaken: I do not believe that it is of any real importance to a nation to possess colonies or to develop either its military or its naval forces beyond the point which is necessary to prevent invasion. This, however, is not the official English view; and the official German view seems, apart from questions of method, merely an echo of the principles by which English policy has been governed

for centuries. It is only this similarity — not absolute validity — that I wish to exhibit in stating the German case.

The Germans are commonly regarded as an exceptionally aggressive nation. This is no doubt true of their spirit, but when we come to inquire into their actual acquisitions, we find that in recent years their gains of territory have been insignificant in comparison with those of England, France, and Russia. Since 1900, we have gained the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, we have consolidated our position in Egypt, and we have secured a protectorate over Southern Persia and its oilwells. The French meanwhile have gained Morocco, and the Russians, though they have lost a small portion of Manchuria, have gained more than half of Persia. The Germans, in the same period, have gained only a not very large or very valuable colony in West Africa.<sup>1</sup> Their designs in Morocco and Mesopotamia have been thwarted, largely by England's efforts. Yet they feel that their economic progress and their growing population make the need of colonies far greater for them than for the French.

I am not for a moment denying that we had weighty reasons for our opposi-

<sup>1</sup> The following figures are not without interest: —

| Total area of colonies                  |                         |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Great Britain                           | 11,429,078 square miles |
| France                                  | 4,512,543 “ “           |
| Germany                                 | 1,027,820 “ “           |
| Increase in area of colonies since 1900 |                         |
| Great Britain                           | 324,500 square miles    |
| Germany                                 | 100,820 “ “             |
| France                                  | 92,180 “ “              |

The British increase consists almost wholly of the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and the British sphere in Persia. The French increase consists almost wholly of Morocco, less the portion of the Congo ceded to Germany in 1911; and the German increase consists wholly of this portion of the Congo, less a small area in the Cameroons ceded to France in 1911. The Russian sphere in Persia contains 305,000 square miles and 6,400,000 inhabitants. — THE AUTHOR.

tion to German expansion, though perhaps weightier reasons could have been found for not opposing it. I am only concerned, for the moment, with the way in which our actions impressed the Germans, not with the justification of our actions. The Germans, in spite of their progress, their energy, and their population, are very inferior in colonial possessions, not only to England and Russia, but also to France. This seems to them unjust; but wherever they turn to try to acquire new colonies, England and England's navy block the way, because of our friendship with France, or our sensitiveness about India, or some other interest in the complicated web of our foreign policy.

German aggressiveness, real and obnoxious as it has become, is the result of experience. Germany cannot, as we do, acquire colonies absent-mindedly, without intention, and almost without effort. When colonies were easier to acquire than they are now, Germany had not yet entered into the competition; and since Germany became a great power, it has been handicapped by naval inferiority and by the necessity of defending two frontiers. It is these accidents of history and geography, rather than innate wickedness, which have produced German aggressiveness. The aims of German policy are closely similar to those which we have always pursued, but its methods cannot be the unobtrusive methods which we have usually adopted, because such methods, in the circumstances, would achieve nothing.

Colonial ambitions are no doubt one reason why Germany has developed a navy; but another and still more imperative reason is the necessity of safeguarding foreign trade.

In the time of Bismarck, Germany had not yet become a great industrial nation: it was independent of foreign

food, and its exports of manufactures were insignificant. Its industrial expansion dates from the introduction of the Bessemer process in 1879, by which its supplies of iron became possible to work at a profit. From that time onward, German industrial progress has been extraordinarily rapid; more and more, Germany has tended to become dependent, like England, upon the possibility of importing food and exporting manufactures. In this war, as we see, Germany is just able, by very painful economy, to subsist upon the stock of food in the country; but another ten years of such development as was taking place before the war would have made this impossible. High agrarian protection, which alone could have retarded the process, was naturally disliked by the manufacturers and the working classes, and could not be carried beyond a certain point for fear of leading to a triumph of Socialism.

It thus became obvious that, in a few years' time, Germany would be liable to defeat by starvation in any war with a superior naval power. In 1900, when the Germans decided to build a great navy, the Triple Alliance was weaker than France and Russia on the sea. The wish not to be inferior to France and Russia is enough to account for the beginnings of the German navy; the rivalry with us may perhaps have been no part of the original intention, but merely a result of the suspicions produced in England by the German programme. However that may be, it ought to have been obvious to the Germans that a strong navy was sure to make us hostile, and would therefore not serve the purposes for which it was intended unless it was stronger than our navy. But it could not be supposed that we should submit to the existence of a navy stronger than our own, unless we had first been utterly and hopelessly defeated; and

there was no way of defeating us except by first having a navy stronger than ours. For these reasons, the German policy was inherently incapable of success. And yet, without success, all industrial progress and all colonial expansion remain perpetually at England's mercy. If we ask ourselves how we should feel if we were similarly at the mercy of Germany, we shall perhaps begin to understand why the Germans hate us. And yet we can hardly feel any sense of guilt, because a supreme navy is for us a matter of life and death.

This dilemma must be faced, if we are to understand the conflict of England and Germany, and not regard it as merely due to wickedness on one side or on the other. After the war, sooner or later, exactly the same problem will have to be faced again. The native energy of the Germans cannot be permanently checked by defeat: after a longer or shorter period of recuperation, they will again feel that commercial safety and colonial expansion demand a strong navy, if they are not to be content to live on sufferance and to be compelled to bow to England's will on all occasions of serious dispute. The problem is a new one, since hitherto England has been the only nation dependent for subsistence on food imported by sea, and England has had unquestioned naval supremacy. But if we are to avoid the century of internecine warfare contemplated by Eduard Meyer, we must find some solution of the problem, and not be content merely to hope that, whenever war comes, we shall be victorious. Germany's industrial ambitions, at least, are entirely legitimate; and they alone make some security for German trade an imperative necessity. It is not only justice that makes it necessary to find a solution, but also self-preservation. It is impossible to know how submarines

may develop; perhaps, in future, no degree of naval power will be sufficient to protect sea-borne trade. Even now, our position might be precarious if all the men and money which Germany has devoted to useless dreadnoughts had been devoted to the multiplication of submarines. After the war, our own future safety, as well as the peace of the world, will demand some new and statesmanlike development in our naval policy.

No solution will be possible until it grows clear to the Germans that they cannot reasonably hope to become superior to us at sea. So long as that hope remains with them, they will go on struggling to acquire that complete world-dominion which they believe would result from possession of both the strongest navy and the strongest army in the world. It is to be expected that the present war will persuade them of the futility of their hopes. They speak to neutrals of their wish to secure for all nations 'the freedom of the sea,' but the neutrals remain deaf to all their blandishments. The neutrals do not see how there would be more freedom under German supremacy than under that of England, and they do see that, so long as any nation has naval supremacy, it is better that it should be a nation without a strong army or the means of invasion. This will enable us to avoid hostile coalitions, and to make a German victory over us at some future date exceedingly unlikely. But it will not, by itself, prevent Germany from hating us, or from seeking every possible means of injuring us. And if Germany's industrial development continues, it will leave Germany increasingly dependent upon us for its means of subsistence in any war in which Russia is on our side.

Such a situation will be full of danger to the peace of Europe and of possible harm to ourselves as well as to

Germany. For the sake of the progress of civilization, and also for the sake of our security as well as Germany's, both nations, if they have any statesmanship, will be driven to seek some means by which food-supply can be secured from the menace of attack by a hostile power.

Before this war, many would have thought that abolition of the right of capture at sea would achieve this object. But it is now evident that no reliance can be placed upon paper guarantees which are not backed by force. If it could be expected that a nation which resorted to capture at sea would have to face a coalition of neutrals, the practice of capture might be effectively abolished. But so long as neutrals do not intervene by force of arms to protect international law, it cannot be expected that its provisions will be observed; nor would they be observed if neutrals should intervene, unless they were sufficiently powerful to turn the scale. If Germany's submarine blockade could have been made effective, all the neutrals in the world would have been powerless to prevent it.

In this matter, as also in regard to armies, the future of civilization depends on the discovery of means which will make nations strong for defense but weak for attack. The naval problem is particularly urgent, because, if submarines develop as may be expected, navies will become strong for attack and weak for defense, 'attack' being understood as including the capture or destruction of merchant ships.

There is one obvious solution, which would be adopted if any large section of mankind were actuated by humanity or reason or even self-interest. If this were the case, national armies and navies would be abolished, and only an international army and navy would

be retained, for police purposes. But among all the great powers, pride is stronger than self-interest: men prefer the risk of death for themselves and their sons, the certainty of impoverishment and the possibility of national disaster, to loss of the opportunity for bullying which is afforded by an army and navy. Under these circumstances, there is probably no chance of a theoretically complete solution of the problem. The best hope is that through the experience of the present war, men will acquire a more firm resolve to preserve the peace, and neutrals will realize that war is a disaster even to those who do not take part in it. It may be that, in time, the powers not directly interested in a quarrel will insist upon its being always submitted to an international tribunal, and will make their insistence effective by threatening war if it is disregarded. In that case, any power could secure safety by merely abstaining from aggression. At present, no great power wishes to make aggression impossible. But experience of war, the progress of democracy, and the growing economic interdependence of different countries, are causing rapid changes in public opinion. It is at least as rational to expect that the next hundred years will see the growth and victory of an international council for the settlement of all disputes between nations, as it is to expect, with Eduard Meyer, that they will see civilization engulfed in a futile contest for supremacy between England and Germany.

The learned historian, I am confident, does injustice to his compatriots; I know that he does injustice to the English. Without hope, nothing will be achieved; but with hope, no limits can be set to what may be achieved toward realizing the ideal of international coöperation.

# THE WAR AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE

BY SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

THERE is no need to dwell upon the greatness of the present time. We are well enough aware that never in its whole history has humanity been stirred as it is now; that never before has human faculty, capacity, and endurance been so stretched; that never have men shown greater bravery and more willing self-sacrifice, or nations closer unity. We are living in incomparably the greatest times that have ever been: in the most momentous year of all history. And we know that upon our actions now, upon the degree of wisdom we have exercised in the choice of our ideals, and upon the vigor, courage, and steadfastness with which we pursue them will depend the course of humanity, for good or ill, for many long years to come. All this we recognize, and it fortunately needs no emphasis.

But when the welfare of future generations thus depends so much upon what we of the present day do, the old and crucial question must recur to us with redoubled force and must call for clear and convincing answer: Are we or are we not being directed from above by some All-wise, Omnipotent, and Perfect Being who knows all and sees all and can do all, and who, being good, may be trusted to do for us what is best? In these critical times can our public men, our statesmen, our naval and military commanders rely for aid and guidance upon such a Being?

In the inconceivably intricate questions which present themselves continually to our statesmen, can they expect to be shown their way through? When

many alternative courses open up, each with its advantages and disadvantages so evenly balanced, can the responsible leaders of a nation expect to be shown the only right one? When a commander is on the eve of attacking or of being attacked can he count upon being supported by an Omnipotent Being? These thousands and millions of men who are daily risking their lives must clearly be actuated by motives which they honestly believe are good; they are therefore deserving of the support of any Omnipotent Ruler who is also good. Can they safely reckon upon the support of any such Being? Can individual men and women, can nations, can the human race safely depend, in this the greatest crisis of the human race, upon being protected from dangers, diverted from wrong courses, supported and guided on right courses by One who has the power and the will to lead man and men aright?

Without referring to living men (although a prominent instance is ready to hand) we can find a conspicuous example of one not so long dead, who led his country in most critical times and profoundly influenced the destinies of many other countries, and who did hold the belief that the actions of men were guided from above. Bismarck's letters to his wife and to his son, written during the Franco-Prussian War, are now available, and they abound in reference to the Deity. After one of the early victories, he writes, 'The campaign will be as good as over, unless God visibly intervenes on behalf of the



French, which, I am confident, will not happen.' He speaks of Sedan as 'a victory for which we must thank the Lord our God in all humility.' He refers to the Emperor Napoleon III as being 'cut down by God's almighty hand.' He tells his wife to 'trust in God, who has preserved our children from the very jaws of death.' And when his son complains about being sent to a *dépôt* squadron, he writes to him, 'I am too superstitious a father to do anything about it, but let things go as God ordains.' There is hardly a letter in which God is not mentioned.

Bismarck genuinely believed that the affairs of men were ordered by an Omnipotent Autocrat above. And hundreds of millions of men think as Bismarck did. Most, indeed, of those who are now directing nations think so. And so also do those who are fighting their battles. Have they any real and proper justification for their belief? This is the momentous question we have to ask ourselves, and in a short article we can do little more than raise it and emphasize its importance. But we can at least show that it has not been finally answered yet, and indicate the reply that we ourselves would give.

That the majority of men believe that their lives are ordered and that the world is governed by some Ruler above must be admitted. Yet most would also admit that in this majority few have ever thought this question out or done anything else than accept as true the beliefs which have been handed down to them by their forefathers. Again, it would be acknowledged that a man of affairs like Bismarck would most certainly feel that men really were being swayed by some invisible agency in whose presence even one so powerful as he would seem powerless. But when he assumed that this power was exercised by some Being external to men, he may not have

thought the matter out very thoroughly, but have merely accepted the ideas in which he was brought up. Most men do accept this belief on trust; and so might we all, as we would accept the law of gravitation, and not trouble to examine the grounds for our belief, if there were general agreement among those who really have gone into the question.

But in regard to a belief that the world is governed and controlled by a Being external to it there is no such agreement among leading thinkers as there is among scientists regarding the law of gravitation. Some of the deepest and clearest thinkers do not admit the existence of such a Person. The Unseen Power which even a Bismarck would feel that he had to reckon with, they would say might come from within, not from without,—from within the world and from within men, and not from outside. And they would see in the want of perfection in any direction whatever, or in one single individual or any part of an individual and at any time, and in the prevalence of imperfection at all times and everywhere, a staggering objection to the view that this world can have been planned, created, and governed by any Being who was both good and all-powerful. We are running great risks therefore if we unquestioningly accept such a belief simply because it was handed down to us by our forefathers; and before we hand it on to our children, to guide them in the still more complex lives which they will have to lead, we should make really certain of our ground for holding it.

I will not restate here the objections which have been urged; but I would briefly outline an alternative conception of things which, as it seems to me, better accords with our observation and experience of the world. It is that the Power which a man feels acting on

him, and which he can see is acting on other men and throughout the world, is not exerted by any outside Being, but is something welling up from within the world and working through men and forcing them on toward perfection. Though no single thing or person has yet reached perfection, a view over this earth's history so far back as we know it—say over five hundred million years—does show a considerable progress. And it seems more natural to hold that the world contains within itself, as part of its nature and constitution, that which orders it and constrains it toward perfection, than to conceive of it as being operated upon by some one outside it. So we would not have in our minds the conception of a Creator, Artificer, and Organizer on the one hand, and, on the other, heaps of inert matter and swarms of men and animals, and of the Artificer fashioning the material into shape, ordering the men this way and that, inciting them to do this and restraining them from doing that, pushing them forward in one direction and holding them back in another. For we find, as a matter of scientific observation, that no particles of matter, however small, are in the faintest degree inert, but that all, down to the minutest and simplest, are intensely active, — and active on their own account, — ‘behaving’ strictly in accordance with the dictates of their own inherent nature.

We find further that no one is isolated, standing or moving by itself, uninfluencing or uninfluenced by the others, but that all are interconnected and form a united whole. The interrelatedness of things is the one fundamental fact which science and philosophy have established. All things are interrelated; all things mutually influence each other. The world does not consist of masses of inert nonentities which would lie motionless and inactive unless they

were manipulated by some external agent, pushed this way or pulled that, raised up here, pressed down there. It consists of myriads of intensely active — and self-active — entities, with properties and characteristics of their own, all mutually influencing one another to form a real unity. And when we find, as we do, at least on the earth, that the state of things is improving, it is quite as reasonable to assume that it contains within itself that which brings about improvement as to suppose that an external agent operating upon it from outside produced this result. And if we discover further, as some believe they have found, that man himself has risen from the animals, that animals and plants have arisen from microscopic and simplest forms of life, and these from complex chemical compounds, and so on back and back to the simplest ultimate particles of matter, then man also would be interconnected with the rest, would be part with it of one whole; and would have been uplifted to where he is by that same Spirit which, emanating from the parts, animates the whole, and which, driving on through all the ages, has been making persistently for better and better things.

We were accustomed in our childhood to think of a Creator, Maker, and Ruler, a vague Personage residing remotely in the skies; to think of this earth as something solid and material and everlasting which was ‘made’ by this distant Person, and upon which He now looks *down* as an aviator might from his machine; and to think of ourselves as having also been made and fashioned in some mysterious way by this Being and set upon this earth and as being there governed and guided by Him.

This is roughly the idea of things which we bring with us from our childhood and which has been handed down

to us, generation by generation, from the childhood of the race.

But in the new conception of things which is forming as we grow older and better informed, this Creator, the earth, and we men all merge into one spiritual process. We find that we ourselves sprang from the earth and in the course of millions of years have arisen from its very bosom and from nowhere else. We discover that what was once a fiery mist has so developed to what we see around us to-day, with all its varied plant and animal life, and with us men and women as the crowning flower so far reached, because it has always borne within it, emanating from its individual component parts, in their mutual influence upon one another, a spring, a vital impulse, an impetus ever bursting upward; because it was so composed and constituted that it had by its very nature to go on reconstituting itself better, in much the same way as the pliable and plastic British Constitution is constantly remodeling itself from within through the activities of individual Englishmen in their mutual influence upon one another, and through their being animated with the spirit of England to which their mutual influence gives rise.

Those who hold the later view will be inspired to an intense degree with the sense of unity. They will know that it will be a unity of differences, and they will expect that as the unity of the whole grows closer, so also will the diversity of the parts. They know that for individuals (men or nations) to maintain and develop their individuality, healthy opposition, conflict, struggle, and controversy are necessary, whether by war or only by words. But the point they will have at the back of their minds is the fundamental unity which exists along with this diversity and in spite of all the opposition.

We have had the most remarkable

instances of it in this war. For, on each side, more unity has been displayed than any nation has ever shown before. Neither France nor Germany, neither the British Empire nor Russia, has ever been united as now. And even the Austro-Hungarian Empire has shown a degree of unity which no one had expected. Further, we do not seriously look upon the present conflict as the fundamental and lasting relationship between the nations engaged. Tremendous though it is, it is an episode only, and perhaps a means of paving the way to eventual unity. The fact that France and England, who were so bitterly hostile a century ago, are now allied, should point to the possibility of what may happen a century hence. All the opposition and struggle in life, so necessary for the development of individuality, need not blind us to the unity which underlies it and which the maturing of individuality will only strengthen.

And men who regard themselves as integral parts of a whole, with every single other part of which they are most intimately related, and who also realize that each, in his own small degree, contributes to form that spirit which has made them, will have not only this deep sense of unity, but a craving to make it still closer and still more intimate. They will resent the tyranny of a rigid order imposed from outside, but they will establish for themselves that full and flexible order which free individuals, possessed of the sense of the responsibility which freedom engenders, naturally evolve for themselves. They will allow scope for individuality, for they will know that thereby will unity be increased. And the conflict which the emergence of individuality necessitates, they will seek to humanize and make more chivalrous and courteous, and they will always regard as temporary and ephemeral

in comparison with the fundamental unity. It is not so much peace and rest to which they would look forward as the harmony which comes of activity, — an activity bent on fusing all discords.

And the upward thrust, urging all men from the bad to the good, from the good to the better, and from the better to the better still, on and on to perfection, makes men mark out for themselves an ideal at which they can aim. And the more acute their sense of unity, the more painful will be any difference which separates them from either higher or lower men, and the sharper will be their yearning to reach the level of the higher and to carry others upward with them. A reaching-forwardness will they also feel, — an intensity of desire, not only to make the best of themselves, to do their best for the present generation, but to sacrifice all for generations to come; not to save their own souls and not for any future happiness of their own (beyond that joy which comes to all who highly strive and greatly sacrifice), but that they may feel that they have done their mite to leave this world a little better than they found it.

But while men who have the later conception of things of which we have spoken will feel themselves in deepening unity with their fellows and swept upward in the Universal Spirit, it will rest with individual men themselves to achieve in actual fact what they feel themselves incited to attempt.

We may be sure that in any of the countries now at war the statesmen, soldiers, and sailors are inspired by a deep love of country, that this patriotic feeling irresistibly impels them to do their very utmost for their country's good, and that it upholds them and sustains them in many an hour of trial. We know, too, that men like to put themselves in touch with what

deepens and intensifies their patriotic fervor and gives fresh strength and volume to its ardent impulse. But we are also perfectly well aware that the mere possession of this impulse is not enough, and that actually to achieve what is really best for his country, each individual statesman, sailor, and soldier must exert his own will, must put forth his most considered wisdom, and make the utmost of every bodily and mental faculty he has. While he may be swept along with true and noble patriotic feeling, he knows that, when the moment for action arrives, he must keep his head cool and his faculties taut, and must act upon his own responsibility and depend upon his own resources.

So is it with men imbued with the Universal Spirit. They will be sensible of it working through them, making always for what is good, and propelling them upward. They may confidently count upon it to uphold them in every effort toward the good. And they may seek all means of drawing more and more of it into them and filling themselves with it to the full. And they will often feel themselves carried upward in waves of religious emotion which seem to make all things possible. But yet, in the very midst of the Spirit's onrush, they will have to realize that it is they, and they alone, who must make the choice from among all the alternative courses which moment after moment present themselves; that it is they, and they alone, who must fix the standard by which to gauge their actions and set up far ahead of them the ideal toward which they will strive; and that it is they and they alone who must furnish the resolution, the steadfastness, and the endurance to persevere along the way they choose.

In one sense we individual men, as minute parts of a whole of unimagined

able magnitude, are being swept onward and upward with seemingly irresistible force. In another sense the future of each individual and the worth of all his activity depends solely on himself. And the two views go together, the one being incomplete without the other. But a man's duty is clear. He must fill himself to the full with this exalting Spirit and lose no opportunity of inhaling it till he is saturated with it through and through, for it is from its inspiration that he will gain both the strength he so much needs and the sensitiveness of taste and touch which is no less essential. On the other hand when action is demanded he will concentrate himself, summon up all his resources, and rely only on

himself, for it is he and only he that can create the future.

So we gain the impression of a day-spring from within and not from on high. We have faith in the innate Goodness of Things, in ourselves, and in the future it lies with us to make. We are inspired with hope as we realize what has been accomplished so far and what therefore may be done in time to come. And the sense of being so intimately related in one living whole and of being animated by the same uplifting Spirit deepens and widens our love. These three still remain. And the greatest of them is the same now as it was nineteen hundred years ago. But in the end there will be left only one — the greatest.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### OLD-CLOTHES SENSATIONS

PEOPLE whom penury has never compelled in infancy or adolescence to wear other people's clothes have missed a valuable lesson in social sympathy. In our journey from the period when we first strutted thoughtlessly in our Cousin Charles's cast-off coat on to the time when we resented its misfit, and thence to that latest and best day when we could bestow our own discarded jacket on poor little Cousin Billy, we have successively experienced all the gradations of soul between pauper and philanthropist. Most of us are fortunate enough to put away other people's clothes when we put away the rest of childhood's indignities; but our early experiences should make us thoughtful of those who have no such

luck, who seem ordained from birth to be all the world's poor relations. In gift-clothes there is something peculiarly heart-searching both for giver and recipient.

This delicacy inherent in the present of cast-off suit or frock is due perhaps to the subtle clinging of the giver's self to the serge or silk. It is a strong man who feels that he is himself in another man's old coat. If an individuality is fine enough to be worth retaining, it is likely to be fine enough to disappear utterly beneath the weight of another man's shoulders upon one's own. Most of us would rather have our creeds chosen for us than our clothes. Most of us would rather select our own tatters than have another's cast-off splendors thrust upon us. It is no light achievement, the living up to and into



other people's clothes. Clothes acquire so much personality from their first wearer, — adjust themselves to the swell of the chest, the quirk of the elbow, the hitch in the hip-joint, — that the first wearer always wears them, no matter how many times they may be given away. He is always felt to be inside, so that the second wearer's ego is constantly bruised by the pressure resulting from two gentlemen occupying the same waistcoat.

Middle children are to be pitied for being condemned to be constantly made over out of the luckier eldest's *outgrown raiment*. How can Tommy be sure he is Tommy, when he is always walking around in Johnny's shoes? Or Polly, grown to girlhood, ever find her own heart, when all her life it has beaten under Anna's pinafore?

The evil is still worse when the garments come from outside the family, for one may readily accept from blood-kin bounty that which, bestowed by a stranger, would arouse a corroding resentment. This is because one can always revenge one's self on one's relatives for an abasement of gratitude by means of self-respecting kicks and pinches. A growing soul may safely wear his big brother's ulster, but no one else's; for there are germs in other people's clothes, — the big bad yellow bacilli of covetousness. People give you their old clothes because they have new ones, and this fact is hard to forgive.

There may, of course, exist mitigating circumstances that often serve to solace or remove this basic resentment. To receive gown or hat or boots direct from the donor is degrading, but in proportion as they come to us through a lengthening chain of transferring hands the indignity fades out, the previous wearer's personality becomes less insistent; until, when identification is

an impossibility, we may even take pleasure in conjecturing who may have previously occupied our pockets, may even feel the pull of real friendliness toward the unknown heart that beat beneath the warm woolen bosom presented to us.

Further, the potential bitterness of the recipient is dependent on the stage of his racial development and the color of his skin. The Ethiopian prefers old clothes to new. The black cook would rather have her mistress's cast-off frock than a new one, and the cook is therein canny. She trusts the correctness of the costume that her lady has chosen for herself, but distrusts the selection the lady might make for her maid. On assuming the white woman's clothes, the black woman feels that she succeeds also to the white woman's dignity. The dusker race stands at the same point of evolution with the child who falls upon the box of cast-off finery and who straightway struts about therein without thought of his own discarded independence.

I may be perceived to write from the point of view of one clothed in childhood out of the missionary box. Those first old clothes received were donned with gloating and glory; but later, in my teens, — that period so strangely composed for all of us out of spiritual shabbiness and spiritual splendor, — sensations toward the cast-off became uneasy, uncomfortable, at last unbearable. The sprouting personality resisted the impact of that other personality who had first worn my garments. I wanted raiment all my own, dully at first, then fiercely.

No one who has passed from a previous condition of servitude to the dignity of his own earnings will ever forget the pride of his first self-bought clothes. At last one is one's self and belongs not to another man's coat, or another woman's gown. It is a period of

expansion, of pride: when one's clothes are altogether one's own, one's pauper days are done. But it is best for sympathy not to forget them, not only for the sake of the pauper, but for the sake of the plutocrat we are on the verge of becoming; for our sensations in regard to old clothes are about to enter a new phase; we are about to undergo the ordeal of being ourselves the donors of our own old clothes.

It was not alone for the new coat's intrinsic sake that we desired it; we coveted still more the experience of giving it away when we were done with it. There is no more soul-warming sensation than that of giving away something that you no longer want. The pain of a recipient's feelings on receiving a thing which you can afford to give away, but which he himself cannot afford to buy, is exactly balanced by your pride in presenting him with something that you can't use.

The best way to get rid of the pauper spirit is to pauperize someone else. This is cynical philanthropy, but veracious psychology. It follows that the best way to restore a pauper's self-respect is to present him with some old clothes to give to some one still poorer; for clothes are, above all gifts, a supreme test of character. It was the custom of epics to represent the king as bestowing upon his guest-friends gifts of clothes, but they were never old clothes. If you could picture some Homeric monarch in the act of giving away his worn-out raiment, in that moment you would see his kingliness dwindle.

The man who can receive another man's old clothes without thereby losing his self-respect is fit to be a prince among paupers, but the man who can give another man his old clothes without wounding that man's self-respect is fit to be the king of all philanthropists.

### ON THE ROOF

Upon this tall pagoda's peak  
My hand can nigh the stars enclose:  
I dare not raise my voice to speak  
For fear of startling God's repose.

So run the lines of an ancient Chinese poet, in the version of Giles of Cambridge; and I often think of them when I undo my door and step out on the ridgepole of the sleeping city underneath the moon.

From my dooryard atop of the tallest apartment building I look down on a glittering plain of light. It is as though giant Roman candles had spilled white and yellow balls of incandescence like carnival blossoms along every thoroughfare. The starry heavens pale by comparison. The City Hall tower lifts its glittering tiara to mock the Corona Borealis. The planets are outgloried by carbon points and tungsten filaments. A ferry boat on the river is a galaxy of roving fires that dims the Pleiades.

Up and down the streets crawl the trolley cars, their retrorse antennæ hissing crescendo and decrescendo, their fender-jaws forever hungry, their Cyclopean dragon-eyes ablaze, — Fafners submissive to the rails, and to sharp voices that forever cry, 'Step lively!' Even up here one is poignantly aware of them, for at the intersection of the cross-lines, they seem to squat on their truck-haunches for the balky fraction of a second, and then, in two crashes, they and their eight wheels are over, and they go roaring on their rigid steel pathway where once the Indian moccasins slid noiselessly along the mossy runnels of the forest glades. How would Beowulf's or St. George's dragon have felt, to depend on a distant power-house for a soul? Verily 'A groove is akin to a grave'; behemoth and leviathan themselves could not survive the indignity of harnessed servitude to a rapid-transit system.

The glimmer of the dusk veils the squares and streets with a suffusion of amethystine light, like the purple of cold snow in the lap of the hills late on a winter afternoon. Then it is that grim utilitarian office-buildings are suddenly transformed, as at the touch of a necromancer's wand, into palaces of fairy-land, magnificent with fire, each window a plate of beaten gold, shining like the back of a Stradivarius violin. It is hard to tell which window holds the reflex of the sundown, and which a lighted lamp.

A little yellow bird came flying to my window the other night, sentient of the flowers within and the radiance and the warmth, furious because it could not pierce the glass like water. I felt as though I were the keeper of a lighthouse in a storm, against whose lantern sea-birds beat and scream and die; but my bird winged away ere I could bring my mind and hand to the window to let that mad, fleet whirring come in out of the night. I thought of the ancient explanation Caedmon gave of the soul of a man, when he said to the king that it was as if, as they sat at meat with the thanes and the aldermen, a white bird entered the room, flying from the dark and out into the dark again. Then of the passage in Pater's *Marius*, where the lad's mother tells him that his soul is a little white bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded market-place. But my soul went away from me that night, it would seem, and has not come back to me again.

By day I can see the hats and muffs, — but not the faces, — the perambulators and the nursemaids of coddled children in the square below. The stone walks among the leafless trees are picked out with errant blurs of color, a peripatetic flower-garden, as though geraniums should whimsically walk away from their own leaves. Here an old man

crawls at a snail's pace, — to feed a squirrel, perhaps, which I cannot see, — and there, direct and forcible as a steam-engine, goes a woman in whose hammering, get-there gait is revealed a claimant of the suffrage. But generally persons are seen only as the shreds and flying tassels of a crowd; and the talk of voices is replaced by the talk of the town.

That talk of the town is a wonderful thing. It may fall away to a restless, fitful murmur in the middle of the night, but it goes on unceasingly. The honk of the motor-car is its punctuation-mark, and in its indistinguishable vast uproar blend the accents of nearly two million human beings, to say nothing of the wild laughter and tribulations of lesser animals, with an eye or a tongue to the moon that rules more tides than those of the sea.

For there be many voices, but one Voice.

I love particularly the other-worldliness my station in space sometimes assumes, when a thick fog or a cloud-stratum leaves me pendant like Mahomet's coffin, even though I know there is a telephone in my closet and I can throw a verbal anchor down to the earth if I please. Miracles, near and far, are wrought by great black striations that shoot in like Zeppelins; sometimes these phantasmagoria are colored light green, like the under side of 'little leaves new-born,' and sometimes they are black as a fox's fur can be, and thicker still. When a storm comes, I am all wrapped up in clouds and singing winds, and then it is best of all, and I wonder why most people care to live so near the ground. It is nice to know that here and there folk who cast far into the future are painting across roof-tops horizontal advertisements, that they may be aeroplanely read; and I have seen a grand stand built on an office-building's top to witness the

horrendous feats of an aviator. Before long we of the housetop will, like the skylark, spurn the ground altogether, and using the skylights for our front doors, will find the Attic philosopher come into his kingdom at last. All the trees will be roof-trees, and all the gardens, roof-gardens. As I look round me now on other roofs, I can see awnings, and even children's sand-piles, and steamer-chairs, and hammocks, and various canvased arrangements for outdoor sleep.

Even the cats have a roof-garden in a refuge whereof I am aware, and schools have netted enclosures for basket-ball playing as well as for mittened and tippetted recitation. How good is all this migration roofward, while space is at a premium on the ground! We revert to the archaic wisdom of Babylon, the current history of Tibet and the Himalayan peasants, the practice of our western Indians upon their mesas, the Chinese on their terraces, who use their housetops underfoot as well as overhead. One does not realize what a vast unpopulated, unutilized area lies but a few feet above the teeming metropolis, till one looks down upon one hundred and thirty square miles of housetops from above. Then one thinks better than ever of the civil engineering of Semiramis, who, pining for green turf and plashing fountains in place of the sun-baked clay, built a secondary heaven that was some consolation for the grand ruin of Babel.

#### DICKENS THEN AND NOW

My eldest and most literary niece has just remarked as we sat playing Ruth Ashmore over the mending, 'Aunt Jane, I loathe Dickens. I am simply drowned in the melodrama of it. I hold my breath, plunge in, manage to get my head above water when

a quarter through the book, and climb out dripping on the bank.' Dickens has been a state of mind with me for so many years that I argue about him poorly, so we turned to Tolstoi's idea of Art, which she was preparing for her next college recitation in Slavic 5, and we said no more about it.

Is there a reason or no reason why this is not a Dickens generation? I have experimented with some care among the young people I know best, and this is what it comes to. My last hope among the girls is only eleven, but I sent her last winter the fairest copy I could find of one of my favorites, only to overhear her brother say a little later, 'Theodora says she is almost sorry she told any one she liked Dickens. Seven people sent her that for Christmas, and she did not have any other books.' I've given my nephews football and baseball stories and boarding-school exploits till my conscience is sore, but what else can I do? The only Dickens I ever saw on their shelves was a blue and gold, diluted version of the Death of Little Nell, and I was glad to see that the leaves were uncut.

C. has read all the best of Thackeray three times or more. She knows Kipling by heart and picks up Ruskin for pleasure, but she 'loathes Dickens.' Last winter we tried to have a church Dickens party. But none of the young people knew Captain Cuttle from Tommy Traddles, and after all my best endeavor to show how Mrs. Jellyby really looked and spoke, to be met with, 'I think you must be the Little Marchioness,' was chilling. More than half the people who were asked to take part said blithely, 'I never read the book, but if you will tell me what to wear and what to do, I shall be glad to help.' Imagine telling Sam Weller what to wear and what to do!

Now forty and fifty years ago it certainly was different, and the Dickens

love I know best of all began with a cradle. There are a few cradles still left in attics and, as I remember, the Great Napoleon never took his away from Fontainebleau, but to a modern baby a cradle is more to be feared than a germ. The latest little lad I love lies all day in a firmly anchored, pink-ribbed basket. I found him the other day with not a parent or grandparent or nurse in sight, and I picked him up, wrapped in one of his twenty-seven pink blankets, and tucking him comfortably under one ear as I used to carry his father some thirty-five years ago, I snuggled him up and down the room in great content till I heard the door squeak. If he had been in a cradle now, how easy to have slipped down on the floor beside him, and with one hand on a rocker in case he moved, with the other to turn the pages of — well, *Bleak House*, we will say, and go back through the years to one of my dearest memories — for 'that's where it all began, my dears, that's where it all began.'

Morning naps for the babies were the fashion in our family, and what more helpful task for the daughter older than the rest than to let her prolong this peaceful period by jogging the cradle when necessary, and seeing that no one disturbed the quiet of the darkened room? So, flat on the floor, on her stomach, she lay, ready at the slightest sign to sway the simple little wicker bed, but all the time hearing, really, the rain on the terrace at Chesney Wold — or the dip of oars by Wapping Old Stairs. What races there were sometimes when the baby thought two hours long enough for a nap just as Sidney Carton was ready to take *The Only Way* or the schoolmaster had

come up behind Eugene Wrayburn at the lock? So between ten and fourteen, or thereabouts, it was all done, with one or two small exceptions. The spring days were the best. Do you know that first forenoon, when the sun is warm enough to make closing green blinds attractive, and leaving the window wide open lets the cool little breeze stir the ruffles on the white curtain? The light is like no other light then, and the air is sweet with locust blossoms from a neighbor's trees. Then, if there were no books, there is nothing that smooths the wrinkles out of your soul like looking at a sleeping baby; and though the souls of little girls of ten are not so very wrinkled, it was a still little island in the stream to creep to every day — even if there were no book. But there was always the book. Why it was always Dickens I do not know. I cannot remember that any one suggested it, and the only volume of Dickens the house afforded in those days was *Pickwick Papers*, which was the only one I never read. But the college library had a mottled-covered, Browne-illustrated set, with soft-cream paper and type for dim rooms; and volume by volume they became for the time being my books. The pictures were very good, and the dismal memory of how Lady Dedlock looked lying at the gate of the little cemetery, and the oily black water through which Lizzie Hexam rowed, lured me many miles in London once to find the places. That same set of books, discredited now, removed from circulation and piled away on a dusty shelf, is waiting for a time when college sentiment yields to mine, for it is understood that whenever they move to new shelves it will be to *my* shelves.